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# PURGATORY.

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THE  
**VISION;**  
OR  
HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE,  
OF  
DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED BY  
THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A.M.

THE THIRD EDITION.  
WITH THE LIFE OF DANTE, NOTES, AND AN INDEX.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

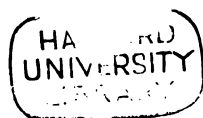
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A

# CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW

OF

## THE AGE OF DANTE.

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A.D.

1265 May.—DANTE, son of Alighieri degli Alighieri and Bella, is born at Florence. Of his own ancestry he speaks in the *Paradise*, Canto xv. and xvi.

In the same year, Manfredi, king of Naples and Sicily, is defeated and slain by Charles of Anjou. H. xxviii. 13, and *Purg.* iii. 110.

Guido Novello of Polenta obtains the sovereignty of Ravenna. H. xxvii. 38.

Battle of Evesham. Simon de Montfort, leader of the barons, defeated and slain.

1266 Two of the *Frati Godenti* chosen arbitrators of the differences of Florence. H. xxiii. 104.

Gianni de' Soldanieri heads the populace in that city. H. xxxii. 118.

Roger Bacon sends a copy of his *Opus Majus* to Pope Clement IV.

1268 Charles of Anjou puts Conradine to death, and becomes king of Naples. H. xxviii. 16, and *Purg.* xx. 66.

1270 Louis IX. of France dies before Tunis. His widow, Bea-

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b

- trice, daughter of Raymond Berenger, lived till 1295.  
Purg. vii. 126. Par. vi. 135.
- 1272 Henry III. of England is succeeded by Edward I. Purg.  
vii. 129.  
Guy de Montfort murders Prince Henry, son of Richard,  
king of the Romans, and nephew of Henry III. of Eng-  
land, at Viterbo. H. xii. 119. Richard dies, as is sup-  
posed, of grief for this event.  
Abulfeda, the Arabic writer, is born.
- 1274 Our Poet first sees Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari.  
Rodolph acknowledged emperor.  
Philip III. of France marries Mary of Brabant, who lived  
till 1321. Purg. vi. 24.  
Thomas Aquinas dies. Purg. xx. 67, and Par. x. 96.  
Buonaventura dies. Par. xii. 25.
- 1275 Pierre de la Brosse, secretary to Philip III. of France, ex-  
ecuted. Purg. vi. 23.
- 1276 Giotto, the painter, is born. Purg. xi. 95.  
Pope Adrian V. dies. Purg. xix. 97.  
Guido Guinicelli, the poet, dies. Purg. xi. 96, & xxvi. 83.
- 1277 Pope John XXI. dies. Par. xii. 126.
- 1278 Ottocar, king of Bohemia, dies. Purg. vii. 97.  
Robert of Gloucester is living at this time.
- 1279 Dionysius succeeds to the throne of Portugal. Par. xix.  
135.
- 1280 Albertus Magnus dies. Par. x. 95.  
Our Poet's friend, Bosone da Gubbio, is born about this  
time. See the Life of Dante prefixed.  
William of Ockham is born about this time.
- 1281 Pope Nicholas III. dies. H. xix. 71.  
Dante studies at the universities of Bologna and Padua.  
About this time Ricordano Malaspina, the Florentine  
annalist, dies.
- 1282 The Sicilian vespers. Par. viii. 80.  
The French defeated by the people of Forli. H. xxvii. 41.  
Tribaldello de' Manfredi betrays the city of Faenza. H.  
xxii. 119.

- 1284 Prince Charles of Anjou is defeated and made prisoner by Rugier de Lauria, admiral to Peter III. of Arragon. Purg. xx. 78.  
 Charles I., king of Naples, dies. Purg. vii. 111.  
 Alonzo X., of Castile, dies. He caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and all legal instruments to be drawn up in that language. Sancho IV. succeeds him.  
 Philip (next year IV. of France) marries Jane, daughter of Henry of Navarre. Purg. vii. 102.
- 1285 Pope Martin IV. dies. Purg. xxiv. 23.  
 Philip III. of France and Peter III. of Arragon die. Purg. vii. 101 and 110.  
 Henry II., king of Cyprus, comes to the throne. Par. xix. 144.  
 Simon Memmi, the painter, celebrated by Petrarch, is born.
- 1287 Guido dalle Colonne (mentioned by Dante in his *De Vulgari Eloquio*) writes "The War of Troy."  
 Pope Honorius IV. dies.
- 1288 Haquin, king of Norway, makes war on Denmark. Par. xix. 135.  
 Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi dies of famine. H. xxxiii. 14.  
 The Scottish poet, Thomas Learmouth, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, is living at this time.
- 1289 Dante is in the battle of Campaldino, where the Florentines defeat the people of Arezzo, June 11. Purg. v. 90.
- 1290 Beatrice dies. Purg. xxxii. 2.  
 He serves in the war waged by the Florentines upon the Pisans, and is present at the surrender of Caprona in the autumn. H. xxi. 92.  
 Guido dalle Colonne dies.  
 William, marquis of Montferrat, is made prisoner by his traitorous subjects at Alessandria in Lombardy. Purg. viii. 133.  
 Michael Scot dies. H. xx. 115.
- 1291 Dante marries Gemma de' Donati, with whom he lives un-

- happily. By this marriage he had five sons and a daughter.
- 1291 Can Grande della Scala is born, March 9. H. i. 98. Purg. xx. 16. Par. xvii. 75, and xxvii. 135.  
The renegade Christians assist the Saracens to recover St. John D'Acre. H. xxvii. 84.  
The Emperor Rodolph dies. Purg. vi. 104, and vii. 91.  
Alonzo III. of Arragon dies, and is succeeded by James II. Purg. vii. 113, and Par. xix. 133.  
Eleanor, widow of Henry III., dies. Par. vi. 135.
- 1292 Pope Nicholas IV. dies.  
Roger Bacon dies.  
John Baliol, king of Scotland, crowned.
- 1294 Clement V. abdicates the papal chair. H. iii. 56.  
Dante writes his *Vita Nuova*.  
Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, the poet, dies. Purg. xxiv. 56.  
Andrea Taffi, of Florence, the worker in Mosaic, dies.
- 1295 Dante's preceptor, Brunetto Latini, dies. H. xv. 28.  
Charles Martel, king of Hungary, visits Florence. Par. viii. 57, and dies in the same year.  
Frederick, son of Peter III. of Arragon, becomes king of Sicily. Purg. vii. 117, and Par. xix. 127.  
Taddeo, the physician of Florence, called the Hippocratean, dies. Par. xii. 77.  
Marco Polo, the traveller, returns from the East to Venice.  
Ferdinand IV. of Castile comes to the throne. Par. xix. 122.
- 1296 Forese, the companion of Dante, dies. Purg. xxxiii. 44.  
Sadi, the most celebrated of the Persian writers, dies.  
War between England and Scotland, which terminates in the submission of the Scots to Edward I.; but in the following year, Sir William Wallace attempts the deliverance of Scotland. Par. xix. 121.
- 1298 The Emperor Adolphus falls in a battle with his rival, Albert I., who succeeds him in the Empire. Purg. vi. 98.  
Jacopo da Varagine, archbishop of Genoa, author of the *Legenda Aurea*, dies.

- 1300 Bianca and Nera parties take their rise in Pistoia. H. xxxii. 60.

This is the year in which he supposes himself to see his Vision. H. i. 1, and xxi. 109.

He is chosen chief magistrate, or first of the Priors of Florence: and continues in office from June 15, to August 15.

Cimabue, the painter, dies. Purg. xi. 93.

Guido Cavalcanti, the most beloved of our Poet's friends, dies. H. x. 59, and Purg. xi. 96.

- 1301 The Bianca party expels the Nera from Pistoia. H. xxiv. 142.

- 1302 January 27. During his absence at Rome, Dante is mulcted by his fellow-citizens in the sum of 8000 lire, and condemned to two years' banishment.

March 10. He is sentenced, if taken, to be burned.

Fulcieri de' Calboli commits great atrocities on certain of the Ghibelline party. Purg. xiv. 61.

Carlino de' Pazzi betrays the castle di Piano Travigne, in Valdarno, to the Florentines. H. xxxii. 67.

The French vanquished in the battle of Courtrai. Purg. xx. 47.

James, King of Majorca and Minorca, dies. Par. xix. 133.

- 1303 Pope Boniface VIII. dies. H. xix. 55. Purg. xx. 86; xxxii. 146, and Par. xxvii. 20.

The other exiles appoint Dante one of a council of twelve, under Alessandro da Romena. He appears to have been much dissatisfied with his colleagues. Par. xvii. 61.

Robert of Brunne translates into English verse the Manuel de Pechés, a treatise written in French by Robert Grosse-teste, bishop of Lincoln.

- 1304 Dante joins with the exiles in an unsuccessful attack on the city of Florence.

May. The bridge over the Arno breaks down during a representation of the infernal torments exhibited on that river. H. xxvi. 9.

- 1304 July 20. Petrarch, whose father had been banished two years before from Florence, is born at Arezzo.
- 1305 Wincleslaus II. king of Bohemia, dies, Purg. vii. 99, and Par. xix. 123.  
A conflagration happens at Florence. H. xxvi. 9.  
Sir William Wallace is executed at London.
- 1306 Dante visits Padua.
- 1307 He is in Lunigiana with the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, Purg. viii. 133; xix. 140.  
Dolcino, the fanatic, is burned. H. xxviii. 53.  
Edward II. of England comes to the throne.
- 1308 The Emperor Albert I. murdered. Purg. vi. 98, and Par. xix. 114.  
Corso Donati, Dante's political enemy, slain. Purg. xxiv. 81.  
He seeks an asylum at Verona, under the roof of the Signori della Scala. Par. xvii. 69.  
He wanders, about this time, over various parts of Italy.  
See his Convito. He is at Paris twice; and, as one of the early commentators reports, at Oxford.  
Robert, the patron of Petrarch, is crowned king of Sicily.  
Par. ix. 2.  
Duns Scotus dies. He was born about the same time as Dante.
- 1309 Charles II. King of Naples, dies. Par. xix. 125.
- 1310 The Order of the templars abolished. Purg. xx. 94.  
Jean de Meun, the continuer of the Roman de la Rose, dies about this time.  
Pier Crescenzi of Bologna, writes his book on agriculture in Latin.
- 1311 Fra Giordano da Rivalta, of Pisa, a Dominican, the author of sermons esteemed for the purity of the Tuscan language, dies.
- 1312 Robert, king of Sicily opposes the coronation of the Emperor Henry VII. Par. viii. 59.  
Ferdinand IV. of Castile dies, and is succeeded by Alonzo XI.  
Dino Compagni, a distinguished Florentine, concludes his history of his own time, written in elegant Italian.

- 1312 Gaddo Gaddi, the Florentine artist, dies.
- 1313 The Emperor Henry of Luxemburgh, by whom he had hoped to be restored to Florence, dies. Par. xvii. 80, and xxx. 135. He is succeeded by Lewis of Bavaria. Dante takes refuge at Ravenna with Guido Novello da Polenta.
- Giovanni Boccaccio is born.
- Pope Clement V. dies. H. xix. 86, and Par. xxvii. 53, and xxx. 141.
- 1314 Philip IV. of France dies. Purg. vii. 108, and Par. xix. 117. Louis X. succeeds.
- Ferdinand IV. of Spain dies. Par. xix. 122.
- Giacopo da Carrara defeated by Can Grande. Par. ix. 45.
- 1315 Louis X. of France marries Clemenza, sister to our Poet's friend, Charles Martel, king of Hungary. Par. ix. 2.
- 1316 Louis X. of France dies, and is succeeded by Philip V. John XXII. elected Pope. Par. xxvii. 53.
- Joinville, the French historian, dies about this time.
- 1320 About this time John Gower is born, eight years before his friend Chaucer.
- 1321 July. Dante dies at Ravenna, of a complaint brought on by disappointment at his failure in a negociation which he had been conducting with the Venetians, for his patron Guido Novello da Polenta.
- His obsequies are sumptuously performed at Ravenna by Guido, who himself died in the ensuing year.





**THE**  
**VISION OF DANTE.**

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**PURGATORY.**

**VOL. II.**

**B**



# PURGATORY.

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## CANTO I.

### Argument.

The Poet describes the delight he experienced at issuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions, into the pure air that surrounds the isle of Purgatory; and then relates how, turning to the right, he beheld four stars never seen before but by our first parents, and met on his left the shade of Cato of Utica, who, having warned him and Virgil what is needful to be done before they proceed on their way through Purgatory, disappears; and the two poets go towards the shore, where Virgil cleanses Dante's face with the dew, and girds him with a reed, as Cato had commanded.

O'ER better waves<sup>a</sup> to speed her rapid course  
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,  
Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind;  
And of that second region will I sing,  
In which the human spirit from sinful blot  
Is purg'd, and for ascent to Heav'n prepares.

Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train  
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;  
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound  
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone,  
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note<sup>b</sup>  
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.

Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread  
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,  
High up as the first circle,<sup>c</sup> to mine eyes  
Unwanted joy renew'd, soon as I scap'd  
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,  
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.  
The radiant planet,<sup>d</sup> that to love invites,  
Made all the orient laugh,<sup>e</sup> and veil'd beneath  
The Pisces' light,<sup>f</sup> that in his escort came.

To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind  
On the' other pole attentive, where I saw  
Four stars<sup>g</sup> ne'er seen before save by the ken  
Of our first parents.<sup>h</sup> Heaven of their rays  
Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site ! bereft  
Indeed, and widow'd, since of these depriv'd.

As from this view I had desisted, straight  
Turning a little tow'rds the other pole,  
There from whence now the wain<sup>i</sup> had disappear'd,  
I saw an old man<sup>j</sup> standing by my side  
Alone, so worthy of rev'rence in his look,  
That ne'er from son to father more was ow'd.  
Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white  
Descended, like his locks, which parting, fell  
Upon his breast in double fold. The beams  
Of those four luminaries on his face  
So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear  
Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.

"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,  
Forth from the' eternal prison-house have fled ?"  
He spoke and mov'd those venerable plumes,<sup>k</sup>  
Who hath conducted or with lantern sure

Lights you emerging from the depth of night,  
That makes the' infernal valley ever black ?  
Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss  
Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd,  
That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach ?”

My guide, then laying hold on me, by words  
And intimations given with hand and head,  
Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay  
Due reverence ; then thus to him replied.

“ Not of myself I come ; a Dame from heaven<sup>1</sup>  
Descending, him besought me in my charge  
To bring. But since thy will implies, that more  
Our true condition I unfold at large,  
Mine is not to deny thee thy request.  
This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom ;<sup>m</sup>  
But erring by his folly had approach'd  
So near, that little space was left to turn.  
Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd  
To work his rescue ; and no way remain'd  
Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd  
Before him all the regions of the bad ;  
And purpose now those spirits to display,  
That under thy command are purg'd from sin.  
How I have brought him would be long to say.  
From high descends the virtue, by whose aid  
I to thy sight and hearing him have led.  
Now may our coming please thee. In the search  
Of liberty he journeys : that how dear,  
They know, who for her sake have life refus'd.  
Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet  
In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,

That in the last great day will shine so bright.  
For us the' eternal edicts are unmov'd :  
He breathes, and I of Minos am not bound,<sup>n</sup>  
Abiding in that circle, where the eyes  
Of thy chaste Marcia<sup>o</sup> beam, who still in look  
Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit ! to own her thine.  
Then by her love we' implore thee, let us pass  
Through thy sev'n regions ;<sup>p</sup> for which, best thanks  
I for thy favour will to her return,  
If mention there below thou not disdain."

" Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found,"  
He then to him rejoin'd, " while I was there,  
That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant.  
Now that beyond the' accursed stream she dwells,  
She may no longer move me, by that law,<sup>q</sup>  
Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence.  
Not so, if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst,  
Moves and directs thee ; then no flatt'ry needs.  
Enough for me that in her name thou ask.  
Go therefore now : and with a slender reed<sup>r</sup>  
See that thou duly gird him, and his face  
Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence.  
For not with eye, by any cloud obscur'd,  
Would it be seemly before him to come,  
Who stands the foremost minister in heaven.  
This islet all around, there far beneath,  
Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed  
Produces store of reeds. No other plant,  
Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,  
There lives, not bending to the water's sway.  
After, this way return not ; but the sun

Will show you, that now rises, where to take<sup>s</sup>  
The mountain in its easiest ascent."

He disappear'd ; and I myself uprais'd  
Speechless, and to my guide retiring close,  
Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began :  
" My son ! observant thou my steps pursue.  
We must retreat to rereward ; for that way  
The champaign to its low extreme declines."

The dawn had chas'd the matin hour of prime,  
Which fled before it, so that from afar  
I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.<sup>t</sup>

We travers'd the deserted plain, as one  
Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step  
Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

When we had come, where yet the tender dew  
Strove with the sun, and in a place, where fresh  
The wind breath'd o'er it, while it slowly dried ;  
Both hands extended on the watery grass  
My master plac'd, in graceful act and kind.  
Whence I of his intent before appriz'd,  
Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffus'd with tears.  
There to my visage he anew restor'd  
That hue, which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.

Then on the solitary shore arriv'd,  
That never sailing on its waters saw  
Man that could after measure back his course,  
He girt me in such manner as had pleas'd  
Him who instructed ; and O, strange to tell !  
As he selected every humble plant,  
Wherever one was pluck'd, another<sup>u</sup> there  
Resembling, straightway in its place arose.



## CANTO II.

## Argument.

They behold a vessel under conduct of an angel, coming over the waves with spirits to Purgatory, among whom, when the passengers have landed, Dante recognizes his friend Casella; but while they are entertained by him with a song, they hear Cato exclaiming against their negligent loitering, and at that rebuke hasten forwards to the mountain.

Now had the sun<sup>a</sup> to that horizon reach'd,  
That covers, with the most exalted point  
Of it's meridian circle, Salem's walls;  
And night, that opposite to him her orb  
Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,  
Holding the scales,<sup>b</sup> that from her hands are dropp'd  
When she reigns highest:<sup>c</sup> so that where I was,  
Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctur'd cheek  
To orange turn'd<sup>d</sup> as she in age increas'd.

Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink,  
Like men,<sup>e</sup> who, musing on their road, in thought  
Journey, while motionless the body rests.  
When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,  
Through the thick vapours<sup>f</sup> Mars with fiery beam  
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;  
So seem'd, what once again I hope to view,

A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,  
No winged course might equal it's career.  
From which when for a space I had withdrawn  
Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide,  
Again I look'd, and saw it grown in size  
And brightness: then on either side appear'd  
Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,  
And by degrees from underneath it came  
Another. My preceptor silent yet  
Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd,  
Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew  
The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low  
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:  
Now shalt thou see true Ministers indeed.  
Lo! how all human means he sets at nought;  
So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
Except his wings,<sup>s</sup> between such distant shores.  
Lo! how straight up to heav'n he holds them rear'd,  
Winnowing the air<sup>b</sup> with those eternal plumes,  
That not like mortal hairs fall off or change."

As more and more toward us came, more bright  
Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye  
Endure his splendour near: I mine bent down.  
He drove ashore in a small bark so swift  
And light, that in it's course no wave it drank.  
The heav'nly steersman at the prow was seen,  
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.  
Within, a hundred spirits and more there sat.  
"In exitu<sup>i</sup> Israel de Egypto,"  
All with one voice together sang, with what  
In the remainder of that hymn, is writ.

Then soon as with the sign of holy cross  
He bless'd them, they at once leap'd out on land:  
He, swiftly as he came, return'd. The crew,  
There left, appear'd astounded with the place,  
Gazing around as one who sees new sights.

From every side the sun darted his beams,  
And with his arrowy radiance<sup>k</sup> from mid heav'n  
Had chas'd the Capricorn, when that strange tribe,  
Lifting their eyes toward us: "If ye know,  
Declare what path will lead us to the mount?"

Them Virgil answer'd. "Ye suppose, perchance,  
Us well acquainted with this place: but here,  
We, as yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst  
We came, before you but a little space,  
By other road so rough and hard, that now  
The' ascent will seem to us as play." The spirits,  
Who from my breathing had perceiv'd I liv'd,  
Grew pale with wonder. As the multitude  
Flock round a herald sent with olive branch,  
To hear what news he brings, and in their haste  
Tread one another down; e'en so at sight  
Of me those happy spirits were fix'd, each one  
Forgetful of its errand to depart  
Where, cleans'd from sin, it might be made all fair.

Then one I saw darting before the rest  
With such fond ardour to embrace me, I  
To do the like was mov'd. O shadows vain!  
Except in outward semblance: thrice my hands<sup>l</sup>  
I clasp'd behind it, they as oft return'd  
Empty into my breast again. Surprise  
I need must think was painted in my looks,

For that the shadow smil'd and backward drew.  
To follow it I hasten'd, but with voice  
Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist.  
Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,  
To talk with me it would a little pause.  
It answer'd : "Thee as in my mortal frame  
I lov'd, so loos'd from it I love thee still,  
And therefore pause : but why walkest thou here?"

"Not without purpose once more to return,  
Thou find'st me, my Casella,<sup>m</sup> where I am,<sup>n</sup>  
Journeying this way;" I said : "but how of thee  
Hath so much time been lost?"<sup>o</sup> He answer'd  
straight :

"No outrage hath been done to me, if he,<sup>p</sup>  
Who when and whom he chooses takes, hath oft  
Denied me passage here ; since of just will  
His will he makes. These three months past<sup>q</sup> indeed,  
He, whoso chose to enter, with free leave  
Hath taken ; whence I wand'ring by the shore<sup>r</sup>  
Where Tyber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind  
Admittance, at that river's mouth, tow'rd which  
His wings are pointed ; for there always throng  
All such as not to Acheron descend."

Then I : "If new law taketh not from thee  
Memory or custom of love-tuned song,  
That whilom all my cares had pow'r to 'swage ;  
Please thee therewith a little to console  
My spirit, that incumber'd with its frame,  
Traveling so far, of pain is overcome."

"Love, that discourses in my thoughts,"<sup>s</sup> he then  
Began in such soft accents, that within

The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,  
And all who came with him, so well were pleas'd,  
That seem'd nought else might in their thoughts have  
room.

Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes  
We stood, when lo ! that old man venerable  
Exclaiming, " How is this, ye tardy spirits ?  
What negligence detains you loit'ring here ?  
Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,  
That from your eyes the sight of God conceal."

As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food  
Collected, blade or tares, without their pride  
Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort,  
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert  
Their meal, assail'd by more important care ;  
So I that new-come troop beheld, the song  
Deserting, hasten to the mountain's side,  
As one<sup>t</sup> who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.

Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

## CANTO III.

## Argument.

Our Poet, perceiving no shadow except that cast by his own body, is fearful that Virgil has deserted him; but he is freed from that error, and both arrive together at the foot of the mountain: on finding it too steep to climb, they inquire the way from a troop of spirits that are coming towards them, and are by them shown which is the easiest ascent. Manfredi, king of Naples, who is one of these spirits, bids Dante inform his daughter Costanza, queen of Arragon, of the manner in which he had died.

THEM sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Turn'd tow'rds the mountain, whither reason's voice  
Drives us: I, to my faithful company  
Adhering, left it not. For how, of him  
Depriv'd, might I have sped? or who, beside,  
Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps?  
He, with the bitter pang of self-remorse,  
Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience, and upright!  
How doth a little failing wound thee sore.\*

Soon as his feet desisted (slack'ning pace)  
From haste, that mars all decency of act,<sup>b</sup>  
My mind, that in itself before was wrapt,  
It's thoughts expanded, as with joy restor'd;  
And full against the steep ascent I set  
My face, where highest<sup>c</sup> to heav'n it's top o'erflows.

The sun, that flar'd behind, with ruddy beam  
Before my form was broken ; for in me  
His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside  
With fear of being left, when I beheld  
Only before myself the ground obscur'd.  
When thus my solace, turning him around,  
Bespake me kindly : " Why distrustest thou ?  
Believ'st not I am with thee, thy sure guide ?  
It now is evening there, where buried lies  
The body' in which I cast a shade, remov'd  
To Naples<sup>d</sup> from Brundusium's wall. Nor thou  
Marvel, if before me no shadow fall,  
More than that in the skyey element  
One ray obstructs not other. To endure  
Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frames  
That virtue hath dispos'd, which, how it works,  
Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane,  
Who hopes our reason may that space explore,  
Which holds three persons in one substance knit.  
Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind ;  
Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been  
For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye  
Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly ;<sup>e</sup>  
To whose desires, repose would have been giv'n,  
That now but serve them for eternal grief.  
I speak of Plato, and the Stagyrîte,  
And others many more." And then he bent  
Downwards his forehead, and in troubled mood<sup>f</sup>  
Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arriv'd  
Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock  
Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps

To climb it had been vain. The most remote,  
Most wild, untrodden path, in all the tract  
'Twixt Lerice and Turbia,<sup>s</sup> were to this  
A ladder easy' and open of access.

"Who knows on which hand now the steep  
declines?"

My master said, and paus'd; "so that he may  
Ascend, who journeys without aid of wing?"  
And while, with looks directed to the ground,  
The meaning of the pathway<sup>h</sup> he explor'd,  
And I gaz'd upward round the stony height;  
On the left hand appear'd to us a troop  
Of spirits, that toward us mov'd their steps;  
Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.

I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes:  
Lo! that way some, of whom thou may'st obtain  
Counsel, if of thyself thou find'st it not."

Straightway he look'd, and with free speech  
replied:

"Let us tend thither: they but softly come.  
And thou be firm in hope, my son belov'd."

Now was that people distant far in space  
A thousand paces behind our's, as much  
As at a throw the nervous arm could fling;  
When all drew backward on the massy crags  
Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmov'd,  
As one, who walks in doubt, might stand to look.

"O spirits perfect! O already chosen!"  
Virgil to them began: "by that blest peace,  
Which, as I deem, is for you all prepar'd,  
Instruct us where the mountain low declines,



So that attempt to mount it be not vain.  
For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

As sheep,<sup>i</sup> that step from forth their fold, by one,  
Or pairs, or three at once ; meanwhile the rest  
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose  
To ground, and what the foremost does, that do  
The others, gath'ring round her if she stops,  
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern ;  
So saw I moving to advance the first,  
Who of that fortunate crew were at the head,  
Of modest mien, and graceful in their gait.  
When they before me had beheld the light  
From my right side fall broken on the ground,  
So that the shadow reach'd the cave ; they stopp'd,  
And somewhat back retir'd : the same did all  
Who follow'd, though unweeting of the cause.

" Unask'd of you, yet freely I confess,  
This is a human body which ye see.  
That the sun's light is broken on the ground,  
Marvel not : but believe, that not without  
Virtue deriv'd from Heaven, we to climb  
Over this wall aspire." So them bespake  
My master ; and that virtuous tribe rejoin'd :  
" Turn, and before you there the entrance lies ;"  
Making a signal to us with bent hands.

Then of them one began. " Whoe'er thou art,  
Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn ;  
Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen."

I tow'rd's him turn'd, and with fix'd eye beheld.  
Comely, and fair, and gentle of aspect  
He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was mark'd.

When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld  
Him ever : " Now behold ! " he said, and show'd  
High on his breast a wound : then smiling spake.

" I am Manfredi,<sup>j</sup> grandson to the Queen  
Costanza :<sup>k</sup> whence I pray thee, when return'd,  
To my fair daughter<sup>l</sup> go, the parent glad  
Of Arragonia and Sicilia's pride ;  
And of the truth inform her, if of me  
Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows  
My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself  
Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.  
My sins were horrible : but so wide arms  
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives  
All who turn to it. Had this text divine  
Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,  
Who then by Clement<sup>m</sup> on my hunt was set,  
Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,  
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole  
Protected ; but the rain now drenches them,  
And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,  
Far as the stream of Verde,<sup>n</sup> where, with lights  
Extinguish'd, he remov'd them from their bed.  
Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd,  
But that the' eternal love may turn, while hope<sup>o</sup>  
Retains her verdant blossom. True it is,  
That such one as in contumacy dies  
Against the holy church, though he repent,  
Must wander thirty fold for all the time  
In his presumption past ; if such decree  
Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.  
Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss ;

Revealing to my good Costanza, how  
Thou hast beheld me, and beside, the terms  
Laid on me of that interdict ; for here  
By means of those below much profit comes."

## CANTO IV.

## Argument.

Dante and Virgil ascend the mountain of Purgatory, by a steep and narrow path pent in on each side by rock, till they reach a part of it that opens into a ledge or cornice. There seating themselves, and turning to the east, Dante wonders at seeing the sun on their left, the cause of which is explained to him by Virgil; and while they continue their discourse, a voice addresses them, at which they turn, and find several spirits behind the rock, and amongst the rest one named Belacqua, who had been known to our Poet on earth, and who tells that he is doomed to linger there on account of his having delayed his repentance to the last.

WHEN<sup>a</sup> by sensations of delight or pain,  
That any of our faculties hath seiz'd,  
Entire the soul collects herself, it seems  
She is intent upon that power alone ;  
And thus the error is disprov'd, which holds  
The soul not singly lighted in the breast.  
And therefore whenas aught is heard or seen,  
That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd,  
Time passes, and a man perceives it not.  
For that, whereby we hearken, is one power ;  
Another that, which the whole spirit hath :  
This is as it were bound, while that is free.

This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit,  
And wond'ring; for full fifty steps<sup>b</sup> aloft  
The sun had measur'd, unobserv'd of me,  
When we arriv'd where all with one accord  
The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask."

A larger aperture oft-times is stopp'd  
With forked stake of thorn by villager,  
When the ripe grape imbrowns, than was the path,  
By which my guide, and I behind him close,  
Ascended solitary, when that troop  
Departing left us. On Sanleo's<sup>c</sup> road  
Who journeys, or to Noli<sup>d</sup> low descends,  
Or mounts Bismantua's<sup>e</sup> height, must use his feet;  
But here a man had need to fly, I mean  
With the swift wing<sup>f</sup> and plumes of high desire,  
Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,  
And with light furnish'd to direct my way.

We through the broken rock ascended, close  
Pent on each side, while underneath the ground  
Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arriv'd  
Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank,  
Where the plain level open'd, I exclaim'd,  
"O Master! say, which way can we proceed."

He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede,  
Behind me gain the mountain, till to us  
Some pratis'd guide appear." That eminence  
Was lofty, that no eye might reach its point;  
And the side proudly rising, more than line<sup>g</sup>  
From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn,  
I, wearied, thus began: "Parent belov'd!  
Turn and behold how I remain alone,

If thou stay not."—"My son!" he straight replied,  
"Thus far put forth thy strength;" and to a track  
Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round  
Circles the hill. His words so spurr'd me on,  
That I, behind him, clamb'ring, forc'd myself,  
Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath.  
There both together seated, turn'd we round  
To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft  
Many beside have with delight look'd back.

First on the nether shores I turn'd my eyes,  
Then rais'd them to the sun, and wond'ring mark'd  
That from the left<sup>h</sup> it smote us. Soon perceiv'd  
That Poet sage, how at the car of light  
Amaz'd<sup>d</sup> I stood, where 'twixt us and the north  
It's course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me:  
"Were Leda's offspring<sup>j</sup> now in company  
Of that broad mirror, that high up and low  
Imparts his light beneath, thou might'st behold  
The ruddy Zodiac nearer to the Bears  
Wheel, if it's ancient course it not forsook.  
How that may be, if thou would'st think; within  
Pond'ring, imagine Sion with this mount  
Plac'd on the earth, so that to both be one  
Horizon, and two hemispheres apart,  
Where lies the path<sup>k</sup> that Phaëton ill knew  
To guide his erring chariot: thou wilt see<sup>l</sup>  
How of necessity by this, on one,  
He passes, while by that on the' other side;  
If with clear view thine intellect attend."

"Of truth, kind teacher!" I exclaim'd, "so clear  
Aught saw I never, as I now discern,

Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mid orb<sup>m</sup>  
Of the supernal motion (which in terms  
Of art is call'd the' Equator, and remains  
Still 'twixt the sun and winter) for the cause  
Thou hast assign'd, from hence toward the north  
Departs, when those, who in the Hebrew land  
Were dwellers, saw it tow'rds the warmer part.  
But if it please thee, I would gladly know,  
How far we have to journey : for the hill  
Mounts higher, than this sight of mine can mount."

He thus to me : " Such is this steep ascent,  
That it is ever difficult at first,  
But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.<sup>n</sup>  
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much  
That upward going shall be easy to thee  
As in a vessel to go down the tide,  
Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the end.  
There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more  
I answer, and thus far for certain know."  
As he his words had spoken, near to us  
A voice there sounded : " Yet ye first perchance  
May to repose you by constraint be led."  
At sound thereof each turn'd : and on the left  
A huge stone we beheld, of which nor I  
Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew :  
And there were some, who in the shady place  
Behind the rock were standing, as a man  
Through idleness might stand. Among them one,  
Who seem'd to me much wearied, sat him down,  
And with his arms did fold his knees about,  
Holding his face between them downward bent.

“Sweet Sir!” I cry’d, “behold that man, who  
shows

Himself more idle, than if laziness  
Were sister to him.” Straight he turn’d to us,  
And, o’er the thigh lifting his face, observ’d,  
Then in these accents spake: “Up then, proceed,  
Thou valiant one.” Straight who it was I knew;  
Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath  
Still somewhat urg’d me) hinder my approach.  
And when I came to him, he scarce his head  
Uplifted, saying, “Well hast thou discern’d,  
How from the left the sun his chariot leads.”

His lazy acts and broken words my lips  
To laughter somewhat mov’d; when I began:  
“Belacqua,<sup>o</sup> now for thee I grieve no more.  
But tell, why thou art seated upright there.  
Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence?  
Or blame I only thine accustom’d ways?”  
Then he: “My brother! of what use to mount,  
When, to my suffering, would not let me pass  
The bird of God,<sup>p</sup> who at the portal sits?  
Behoves so long that heav’n first bear me round  
Without its limits, as in life it bore;  
Because I, to the end, repentant sighs  
Delay’d; if prayer do not aid me first,  
That riseth up from heart which lives in grace.  
What other kind avails, not heard in heaven?”

Before me now the Poet, up the mount  
Ascending, cried: “Haste thee: for see the sun  
Has touch’d the point meridian; and the night  
Now covers with her foot Marocco’s shore.”<sup>q</sup>



Dn 37.2.2 (2)



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## CANTO V.

## Argument.

They meet with others, who had deferred their repentance till they were overtaken by a violent death, when sufficient space being allowed them, they were then saved; and amongst these, Giacopo del Cassero, Buonconte da Montefeltro, and Pia, a lady of Sienna.

Now had I left those spirits, and pursued  
The steps of my conductor; when behind,  
Pointing the finger at me, one exclaim'd:  
"See, how it seems as if the light not shone  
From the left hand<sup>a</sup> of him beneath,<sup>b</sup> and he,  
As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes  
I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze,  
Through wonder, first at me; and then at me  
And the light broken underneath, by turns.  
"Why are thy thoughts thus riveted," my guide  
Exclaim'd, "that thou hast slack'd thy pace? or how  
Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here?  
Come after me, and to their babblings leave  
The crowd. Be as a tower,<sup>c</sup> that, firmly set,  
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.  
He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,  
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one

Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength."

What other could I answer, save "I come?"

I said it, somewhat with that colour ting'd,

Which oft-times pardon meriteth for man.

Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came,

A little way before us, some who sang

The "Miserere" in responsive strains.

When they perceiv'd that through my body I

Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song

Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they chang'd ;

And two of them, in guise of messengers,

Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd :

"Of your condition we would gladly learn."

To them my guide : "Ye may return, and bear

Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame

Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view

His shade they paus'd, enough is answer'd them :

Him let them honour ; they may prize him well."

Ne'er saw I fiery vapours<sup>d</sup> with such speed

Cut through the serene air at fall of night,

Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun,

That upward these did not in shorter space

Return ; and, there arriving, with the rest

Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.

"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who  
throng

Around us : to petition thee, they come.

Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."

"O spirit ! who go'st on to blessedness,

With the same limbs that clad thee at thy birth,"

Shouting they came ; "a little rest thy step.

Look if thou any one amongst our tribe  
Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there<sup>e</sup>  
Thou mayst report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on ?  
Ah wherefore tarriest thou not ? We all  
By violence died, and to our latest hour  
Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from heav'n ;  
So that, repenting and forgiving, we  
Did issue out of life at peace with God,  
Who, with desire to see him, fills our heart."

Then I : "The visages of all I scan,  
Yet none of ye remember. But if aught  
That I can do may please you, gentle spirits !  
Speak, and I will perform it ; by that peace,  
Which, on the steps of guide so excellent  
Following, from world to world, intent I seek."

In answer he began : "None here distrusts  
Thy kindness, though not promis'd with an oath ;  
So as the will fail not for want of power.  
Whence I, who sole before the others speak,  
Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land<sup>f</sup>  
Which lies between Romagna and the realm  
Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray  
Those who inhabit Fano, that for me  
Their adorations duly be put up,  
By which I may purge off my grievous sins.  
From thence I came.<sup>g</sup> But the deep passages,  
Whence issued out the blood<sup>h</sup> wherein I dwelt,  
Upon my bosom in Antenor's land<sup>i</sup>  
Were made, where to be more secure I thought.  
The author of the deed was Este's prince,  
Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath

Pursued me. Had I towards Mira fled,  
When overta'en at Oriaco, still  
Might I have breath'd. But to the marsh I sped;  
And in the mire and rushes tangled there  
Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain."

Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish,  
That takes thee o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd,  
As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine.  
Of Montefeltro I;<sup>j</sup> Buonconte I:

Giovanna<sup>k</sup> nor none else have care for me;  
Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus:  
"From Campaldino's field what force or chance  
Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?"

"Oh!" answer'd he, "at Casentino's foot  
A stream there courseth, nam'd Archiano, sprung  
In Apennine above the hermit's seat.<sup>l</sup>  
E'en where it's name is cancel'd,<sup>m</sup> there came I,  
Pierc'd in the heart, fleeing away on foot,  
And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech  
Fail'd me; and finishing with Mary's name,  
I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd.  
I will report the truth; which thou again  
Tell to the living. Me God's angel took,<sup>n</sup>  
Whilst he of hell exclaim'd: 'O thou from heav'n!  
'Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him  
'Th' eternal portion bear'st with thee away,  
'For one poor tear<sup>o</sup> that he deprives me of.  
'But of the other, other rule I make.'

"Thou know'st how in the atmosphere collects  
That vapour dank, returning into water  
Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.

That evil will,<sup>p</sup> which in his intellect  
Still follows evil, came ; and rais'd the wind  
And smoky mist, by virtue of the power  
Giv'n by his nature. Thence the valley, soon  
As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud,  
From Pratomagno to the mountain range ;<sup>1</sup>  
And stretch'd the sky above ; so that the air  
Impregnate chang'd to water. Fell the rain ;  
And to the fosses came all that the land  
Contain'd not ; and, as mightiest streams are wont,  
To the great river, with such headlong sweep,  
Rush'd, that nought stay'd its course. My stiffen'd  
frame,

Laid at his mouth, the fell Archiano found,  
And dash'd it into Arno ; from my breast  
Loos'ning the cross, that of myself I made  
When overcome with pain. He hurl'd me on,  
Along the banks and bottom of his course ;  
Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt."

" Ah ! when thou to the world shalt be return'd,  
And rested after thy long road," so spake  
Next the third spirit ; " then remember me.  
I once was Pia.<sup>r</sup> Sienna gave me life ;  
Maremma took it from me. That he knows,  
Who me with jewel'd ring had first espous'd."

## CANTO VI.

## Argument.

Many besides, who are in like case with those spoken of in the last Canto, beseech our Poet to obtain for them the prayers of their friends, when he shall be returned to this world. This moves him to express a doubt to his guide, how the dead can be profited by the prayers of the living; for the solution of which doubt he is referred to Beatrice. Afterwards he meets with Sordello the Mantuan, whose affection, shown to Virgil his countryman, leads Dante to break forth into an invective against the unnatural divisions with which Italy and more especially Florence was distracted.

WHEN from their game of dice men separate,  
He who hath lost remains in sadness fix'd,  
Revolving in his mind<sup>a</sup> what luckless throws  
He cast: but, meanwhile, all the company  
Go with the other; one before him runs,  
And one behind his mantle twiches, one  
Fast by his side bids him remember him.  
He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand  
Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside;  
And thus he from the press defends himself.  
E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng;  
And turning so my face around to all,  
And promising, I 'scap'd from it with pains,

Here of Arezzo him<sup>b</sup> I saw, who fell  
By Ghino's cruel arm ; and him beside,<sup>c</sup>  
Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream.  
Here Frederic Novello,<sup>d</sup> with his hand  
Stretch'd forth, entreated : and of Pisa he,<sup>e</sup>  
Who put the good Marzuco to such proof  
Of constancy. Count Orso<sup>f</sup> I beheld ;  
And from it's frame a soul dismiss'd for spite  
And envy, as it said, but for no crime ;  
I speak of Peter de la Brosse :<sup>g</sup> and here,  
While she yet lives, that lady of Brabant,  
Let her beware ; lest for so false a deed  
She herd with worse than these. When I was freed  
From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers  
To hasten on their state of blessedness ;  
Straight I began : " O thou, my luminary !  
It seems expressly in thy text<sup>h</sup> denied,  
That heaven's supreme decree can ever bend  
To supplication ; yet with this design  
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain ?  
Or is thy saying not to be reveal'd ? "

He thus to me : " Both what I write is plain,  
And these deceiv'd not in their hope ; if well  
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height  
Of judgment<sup>i</sup> doth not stoop, because love's flame  
In a short moment all fulfils, which he,  
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.  
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,  
By praying no defect could be supplied ;  
Because the prayer had none access to God.  
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not



Contented, unless she assure thee so,  
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light :  
I know not if thou take me right ; I mean  
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,<sup>j</sup>  
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

Then I : " Sir ! let us mend our speed ; for now  
I tire not as before : and lo ! the hill<sup>k</sup>  
Stretches its shadow far." He answer'd thus :  
" Our progress with this day shall be as much  
As we may now dispatch ; but otherwise  
Than thou supposest is the truth. For there  
Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold  
Him back returning, who behind the steep  
Is now so hidden, that, as erst, his beam  
Thou dost not break. But lo ! a spirit there  
Stands solitary, and toward us looks :  
It will instruct us in the speediest way."

We soon approach'd it. O thou Lombard spirit !  
How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,  
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes.  
It spoke not aught, but let us onward pass,  
Eying us as a lion on his watch.<sup>l</sup>  
But Virgil, with entreaty mild, advanc'd,  
Requesting it to show the best ascent.  
It answer to this question none return'd ;  
But of our country and our kind of life  
Demanded. When my courteous guide began,  
" Mantua," the solitary shadow quick  
Rose tow'rds us from the place in which it stood,  
And cried, " Mantuan ! I am thy countryman,  
Sordello."<sup>m</sup> Each the other then embrac'd.

Ah, slavish Italy ! thou inn of grief !<sup>n</sup>  
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm !  
Lady no longer of fair provinces,  
But brothel-house impure ! this gentle spirit,  
Ev'n from the pleasant sound of his dear land  
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen  
With such glad cheer : while now thy living ones<sup>o</sup>  
In thee abide not without war ; and one  
Malicious gnaws another ; ay, of those  
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.  
Seek, wretched one ! around thy sea-coasts wide ;  
Then homeward to thy bosom turn ; and mark,  
If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.  
What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand<sup>p</sup>  
Refitted, if thy saddle be unpress'd ?  
Nought doth he now but aggravate thy shame.  
Ah, people ! thou obedient still shouldst live,  
And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,  
If well thou marked'st that which God commands.<sup>q</sup>

Look how that beast to felness hath relaps'd,  
From having lost correction of the spur,  
Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand,  
O German Albert !<sup>r</sup> who abandon'st her  
That is grown savage and unmanageable,  
When thou should'st clasp her flanks with forked  
heels,

Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood ;  
And be it strange and manifest to all ;  
Such as may strike thy successor<sup>s</sup> with dread ;  
For that thy sire<sup>t</sup> and thou have suffer'd thus,  
Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,

The garden of the empire to run waste.  
Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,<sup>u</sup>  
The Filippeschi and Monaldi,<sup>v</sup> man  
Who car'st for nought ! those sunk in grief, and these  
With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one !  
Come, and behold the' oppression of the nobles,  
And mark their injuries ; and thou mayst see  
What safety Santafigiore can supply.<sup>w</sup>  
Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee,  
Desolate widow, day and night with moans,  
" My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side ?"  
Come, and behold what love among thy people :  
And if no pity touches thee for us,  
Come and blush for thine own report. For me,  
If it be lawful : O Almighty Power !  
Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified,  
Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere ? or is this  
A preparation, in the wond'rous depth  
Of thy sage counsel, made for some good end,  
Entirely from our reach of thought cut off ?  
So are the' Italian cities all o'erthrong'd  
With tyrants, and a great Marcellus<sup>x</sup> made  
Of every petty factious villager.

My Florence ! thou mayst well remain unmov'd  
At this digression, which affects not thee :  
Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.  
Many have justice in their heart, that long  
Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,  
Or ere it dart unto it's aim : but thine  
Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse<sup>y</sup>  
To bear the common burdens : readier thine

Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold I stoop!"

Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,  
Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!  
Facts best will witness if I speak the truth.  
Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old  
Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,  
Made little progress in improving life  
To thee, who usest such nice subtlety,  
That to the middle of November scarce  
Reaches the thread thou in October weav'st.  
How many times within thy memory,  
Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices  
Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd.

If thou remember'st well and canst see clear,  
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,<sup>a</sup>  
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft  
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.

## CANTO VII.

## Argument.

The approach of night hindering further ascent, Sordello conducts our Poet apart to an eminence, from whence they behold a pleasant recess, in form of a flowery valley, scooped out of the mountain ; where are many famous spirits, and among them the Emperor Rodolph, Ottocar king of Bohemia, Philip III. of France, Henry of Navarre, Peter III. of Arragon, Charles I. of Naples, Henry III. of England, and William, Marquis of Montferrat.

AFTER their courteous greetings joyfully  
Sev'n times exchang'd, Sordello backward drew  
Exclaiming, "Who are ye?"—"Before this mount  
By spirits worthy of ascent to God  
Was sought, my bones had by Octavius' care  
Been buried. I am Virgil ; for no sin  
Depriv'd of heav'n, except for lack of faith."  
So answer'd him in few my gentle guide.

As one, who aught before him suddenly  
Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries,  
"It is, yet is not," wav'ring in belief ;  
Such he appear'd ; then downward bent his eyes,  
And, drawing near with reverential step,  
Caught him, where one of mean estate might clasp

His lord.<sup>a</sup> "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd,  
"In whom our tongue its utmost power display'd;  
Boast of my honor'd birth-place! what desert<sup>b</sup>  
Of mine, what favour rather undeserv'd,  
Shows thee to me? If I to hear that voice  
Am worthy, say if from below thou com'st,  
And from what cloister's pale."—"Through every orb  
Of that sad region," he replied, "thus far  
Am I arriv'd, by heav'nly influence led:  
And with such aid I come. There is a place<sup>c</sup>  
There underneath, not made by torments sad,  
But by dun shades alone; where mourning's voice  
Sounds not of anguish sharp, but breathes in sighs.  
There I with little innocents abide,  
Who by death's fangs were bitten, ere exempt  
From human taint. There I with those abide,  
Who the three holy virtues<sup>d</sup> put not on,  
But understood the rest,<sup>e</sup> and without blame  
Follow'd them all. But, if thou know'st, and canst,  
Direct us how we soonest may arrive,  
Where Purgatory' it's true beginning takes."

He answer'd thus: "We have no certain place  
Assign'd us: upwards I may go, or round.  
Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide,  
But thou beholdest now how day declines;  
And upwards to proceed by night, our power  
Excels: therefore it may be well to chuse  
A place of pleasant sojourn. To the right  
Some spirits sit apart retir'd. If thou  
Consentest, I to these will lead thy steps:

And thou wilt know them, not without delight."

"How chances this?" was answer'd: "whoso  
wish'd

To' ascend by night, would he be thence debarr'd  
By other, or through his own weakness fail?"

The good Sordello then, along the ground  
Trailing his finger, spoke: "Only this line<sup>f</sup>  
Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun  
Hath disappear'd; not that aught else impedes  
Thy going upwards, save the shades of night.  
These, with the want of power, perplex the will.  
With them thou haply mightst return beneath,  
Or to and fro around the mountain's side  
Wander, while day is in the' horizon shut."

My master straight, as wond'ring at his speech,  
Exclaim'd: "Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst  
That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight."

A little space we were remov'd from thence,  
When I perceiv'd the mountain hollow'd out,  
Ev'n as large valleys<sup>g</sup> hollow'd out on earth.

"That way," the' escorting spirit cried, "we go,  
Where in a bosom the high bank recedes:  
And thou await renewal of the day."

Betwixt the steep and plain, a crooked path  
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,  
Where more than half the sloping edge expires.  
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refin'd,  
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood<sup>h</sup>  
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds<sup>i</sup>  
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers  
Plac'd in that fair recess, in colour all

Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.  
Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues,  
But of the sweetness<sup>j</sup> of a thousand smells  
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.

“Salve Regina,”<sup>k</sup> on the grass and flowers,  
Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,  
Who not beyond the valley could be seen.

“Before the west'ring sun sink to his bed,”  
Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd,  
“'Mid those, desire not that I lead ye on.  
For from this eminence ye shall discern  
Better the acts and visages of all,  
Than, in the nether vale, among them mix'd.  
He, who sits high above the rest, and seems  
To have neglected that he should have done,  
And to the others' song moves not his lip,  
The Emperor Rodolph<sup>l</sup> call, who might have heal'd  
The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died,  
So that by others she revives but slowly.  
He, who with kindly visage comforts him,  
Sway'd in that country,<sup>m</sup> where the water springs,  
That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe  
Rolls to the ocean: Ottocar<sup>n</sup> his name:  
Who in his swadling clothes was of more worth  
Than Wincelous his son, a bearded man,  
Pamper'd with rank luxuriousness and ease.  
And that one with the nose deprest,<sup>o</sup> who close  
In counsel seems with him of gentle look,<sup>p</sup>  
Flying expir'd, with'ring the lily's flower.  
Look there, how he doth knock against his breast.  
The other ye behold, who for his cheek



Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs.  
They are the father and the father-in-law  
Of Gallia's bane :<sup>q</sup> his vicious life they know  
And foul ; thence comes the grief that rends them thus.

“ He, so robust of limb,<sup>r</sup> who measure keeps  
In song with him of feature prominent,<sup>s</sup>  
With ev'ry virtue bore his girdle brac'd.  
And if that stripling,<sup>t</sup> who behind him sits,  
King after him had liv'd, his virtue then  
From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd :  
Which may not of the other heirs be said.  
By James and Frederick<sup>u</sup> his realms are held ;  
Neither the better heritage obtains.  
Rarely<sup>v</sup> into the branches of the tree  
Doth human worth mount up : and so ordains  
He who bestows it, that as his free gift  
It may be call'd. To Charles<sup>w</sup> my words apply  
No less than to his brother in the song ;  
Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confess.  
So much that plant degenerates from its seed,  
As, more than Beatrix and Margaret,  
Costanza<sup>x</sup> still boasts of her valorous spouse.

“ Behold the king of simple life and plain,  
Harry of England,<sup>y</sup> sitting there alone :  
He through his branches better issue<sup>z</sup> spreads.

“ That one, who, on the ground, beneath the rest,  
Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft,  
Is William, that brave Marquis,<sup>aa</sup> for whose cause,  
The deed of Alexandria and his war  
Makes Montferrat and Canavese weep.”

## CANTO VIII.

## Argument.

Two angels, with flaming swords broken at the points, descend to keep watch over the valley, into which Virgil and Dante entering by desire of Sordello, our poet meets with joy the spirit of Nino, the judge of Gallura, one who was well known to him. Meantime three exceedingly bright stars appear near the pole, and a serpent creeps subtly into the valley, but flees at hearing the approach of those angelic guards. Lastly, Conrad Malaspina predicts to our poet his future banishment.

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day :<sup>a</sup>  
When I, no longer taking heed to hear,  
Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark  
One risen from its seat, which with its hand  
Audience implor'd. Both palms it join'd and rais'd,  
Fixing its steadfast gaze toward the east,  
As telling God, "I care for nought beside."

"Te Lucis Ante,"<sup>b</sup> so devoutly then  
Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,  
That all my sense<sup>c</sup> in ravishment was lost.

And the rest after, softly and devout,  
Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze  
Directed to the bright supernal wheels.

Here, reader!<sup>d</sup> for the truth make thine eyes  
keen :

For of so subtle texture is this veil,  
That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd.

I saw that gentle band silently next  
Look up, as if in expectation held,  
Pale and in lowly guise ; and, from on high,  
I saw, forth issuing descend beneath  
Two angels, with two flame-illumin'd swords,  
Broken and mutilated of their points.  
Green as the tender leaves but newly born,  
Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green  
Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air.  
A little over us one took his stand :  
The other lighted on the' opposing hill ;  
So that the troop were in the midst contain'd.

Well I descried the whiteness on their heads ;  
But in their visages the dazzled eye  
Was lost, as faculty<sup>e</sup> that by too much  
Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both  
Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard  
Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,  
The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path  
He came, I turn'd me round ; and closely prest,  
All frozen, to my leader's trusted side.

Sordello paus'd not : "To the valley now  
(For it is time) let us descend ; and hold  
Converse with those great shadows : haply much

Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down  
Methinks I measur'd, ere I was beneath,  
And noted one who look'd as with desire  
To know me. Time was now that air grew dim ;  
Yet not so dim, that, 'twixt his eyes and mine,  
It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before.  
Mutually tow'rds each other we advanc'd.  
Nino, thou courteous judge !<sup>f</sup> what joy I felt,  
When I perceiv'd thou wert not with the bad.

No salutation kind on either part  
Was left unsaid. He then inquir'd : " How long,  
Since thou arriv'd'st at the mountain's foot,  
Over the distant waves ? "—" O ! " answer'd I,  
" Through the sad seats of woe this morn I came ;  
And still in my first life, thus journeying on,  
The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard  
My words, he and Sordello backward drew,  
As suddenly amaz'd. To Virgil one,  
The other to a spirit turn'd, who near  
Was seated, crying : " Conrad !<sup>g</sup> up with speed :  
Come, see what of his grace high God hath will'd." Then turning round to me : " By that rare mark  
Of honour, which thou ow'st to him, who hides  
So deeply his first cause it hath no ford ;  
When thou shalt be beyond the vast of waves,  
Tell my Giovanna,<sup>b</sup> that for me she call  
There, where reply to innocence is made.  
Her mother,<sup>i</sup> I believe, loves me no more ;  
Since she has chang'd the white and wimpled folds,<sup>j</sup>  
Which she is doom'd once more with grief to wish.  
By her it easily may be perceiv'd,

How long in woman lasts the flame of love,  
If sight and touch do not relume it oft.  
For her so fair a burial will not make .  
The viper,<sup>k</sup> which calls Milan to the field,  
As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird."<sup>l</sup>

He spoke, and in his visage took the stamp  
Of that right zeal, which with due temperature  
Glows in the bosom. My insatiate eyes  
Meanwhile to heav'n had travel'd, even there  
Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel  
Nearest the axle ; when my guide inquir'd :

" What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze ? "

I answer'd : " The three torches,<sup>m</sup> with which  
here

The pole is all on fire." He then to me :

" The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,  
Are there beneath ; and these, ris'n in their stead." .

While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself  
Drew him, and cry'd : " Lo there our enemy ! "  
And with his hand pointed that way to look.

Along the side, where barrier none arose  
Around the little vale, a serpent lay,  
Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.<sup>n</sup>  
Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake  
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head ;  
And, as a beast that smooths its polish'd coat,  
Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,  
How those celestial falcons from their seat  
Mov'd, but in motion each one well descried.  
Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,  
The serpent fled ; and, to their stations, back  
The angels up return'd with equal flight.

The spirit, (who to Nino, when he call'd,  
Had come) from viewing me with fixed ken,  
Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight.

"So may the lamp,<sup>o</sup> which leads thee up on high,  
Find, in thy free resolve, of wax so much,  
As may suffice thee to the' enamel'd height,"  
It thus began: "If any certain news  
Of Valdimagra<sup>p</sup> and the neighbour part  
Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there.  
They call'd me Conrad Malaspina; not  
That old one;<sup>q</sup> but from him I sprang. The love  
I bore my people is now here refin'd."

"In your domains," I answer'd, "ne'er was I.  
But, through all Europe, where do those men dwell,  
To whom their glory is not manifest?  
The fame, that honours your illustrious house,  
Proclaims the nobles, and proclaims the land;  
So that he knows it, who was never there.  
I swear to you, so may my upward route  
Prosper, your honour'd nation not impairs  
The value of her coffer and her sword.  
Nature and use give her such privilege,  
That while the world is twisted from his course  
By a bad head, she only walks aright,  
And has the evil way in scorn." He then:  
"Now pass thee on: sev'n times the tired sun<sup>r</sup>  
Revisits not the couch, which with four feet  
The forked Aries covers, ere that kind  
Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain  
With stronger nails than other's speech can drive;  
If the sure course of judgment be not stay'd."

## CANTO IX.

## Argument.

Dante is carried up the mountain, asleep and dreaming, by Lucia ; and, on wakening, finds himself, two hours after sunrise, with Virgil, near the gate of Purgatory, through which they are admitted by the angel deputed by Saint Peter to keep it.

Now the fair consort of 'Tithonus old,<sup>a</sup>  
Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,  
Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff ; her brow,  
Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign  
Of that chill animal,<sup>b</sup> who with his train  
Smites fearful nations : and where then we were,  
Two steps of her ascent the night had past ;  
And now the third was closing up its wing,<sup>c</sup>  
When I, who had so much of Adam with me,  
Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep,  
There where all five<sup>d</sup> were seated. In that hour,  
When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,  
Rememb'ring haply ancient grief,<sup>e</sup> renews ;  
And when our minds, more wand'ers from the flesh,  
And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't were, full  
Of holy divination in their dreams ;  
Then, in a vision, did I seem to view

A golden-feather'd eagle<sup>f</sup> in the sky,  
With open wings, and hov'ring for descent ;  
And I was in that place, methought, from whence  
Young Ganymede, from his associates 'rest,  
Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.  
" Perhaps," thought I within me, " here alone  
He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains  
To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,  
A little wheeling in his æry tour,  
Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he down,  
And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.  
There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
Did burn ; and so intense th' imagin'd flames,  
That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst  
Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd  
His waken'd eyeballs, wond'ring where he was,  
Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled  
To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms ;  
E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face  
The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,  
Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my side  
My comfort stood : and the bright sun was now  
More than two hours aloft : and to the sea  
My looks were turn'd. " Fear not," my master cried,  
" Assur'd we are at happy point. Thy strength  
Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come  
To Purgatory now. Lo ! there the cliff  
That circling bounds it. Lo ! the entrance there,  
Where it doth seem disparted. Ere the dawn  
Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied soul  
Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath



A lady came, and thus bespake me : ‘ I  
Am Lucia.<sup>s</sup> Suffer me to take this man,  
Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed.’  
Sordello and the other gentle shapes  
Tarrying, she bare thee up : and, as day shone,  
This summit reach’d : and I pursued her steps.  
Here did she place thee. First, her lovely eyes  
That open entrance show’d me ; then at once  
She vanish’d with thy sleep.” Like one, whose doubts  
Are chas’d by certainty, and terror turn’d  
To comfort on discovery of the truth,  
Such was the change in me : and as my guide  
Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff  
He mov’d, and I behind him, tow’rds the height.

Reader ! thou markest how my theme doth rise ;  
Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully  
I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,  
Arriv’d whence, in that part, where first a breach  
As of a wall appear’d, I could descry  
A portal, and three steps beneath, that led  
For inlet there, of different colour each ;  
And one who watch’d, but spake not yet a word.  
As more and more mine eye did stretch its view,  
I mark’d him seated on the highest step,  
In visage such, as past my power to bear.  
Grasp’d in his hand, a naked sword glanc’d back  
The rays so towards me, that I oft in vain  
My sight directed. “ Speak, from whence ye stand ;”  
He cried : “ What would ye ? Where is your escort ?  
Take heed your coming upward harm ye not.”

“ A heavenly dame, not skillless of these things,”

Replied the' instructor, "told us, even now,  
'Pass that way: here the gate is.'"—"And may she,  
Befriending, prosper your ascent," resum'd  
The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then  
Before our steps." We straightway thither came.

The lowest stair<sup>h</sup> was marble white, so smooth  
And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form  
Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark  
Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,  
Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay  
Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flam'd  
Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.  
On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,  
Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd  
A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps  
My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he,  
"With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."

Piously at his holy feet devolv'd  
I cast me, praying him for pity's sake  
That he would open to me; but first fell  
Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times<sup>i</sup>  
The letter, that denotes the inward stain,  
He, on my forehead, with the blunted point  
Of his drawn sword, inscrib'd. And "Look," he cried,  
"When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away."

Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground,  
Were of one colour with the robe he wore.  
From underneath that vestment forth he drew  
Two keys,<sup>j</sup> of metal twain: the one was gold,  
Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,  
And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the gate,

As to content me well. "Whenever one  
Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight  
It turn not, to this alley then expect  
Access in vain." Such were the words he spake.  
"One is more precious:<sup>k</sup> but the other needs  
Skill and sagacity, large share of each,  
Ere its good task to disengage the knot  
Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these  
I hold, of him instructed that I err  
Rather in opening, than in keeping fast ;  
So but the suppliant at my feet implore."

Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the door,  
Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear :  
He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward  
The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong,  
Harsh was the grating ;<sup>l</sup> nor so surlily  
Roar'd the Tarpeian,<sup>m</sup> when by force bereft  
Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss  
To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd,  
List'ning the thunder that first issu'd forth ;  
And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard  
In accents blended with sweet melody.  
The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound  
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant  
With organ<sup>n</sup> mingle, and, now high and clear  
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

## CANTO X.

## Argument.

Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our Poets ascend a winding path up the rock, till they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. On the side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.

WHEN we had past the threshold of the gate,  
(Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,  
Making the crooked seem the straighter path)  
I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,  
For that offence what plea might have avail'd ?

We mounted up the riven rock, that wound<sup>a</sup>  
On either side alternate, as the wave  
Flies and advances. "Here some little art  
Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps  
Observe the varying flexure of the path."

Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb  
The moon once more o'erhangs her watry couch,  
Ere we that straight have threaded. But when free,  
We came, and open, where the mount above  
One solid mass retires ; I spent with toil,<sup>b</sup>

And both uncertain of the way, we stood,  
Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads  
That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink  
Borders upon vacuity, to foot  
Of the steep bank that rises still, the space  
Had measur'd thrice the stature of a man :  
And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight,  
To leftward now and now to right dispatch'd,  
That cornice equal in extent appear'd.

Not yet our feet had on that summit mov'd,  
When I discover'd that the bank, around,  
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,  
Was marble white ; and so exactly wrought  
With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone  
Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self  
Been sham'd. The angel, (who came down to earth  
With tidings of the peace so many years  
Wept for in vain, that op'd the heavenly gates  
From their long interdict) before us seem'd,  
In a sweet act, so sculptur'd to the life,  
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn  
He had said "Hail!"<sup>c</sup> for she was imag'd there,  
By whom the key did open to God's love ;  
And in her act as sensibly imprest  
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"  
As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind  
On one place only," said the guide belov'd,  
Who had me near him on that part where lies  
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd,  
And mark'd, behind the virgin mother's form,  
Upon that side where he that mov'd me stood,

Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,  
That it might stand more aptly for my view.  
There, in the self-same marble, were engrav'd  
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,  
That from unbidden office awes mankind.  
Before it came much people; and the wh  
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "  
Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt aros  
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume  
Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil.  
Preceding<sup>e</sup> the blest vessel, onward came  
With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,  
Sweet's Israel's harper: in that hap he seem'd  
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite,  
At a great palace, from the lattice forth  
Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn  
And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,  
Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,  
I mov'd me. There, was storied on the rock  
The' exalted glory of the Roman prince,  
Whose mighty worth mov'd Gregory<sup>f</sup> to earn  
His mighty conquest, Trajan the' Emperor.<sup>g</sup>  
A widow at his bridle stood, attir'd  
In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd  
Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold  
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.  
The wretch appear'd amid all these to say;  
"Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,  
My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd;  
"Wait now till I return." And she, as one

Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou  
Dost not return?"—"Where I am, who then is,  
May right thee."—"What to thee is other's good,  
If thou neglect thy own?"—"Now comfort thee;"  
At length he answers. "It beseemeth well  
My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:  
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produc'd  
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,  
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gaz'd  
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,  
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;  
When "Lo!" the poet whisper'd, "where this way,  
(But slack their pace,) a multitude advance.  
These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights,  
Their lov'd allurements, were not slow to turn.

Reader! I would not that amaz'd thou miss  
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God  
Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder<sup>h</sup> not  
The form of suff'ring. Think on what succeeds:  
Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom  
It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began,  
"What I see hither tending, bears no trace  
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside  
That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus:  
"So coulb'd to earth, beneath their heavy terms  
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first  
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;  
And disentangle with thy lab'ring view,  
What, underneath those stones, approacheth: now,

E'en now, may'st thou discern the pangs of each."  
Christians and proud ! O poor and wretched  
ones !

That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust  
Upon unstaïd perverseness : Know ye not  
That we are worms, yet made at last to form  
The winged insect,<sup>i</sup> imp'd with angel plumes,  
That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars ?  
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledg'd souls ?  
Abortive<sup>j</sup> then and shapeless ye remain,  
Like the untimely embryo of a worm.

As, to support<sup>k</sup> incumbent floor or roof,  
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,  
That crumples up it's knees unto it's breast ;  
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd  
In the beholder's fancy ; so I saw  
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed  
Or more or less contracted ; and it seem'd  
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,  
Wailing exclaim'd : " I can endure no more."



## CANTO XI.

## Argument.

After a prayer uttered by the spirits, who were spoken of in the last Canto, Virgil inquires the way upwards, and is answered by one, who declares himself to have been Omberto, son of the Count of Santafiore. Next our Poet distinguishes Oderigi, the illuminator, who discourses on the vanity of worldly fame, and points out to him the soul of Provenzano Salvani.

“ O THOU Almighty Father !<sup>a</sup> who dost make  
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confin'd,  
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st  
Thy primal effluence ; hallow'd be thy name :  
Join, each created being, to extol  
Thy might ; for worthy humblest thanks and praise  
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace  
Come unto us ; for we, unless it come,  
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.  
As, of their will, the angels unto thee  
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne  
With loud hosannas ; so of their's be done  
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,  
Our daily manna, without which he roams  
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most  
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each  
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou

Benign, and of our merit take no count.  
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not  
Our virtue, easily subdu'd ; but free  
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.  
This last petition, dearest Lord ! is made  
Not for ourselves ; since that were needless now ;  
But for their sakes who after us remain."

Thus for themselves and us good speed im-  
ploring,

Those spirits went beneath a weight like that  
We sometimes feel in dreams ; all, sore beset,  
But with unequal anguish ; wearied all ;  
Round the first circuit ; purging as they go  
The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof  
If their vows still be offer'd, what can here  
For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills  
Have root of goodness in them ?<sup>b</sup> Well beseems  
That we should help them wash away the stains  
They carried hence ; that so, made pure and light,  
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

"Ah ! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid  
Your burdens speedily ; that ye have power  
To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire  
Shall lift you ; as ye show us on which hand  
Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.  
And if there be more passages than one,  
Instruct us of that easiest to ascend :  
For this man, who comes with me, and bears yet  
The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him,  
Despite his better will but slowly mounts."  
From whom the answer came unto these words,

Which my guide spake, appear'd not ; but 'twas said :  
 " Along the bank to rightward come with us ;  
 And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil  
 Of living man to climb : and were it not  
 That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith  
 This arrogant neck is tam'd, whence needs I stoop  
 My visage to the ground ; him, who yet lives,  
 Whose name thou speak'st not, him I fain would view ;  
 To mark if e'er I knew him, and to crave  
 His pity for the fardel that I bear.

I was of Latium ;<sup>c</sup> of a Tuscan born,  
 A mighty one : Aldobrandesco's name,  
 My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard.  
 My old blood and forefather's gallant deeds  
 Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot  
 The common mother ; and to such excess  
 Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell,  
 Fell therefore ; by what fate, Sienna's sons,  
 Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.  
 I am Umberto : not me, only, pride  
 Hath injur'd, but my kindred all involv'd  
 In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains  
 Under this weight to groan, till I appease  
 God's angry justice, since I did it not  
 Amongst the living, here amongst the dead."

Listening I bent my visage down : and one  
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight  
 That urg'd him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd ;  
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fix'd  
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went  
 Companion of their way. " O ! " I exclaim'd,

"Art thou not Oderigi?<sup>d</sup> art not thou  
Agobbio's glory, glory of that art  
Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?"

"Brother!" said he, "with tints, that gayer  
smile,

Bolognian Franco's<sup>e</sup> pencil lines the leaves.  
His all the honour now; my light obscur'd.  
In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him  
The whilst I liv'd, through eagerness of zeal  
For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.  
Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid:<sup>f</sup>  
Nor were I even here, if, able still  
To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God.  
O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipp'd  
E'en in its height of verdure, if an age  
Less bright succeed not.<sup>g</sup> Cimabue<sup>h</sup> thought  
To lord it over painting's field; and now  
The cry is Giotto's,<sup>i</sup> and his name eclips'd.  
Thus hath one Guido from the other<sup>j</sup> snatch'd  
The letter'd prize: and he, perhaps, is born,<sup>k</sup>  
Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise  
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
That blows from diverse points, and shifts it's name,  
Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more  
Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh  
Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou had'st died  
Before the coral and the pap were left;  
Or e'er some thousand years have past? and that  
Is, to eternity compar'd, a space  
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye

To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads  
So leisurely before me, far and wide  
Through Tuscany resounded once ; and now  
Is in Sienna scarce with whispers nam'd :  
There was he sov'reign, when destruction caught  
The madd'ning rage of Florence, in that day  
Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown  
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go ;  
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang  
Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him :  
" True are thy sayings : to my heart they breathe  
The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay  
What tumours rankle there. But who is he,  
Of whom thou spak'st but now ?"—" This," he  
replied,

" Is Provenzano. He is here, because  
He reach'd, with grasp presumptuous, at the sway  
Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone,  
Thus goeth never-resting, since he died.  
Such is the' acquittance render'd back of him,  
Who, in the mortal life, too much hath dar'd."  
I then : " If soul, that to life's verge delays  
Repentance, linger in that lower space,  
Nor hither mount, unless good prayers befriend ;  
How chanc'd admittance was vouchsaf'd to him ?"

" When at his glory's topmost height," said he,  
" Respect of dignity all cast aside,  
Freely he fix'd him on Sienna's plain,  
A suitor<sup>1</sup> to redeem his suff'ring friend,  
Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles ;

Nor, for his sake, refus'd through every vein  
To tremble. More I will not say ; and dark,  
I know, my words are ; but thy neighbours soon<sup>m</sup>  
Shall help thee to a comment on the text.  
This is the work, that from these limits freed him."

## CANTO XII.

## Argument.

Dante being desired by Virgil to look down on the ground which they are treading, observes that it is wrought over with imagery exhibiting various instances of pride recorded in history and fable. They leave the first cornice, and are ushered to the next by an angel who points out the way.

With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,  
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,  
Long as the mild instructor suffered me ;  
But, when he bade me quit him, and proceed,  
(For "Here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars  
Each man, as best he may push on his bark,")  
Upright, as one dispos'd for speed, I rais'd  
My body, still in thought submissive bow'd.

I now my leader's track not loth pursued ;  
And each had shown how light we far'd along,  
When thus he warn'd me : "Bend thine eyesight  
down :

For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good  
To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet."

As, in memorial of the buried, drawn  
Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptur'd form  
Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof  
Tears often stream forth, by remembrance wak'd,

Whose sacred stings the piteous only feel,) So saw I there, but with more curious skill Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space From forth the mountain stretches. On one part Him I beheld, above all creatures erst Created noblest, light'ning fall from heaven : On the' other side, with bolt celestial pierc'd, Briareus ; cumb'ring earth he lay, through dint Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbraean god,<sup>a</sup> With Mars,<sup>b</sup> I saw, and Pallas, round their sire, Arm'd still, and gazing on the giant's limbs Strewn o'er th' ethereal field. Nimrod I saw : At foot of the stupendous work he stood, As if bewilder'd, looking on the crowd Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.<sup>c</sup>

O Niobe ! in what a trance of woe Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn, Sev'n sons on either side thee slain. O Saul ! How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour Ne'er visited with rain from heav'n, or dew.

O fond Arachne ! thee I also saw, Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up The' unfinished web thou weaved'st to thy bane.

O Rehoboam !<sup>d</sup> here thy shape doth seem Louring no more defiance ; but fear smote, With none to chase him, in his chariot whirl'd.

Was shown beside upon the solid floor, How dear Alcmaeon<sup>e</sup> forc'd his mother rate That ornament, in evil hour receiv'd : How, in the temple, on Sennacherib<sup>f</sup> fell



His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.  
 Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made  
 By Tomyris<sup>g</sup> on Cyrus, when she cried,  
 "Blood thou didst thirst for : take thy fill of blood."  
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled  
 The' Assyrians, Holofernes<sup>h</sup> slain, and e'en  
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd,  
 In ashes and in caverns. Oh ! how fall'n,  
 How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there.

What master of the pencil or the style<sup>i</sup>  
 Had trac'd the shades and lines, that might have made  
 The subtlest workman wonder ? Dead, the dead ;  
 The living seem'd alive : with clearer view,  
 His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth,  
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went  
 Low bending. Now swell out, and with stiff necks,  
 Pass on, ye sons of Eve ! ~~veil~~ not your looks, *vai*  
 Lest they decry the evil of your path.

I noted not (so busied was my thought,)  
 How much we now had circled of the mount ;  
 And of his course yet more the sun had spent ;  
 When he, who with still wakeful caution went,  
 Admonish'd : " Raise thou up thy head : for know  
 Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold,  
 That way, an angel hasting towards us. Lo,  
 Where duly the sixth handmaid<sup>j</sup> doth return  
 From service on the day. Where thou, in look  
 And gesture, seemly grace of reverent awe ;  
 That gladly he may forward us aloft.  
 Consider that this day ne'er dawns again."

Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst,

I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd.

The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white  
In vesture, and with visage casting streams  
Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.  
His arms he open'd, then his wings ; and spake :  
“ Onward ! the steps, behold, are near ; and now  
The' ascent is without difficulty gain'd.”

A scanty few are they, who, when they hear  
Such tidings, hasten. O, ye race of men !  
Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind  
So slight to baffle ye ? He led us on  
Where the rock parted ; here, against my front,  
Did beat his wings ; then promis'd I should fare  
In safety on my way. As to ascend  
That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands,<sup>k</sup>  
(O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down  
On the well-guided city,<sup>l</sup>) up the right  
The' impetuous rise is broken by the steps  
Carv'd in that old and simple age, when still  
The registry<sup>m</sup> and label rested safe ;  
Thus is the' acclivity reliev'd, which here,  
Precipitous, from the other circuit falls :  
But, on each hand, the tall cliff presses close.

As, ent'ring, there we turn'd, voices, in strain  
Ineffable, sang : “ Blessed<sup>n</sup> are the poor  
In spirit.” Ah ! how far unlike to these  
The straits of hell : here songs to usher us,  
There shrieks of woe. We climb the holy stairs :  
And lighter to myself by far I seem'd  
Than on the plain before ; whence thus I spake :  
“ Say, master, of what heavy thing have I

Been lighten'd ; that scarce aught the sense of toil  
Affects me journeying ?" He in few replied :  
" When sin's broad characters,<sup>o</sup> that yet remain  
Upon thy temples, though well nigh effac'd,  
Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out ;  
Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will  
Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel  
No sense of labour, but delight much more  
Shall wait them, urg'd along their upward way."

Then like to one, upon whose head is plac'd  
Somewhat he deems not of, but from the becks  
Of others, as they pass him by ; his hand  
Lends therefore help to' assure him, searches, finds,  
And well performs such office as the eye  
Wants power to execute ; so stretching forth  
The fingers of my right hand, did I find  
Six only of the letters, which his sword,  
Who bare the keys, had trac'd upon my brow.  
The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smil'd.

## CANTO XIII.

## Argument.

They gain the second cornice, where the sin of envy is purged ; and having proceeded a little to the right, they hear voices uttered by invisible spirits recounting famous examples of charity, and next behold the shades, or souls, of the envious clad in sackcloth, and having their eyes sewed up with an iron thread. Amongst these Dante finds Sapia, a Siennese lady, from whom he learns the cause of her being there.

WE reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood  
Upon the second buttress of that mount  
Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,  
Like to the former, girdles round the hill ;  
Save that it's arch, with sweep less ample, bends.

Shadow, nor image there, is seen : all smooth  
The rampart and the path, reflecting nought  
But the rock's sullen hue. "If here we wait,  
For some to question," said the bard, "I fear  
Our choice may haply meet too long delay."

Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes  
He fasten'd ; made his right the central point  
From whence to move ; and turn'd the left aside.  
"O pleasant light, my confidence and hope !  
Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way,

Where now I venture ; leading to the bourn  
We seek. The universal world to thee  
Owes warmth and lustre. If<sup>a</sup> no other cause  
Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide."

Far, as is measur'd for a mile on earth,  
In brief space had we journey'd ; such prompt will  
Impell'd ; and towards us flying, now were heard  
Spirits invisible, who courteously  
Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.  
The voice, that first flew by, call'd forth aloud,  
"They have no wine ;"<sup>b</sup> so on behind us past,  
Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost  
In the faint distance, when another came  
Crying, "I am Orestes,"<sup>c</sup> and alike  
Wing'd its fleet way. "O father !" I exclaim'd,  
"What tongues are these ?" and as I question'd, lo !  
A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd  
you."<sup>d</sup>

"This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the  
scourge<sup>e</sup>

For envy ; and the cords are therefore drawn  
By charity's correcting hand. The curb  
Is of a harsher sound ; as thou shalt hear  
(If I deem rightly,) ere thou reach the pass,  
Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes  
Intently through the air ; and thou shalt see  
A multitude before thee seated, each  
Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst  
I op'd mine eyes ; before me view'd ; and saw  
Shadows with garments dark as was the rock ;  
And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard

A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us,  
Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"

I do not think there walks on earth this day  
Man so remorseless, that he had not yearn'd  
With pity at the sight that next I saw.  
Mine eyes a load of sorrow teem'd, when now  
I stood so near them, that their semblances  
Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile  
Their cov'ring seem'd; and, on his shoulder, one  
Did stay another, leaning; and all lean'd  
Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor,  
Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,  
Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk;  
So most to stir compassion, not by sound  
Of words alone, but that which moves not less,  
The sight of mis'ry. And as never beam  
Of noon-day visiteth the eyeless man,  
E'en so was heav'n a niggard unto these  
Of his fair light: for, through the orbs of all,  
A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,  
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.

It were a wrong, methought, to pass and look  
On others, yet myself the while unseen.  
To my sage counsel therefore did I turn.  
He knew the meaning of the mute appeal,  
Nor waited for my questioning, but said:  
"Speak; and be brief, be subtile in thy words."

On that part of the cornice, whence no rim  
Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil come;  
On the' other side me were the spirits, their cheeks  
Bathing devout with penitential tears,

That through the dread impalement forc'd a way.

I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I,  
"Assur'd that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine  
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,  
So may heaven's grace<sup>f</sup> clear whatsoe'er of foam  
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth  
The stream of mind roll limpid from it's source;  
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart  
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul  
Of Latium dwell among ye: and perchance  
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."

"My brother! we are, each one, citizens  
Of one true city.<sup>g</sup> Any, thou wouldst say,  
Who liv'd a stranger in Italia's land."

So heard I answering, as appear'd, a voice  
That onward came some space from whence I stood.

A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd  
Expectance. Ask ye how? The chin was rais'd  
As in one rest of sight. "Spirit," said I,  
"Who for thy rise art tutoring, (if thou be  
That which didst answer to me,) or by place,  
Or name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee."

"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna: here  
I cleanse away with these the evil life,  
Soliciting with tears that He, who is,  
Vouchsafe him to us. Though Sapia<sup>h</sup> nam'd,  
In sapience I excell'd not; gladder far  
Of other's hurt, than of the good befel me.  
That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,  
Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.  
When now my years slop'd waning down the arch,

It so bechanc'd, my fellow-citizens  
Near Colle met their enemies in the field ;  
And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.<sup>i</sup>  
There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves  
Unto the bitter passages of flight.  
I mark'd the hunt ; and waxing out of bounds  
In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,  
And, like the merlin<sup>j</sup> cheated by a gleam,  
Cried, ' It is over. Heav'n ! I fear thee not.'  
Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace  
With God ; nor yet repentance had supplied  
What I did lack of duty, were it not  
The hermit Piero,<sup>k</sup> touch'd with charity,  
In his devout oraisons thought on me.  
But who art thou that question'st of our state,  
Who go'st, as I believe, with lids unclos'd,  
And breathest in thy talk ?"—" Mine eyes," said I,  
" May yet be here ta'en from me ; but not long ;  
For they have not offended grievously  
With envious glances. But the woe beneath<sup>l</sup>  
Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.  
That nether load already weighs me down."

She thus : " Who then, amongst us here aloft,  
Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return ?"

" He," answer'd I, " who standeth mute beside  
me.

I live : of me ask therefore, chosen spirit !  
If thou desire I yonder yet should move  
For thee my mortal feet."—" Oh !" she replied,  
" This is so strange a thing, it is great sign  
That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer



Sometime assist me : and, by that I crave,  
Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet  
E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame  
Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold  
With that vain multitude,<sup>m</sup> who set their hope  
On Telamone's haven ; there to fail  
Confounded, more than when the fancied stream  
They sought, of Dian call'd : but they, who lead<sup>n</sup>  
Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

## CANTO XIV.

## Argument.

Our Poet on this second cornice finds also the souls of Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli of Romagna; the latter of whom, hearing that he comes from the banks of the Arno, inveighs against the degeneracy of all those who dwell in the cities visited by that stream; and the former, in like manner, against the inhabitants of Romagna. On leaving these, our Poets hear voices recording noted instances of envy.

“SAY,<sup>a</sup> who is he around our mountain winds,  
Or ever death has prun’d his wing for flight;  
That opes his eyes, and covers them at will?”

“I know not who he is, but know thus much;  
He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him,  
For thou art nearer to him; and take heed,  
Accost him<sup>b</sup> gently, so that he may speak.”

Thus on the right two spirits, bending each  
Toward the other, talk’d of me; then both  
Addressing me, their faces backward lean’d,  
And thus the one<sup>c</sup> began: “O soul, who yet  
Pent in the body, tendest towards the sky!  
For charity, we pray thee, comfort us;  
Recounting whence thou com’st, and who thou art:  
For thou dost make us, at the favour shown thee,

Marvel, as at a thing that ne'er hath been."

"There stretches through the midst of Tuscany,"  
I straight began, "a brooklet,<sup>d</sup> whose well-head  
Springs up in Falterona; with his race  
Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles  
Hath measur'd. From his banks bring I this frame.  
To tell you who I am were words mis-spent:  
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour's lip."

"If well I do incorp'rate with my thought  
The meaning of thy speech," said he, who first  
Address me, "thou dost speak of Arno's wave."

To whom the other:<sup>e</sup> "Why hath he conceal'd  
The title of that river, as a man  
Doth of some horrible thing?" The spirit, who  
Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus:  
"I know not: but 'tis fitting well the name  
Should perish of that vale; for from the source,<sup>f</sup>  
Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep  
Maim'd of Pelorus,<sup>g</sup> (that doth scarcely pass<sup>h</sup>  
Beyond that limit,) even to the point  
Where unto ocean is restor'd what heaven  
Drains from th' exhaustless store for all earth's  
streams,

Throughout the space is virtue worried down,  
As 'twere a snake, by all, for mortal foe;  
Or through disastrous influence on the place,  
Or else distortion of misguided wills  
That custom goads to evil: whence in those,  
The dwellers in that miserable vale,  
Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they  
Had shar'd of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine<sup>i</sup>

Worthier of acorns than of other food  
Created for man's use, he shapeth first  
His obscure way ; then, sloping onward, finds  
Curs,<sup>j</sup> snarlers more in spite than power, from whom  
He turns with scorn aside : still journeying down,  
By how much more the curst and luckless foss<sup>k</sup>  
Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it finds  
Dogs turning into wolves.<sup>l</sup> Descending still  
Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets  
A race of foxes,<sup>m</sup> so replete with craft,  
They do not fear that skill can master it.  
Nor will I cease because my words are heard<sup>n</sup>  
By other ears than thine. It shall be well  
For this man,<sup>o</sup> if he keep in memory  
What from no erring spirit I reveal.  
Lo ! I behold thy grandson,<sup>p</sup> that becomes  
A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore  
Of the fierce stream ; and cows them all with dread.  
Their flesh, yet living, sets he up to sale,  
Then, like an aged beast, to slaughter dooms.  
Many of life he reaves, himself of worth  
And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore,  
Mark how he issues from the rueful wood ;  
Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years  
It spreads not to prime lustihood again."

As one, who tidings hears of woe to come,  
Changes his looks perturb'd, from whate'er part  
The peril grasp him ; so beheld I change  
That spirit, who had turn'd to listen ; struck  
With sadness, soon as he had caught the word.

His visage, and the other's speech, did raise

Desire in me to know the names of both ;  
Whereof, with meek entreaty, I inquir'd.

The shade, who late addrest me, thus resum'd :

" Thy wish imports, that I vouchsafe to do  
For thy sake what thou wilt not do<sup>a</sup> for mine.  
But, since God's will is that so largely shine  
His grace in thee, I will be liberal too.

Guido of Duca know then that I am.

Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen  
A fellow man made joyous, thou hadst mark'd  
A livid paleness overspread my cheek.  
Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd.

O man ! why place<sup>r</sup> thy heart where there doth need  
Exclusion of participants in good ?

This is Rinieri's spirit ; this, the boast  
And honour of the house of Calboli ;  
Where of his worth no heritage remains.

Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript,  
('Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore,<sup>a</sup>)

Of all that truth or fancy<sup>t</sup> asks for bliss :

But, in those limits, such a growth has sprung  
Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock  
Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio ?<sup>u</sup> where

Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna ?<sup>v</sup>

O bastard slips of old Romagna's line !

When in Bologna the low artisan,<sup>w</sup>

And in Faenza yon Bernardin<sup>x</sup> sprouts,  
A gentle cyon from ignoble stem.

Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep,

When I recal to mind those once lov'd names,

Guido of Prata,<sup>y</sup> and of Azzo him<sup>z</sup>

That dwelt with us ;<sup>aa</sup> Tignoso<sup>ab</sup> and his troop,  
With Traversaro's house and Anastagio's,<sup>ac</sup>  
(Each race disherited ; ) and beside these,  
The ladies<sup>ad</sup> and the knights, the toils and ease,  
That witch'd us into love and courtesy ;<sup>ae</sup>  
Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts.  
O Brettinoro !<sup>af</sup> wherefore tarriest still,  
Since forth of thee thy family hath gone,  
And many, hating evil, join'd their steps ?  
Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease,  
Bagnacavallo ;<sup>ag</sup> Castracaro ill,  
And Conio worse,<sup>ah</sup> who care to propagate  
A race of Counties<sup>ai</sup> from such blood as theirs.  
Well shall ye also do, Pagani,<sup>aj</sup> then  
When from amongst you hies your demon child ;  
Not so howe'er,<sup>ak</sup> that henceforth there remain  
True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin,<sup>al</sup>  
Thou sprung of Fantolini's line ! thy name  
Is safe ; since none is look'd for after thee  
To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock.  
But, Tuscan ! go thy ways ; for now I take  
Far more delight in weeping, than in words.  
Such<sup>am</sup> pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart."  
We knew those gentle spirits, at parting, heard  
Our steps. Their silence therefore, of our way,  
Assur'd us. Soon as we had quitted them,  
Advancing onward, lo ! a voice, that seem'd  
Like volley'd light'ning when it rives the air,  
Met us, and shouted, " Whosoever finds  
Will slay me ; "<sup>an</sup> then fled from us, as the bolt  
Lanc'd sudden from a downward-rushing cloud.

When it had giv'n short truce unto our hearing,  
Behold the other with a crash as loud  
As the quick following thunder : " Mark in me  
Aglauros,<sup>ao</sup> turn'd to rock." I, at the sound  
Retreating, drew more closely to my guide.

Now in mute stillness rested all the air ;  
And thus he spake : " There was the galling bit.<sup>ap</sup>  
But your old enemy so baits his hook,  
He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb  
Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heav'n calls,<sup>aq</sup>  
And, round about you wheeling, courts your gaze  
With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye  
Turns with fond doting still upon the earth.  
Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

## CANTO XV.

## Argument.

An angel invites them to ascend the next steep. On their way Dante suggests certain doubts, which are resolved by Virgil; and, when they reach the third cornice, where the sin of anger is purged, our Poet, in a kind waking dream, beholds remarkable instances of patience; and soon after they are enveloped in a dense fog.

As much<sup>a</sup> as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn,  
Appeareth of heav'n's sphere, that ever whirls  
As restless as an infant in his play;  
So much appear'd remaining to the sun  
Of his slope journey tow'rds the western goal.

Evening was there, and here the noon of night;  
And full upon our forehead smote the beams.  
For round the mountain, circling, so our path  
Had led us, that toward the sun-set now  
Direct we journey'd; when I felt a weight  
Of more exceeding splendour, than before,  
Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze  
Possess'd me; and both hands against my brows  
Lifting, I interpos'd them, as a screen,  
That of its gorgeous superflux of light  
Clips the diminish'd orb. As when the ray,<sup>b</sup>  
Striking on water or the surface clear



Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part,  
Ascending at a glance,<sup>c</sup> e'en as it fell,  
And as much<sup>d</sup> differs from the stone, that falls  
Through equal space ; (so practic skill hath shown ;)  
Thus, with refracted light, before me seem'd  
The ground there smitten ; whence, in sudden haste,  
My sight recoil'd. " What is this, sire belov'd !  
'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain ?"  
Cried I, " and which toward us moving seems ?"

" Marvel not, if the family of heav'n,"  
He answer'd, " yet with dazzling radiance dim  
Thy sense. It is a messenger who comes,  
Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long,  
Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,  
As thy perception is by nature wrought  
Up to their pitch." The blessed angel, soon  
As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice :  
" Here enter on a ladder far less steep  
Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith  
Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet,  
" Blessed the merciful,"<sup>e</sup> and " Happy thou,  
That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I,  
Pursued our upward way ; and as we went,  
Some profit from his words I hop'd to win,  
And thus of him inquiring, fram'd my speech :  
" What meant Romagna's spirit,<sup>f</sup> when he spake  
Of bliss exclusive, with no partner shar'd ?"

He straight replied : " No wonder, since he  
knows,  
What sorrow waits on his own worst defect,  
If he chide others, that they less may mourn.

Because ye point your wishes at a mark,  
Where, by communion of possessors, part  
Is lessen'd, envy bloweth up men's sighs.  
No fear of that might touch ye, if the love  
Of higher sphere exalted your desire.  
For there,<sup>g</sup> by how much more they call it *our's*,  
So much propriety of each in good  
Encreases more, and heighten'd charity  
Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame."

"Now lack I satisfaction more," said I,  
"Than if thou hadst been silent at the first;  
And doubt more gathers on my lab'ring thought.  
How can it chance, that good distributed,  
The many, that possess it, makes more rich,  
Than if 't were shar'd by few?" He answering thus:  
"Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,  
Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good  
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed  
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,  
Giving as much of ardour as it finds.  
The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,  
Spreading, wherever charity extends.  
So that the more aspirants to that bliss  
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,  
And more is lov'd; as mirrors, that reflect,  
Each unto other, propagated light.  
If these my words avail not to allay  
Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see,  
Who of this want, and of all else thou hast,  
Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou,<sup>h</sup>  
That from thy temples may be soon eras'd,

E'en as the two already, those five scars,  
That, when they pain thee worst, then kindest heal."

"Thou," I had said, "content'st me;" when I

saw

The other round was gain'd, and wond'ring eyes  
Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem'd  
By an extatic vision wrapt away;  
And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd  
Of many persons; and at th' entrance stood  
A dame,<sup>i</sup> whose sweet demeanour did express  
A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast thou  
Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I  
Sorrowing have sought thee;" and so held her peace;  
And straight the vision fled. A female next  
Appear'd before me, down whose visage cours'd  
Those waters, that grief forces out from one  
By deep resentment stung, who seem'd to say:  
"If thou, Pisistratus, be lord indeed  
Over this city,<sup>j</sup> nam'd with such debate  
Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles,  
Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace  
Hath clasp'd our daughter;" and to her, meseem'd,  
Benign and meek, with visage undisturb'd,  
Her sovran spake: "How shall we those requite<sup>k</sup>  
Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn  
The man that loves us?" After that I saw  
A multitude, in fury burning, slay  
With stones a stripling youth,<sup>l</sup> and shout amain  
"Destroy, destroy;" and him I saw, who bow'd  
Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made  
His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to heav'n,

Praying forgiveness of th' Almighty Sire.  
Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes,  
With looks that win compassion to their aim.

Soon as my spirit, from her airy flight  
Returning, sought again the things whose truth  
Depends not on her shaping, I observ'd  
• She had not rov'd to falsehood in her dreams.

Meanwhile the leader, who might see I mov'd  
As one who struggles to shake off his sleep,  
Exclaim'd: "What ails thee, that thou canst not hold  
Thy footing firm; but more than half a league  
Hast travel'd with clos'd eyes and tott'ring gait,  
Like to a man by wine or sleep o'ercharg'd?"

"Beloved father! so thou deign," said I,  
"To listen, I will tell thee what appear'd  
Before me, when so fail'd my sinking steps."

He thus: "Not if thy countenance were mask'd  
With hundred vizards, could a thought of thine,  
How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st  
Was shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart  
To the waters of peace, that flow diffus'd  
From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd,  
What ails thee? for such cause as he doth, who  
Looks only with that eye, which sees no more,  
When spiritless the body lies: but ask'd,  
To give fresh vigour to thy foot. Such goads,  
The slow and loit'ring need; that they be found  
Not wanting, when their hour of watch returns."

So on we journey'd, through the evening sky  
Gazing intent, far onward as our eyes,  
With level view, could stretch against the bright

Vespertine ray : and lo ! by slow degrees  
Gath'ring, a fog made tow'rds us, dark as night.  
There was no room for 'scaping ; and that mist  
Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

## CANTO XVI.

## Argument.

As they proceed through the mist, they hear the voices of spirits praying. Marco Lombardo, one of these, points out to Dante the error of such as impute our actions to necessity; explains to him that man is endued with free will; and shows that much of human depravity results from the undue mixture of spiritual and temporal authority in rulers.

HELL's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark,  
Of every planet 'reft, and pall'd in clouds,  
Did never spread before the sight a veil  
In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense  
So palpable and gross. Ent'ring its shade,  
Mine eye endur'd not with unclosed lids;  
Which marking, near me drew the faithful guide,  
Offering me his shoulder for a stay.

As the blind man behind his leader walks,  
Lest he should err, or stumble unawares  
On what might harm him or perhaps destroy;  
I journey'd through that bitter air and foul,  
Still list'ning to my escort's warning voice,  
"Look that from me thou part not." Straight I heard  
Voices, and each one seem'd to pray for peace,  
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God

That taketh sins away. Their prelude still  
Was "Agnus Dei;" and through all the choir,  
One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seem'd  
The concord of their song. "Are these I hear  
Spirits, O master?" I exclaim'd; and he,  
"Thou aim'st aright: these loose the bonds of wrath."

"Now who art thou, that through our smoke  
dost cleave,

And speak'st of us, as thou<sup>a</sup> thyself e'en yet  
Dividedst time by calends?" So one voice  
Bespake me; whence my master said, "Reply;  
And ask, if upward hence the passage lead."

"O being! who dost make thee pure, to stand  
Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight;  
Along with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder."  
Thus I, whereto the spirit answering spake:  
"Long as 't is lawful for me, shall my steps  
Follow on thine; and since the cloudy smoke  
Forbids the seeing, hearing in it's stead  
Shall keep us join'd." I then forthwith began:  
"Yet in my mortal swathing, I ascend  
To higher regions; and am hither come  
Thorough the fearful agony of hell.  
And, if so largely God hath dol'd his grace,  
That, clean beside all modern precedent,  
He wills me to behold his kingly state;  
From me conceal not who thou wast, ere death  
Had loos'd thee; but instruct me: and instruct  
If rightly to the pass I tend; thy words  
The way directing, as a safe escort."

"I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd:<sup>b</sup>

Not inexperience'd of the world, that worth  
I still affected, from which all have turn'd  
The nerveless bow aside. Thy course tends right  
Unto the summit:" and, replying thus,  
He added, "I beseech thee pray for me,  
When thou shalt come aloft." And I to him:  
"Accept my faith for pledge I will perform  
What thou requirest. Yet one doubt remains,  
That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not.  
Singly before it urg'd me, doubled now  
By thine opinion, when I couple that  
With one elsewhere<sup>c</sup> declar'd; each strength'ning other.  
The world indeed is even so forlorn  
Of all good, as thou speak'st it, and so swarms  
With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point  
The cause out to me, that myself may see,  
And unto others show it: for in heaven  
One places it, and one on earth below."

Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh,  
"Brother!" he thus began, "the world is blind;  
And thou in truth com'st from it. Ye, who live,  
Do so each cause refer to heav'n above,  
E'en as it's motion, of necessity,  
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,<sup>d</sup>  
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would  
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.  
Your movements have their primal bent from heaven;  
Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?  
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,  
And of the will free power, which, if it stand  
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,



Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well,  
 Triumphant over all. To mightier force,\*  
 To better nature subject, ye abide  
 Free, not constrain'd by that which forms in you  
 The reasoning mind uninfluenc'd of the stars.  
 If then the present race of mankind err,  
 Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there.  
 Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy.

“Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd  
 beholds

Her image ere she yet exist, the soul  
 Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively,<sup>f</sup>  
 Weeping and laughing in it's wayward moods ;  
 As artless, and as ignorant of aught,  
 Save that her Maker being one who dwells  
 With gladness ever, willingly she turns  
 To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good  
 The flavour soon she tastes ; and, snar'd by that,  
 With fondness she pursues it ; if no guide  
 Recal, no rein direct her wand'ring course.  
 Hence it behov'd, the law should be a curb ;  
 A sovereign hence behov'd, whose piercing view  
 Might mark at least the fortress<sup>g</sup> and main tower  
 Of the true city. Laws indeed there are :  
 But who is he observes them ? None ; not he,  
 Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,  
 Who<sup>h</sup> chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.  
 Therefore the multitude, who see their guide  
 Strike at the very good they covet most,  
 Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause  
 Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,

But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world  
To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,  
Was wont to boast two suns,<sup>i</sup> whose several beams  
Cast light on either way, the world's and God's.  
One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword  
Is grafted on the crook; and, so conjoin'd,  
Each must perforce decline to worse, unaw'd  
By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark  
The blade: each herb is judg'd of by its seed.  
That land,<sup>j</sup> through which Adice and the Po  
Their waters roll, was once the residence  
Of courtesy and valour, ere the day<sup>k</sup>  
That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass  
Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame,  
To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.  
Three aged ones are still found there, in whom  
The old time<sup>l</sup> clides the new: these deem it long  
Ere God restore them to a better world:  
The good Gherardo;<sup>m</sup> of Palazzo he,  
Conrad;<sup>n</sup> and Guido of Castello,<sup>o</sup> nam'd  
In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.  
On this at last conclude. The church of Rome,  
Mixing two governments that ill assort,  
Hath miss'd her footing, fall'n into the mire,<sup>p</sup>  
And there herself and burden much defil'd."

"O Marco!" I replied, "thine arguments  
Convince me: and the cause I now discern,  
Why of the heritage no portion came  
To Levi's offspring. But resolve me this:  
Who that Gherardo is, that as thou sayst  
Is left a sample of the perish'd race,

And for rebuke to this untoward age ? ”

“ Either thy words,” said he, “ deceive, or else  
Are meant to try me ; that thou, speaking Tuscan,  
Appear’st not to have heard of good Gherardo ;  
The sole addition that, by which I know him ;  
Unless I borrow’d from his daughter Gaïa<sup>3</sup>  
Another name to grace him. God be with you.  
I bear you company no more. Behold  
The dawn with white ray glimm’ring through the mist.  
I must away—the angel comes—ere he  
Appear.” He said, and would not hear me more.

## CANTO XVII.

## Argument.

The Poet issues from that thick vapour; and soon after his fancy represents to him in lively portraiture some noted examples of anger. This imagination is dissipated by the appearance of an angel, who marshals them onward to the fourth cornice, on which the sin of gloominess or indifference is purged; and here Virgil shows him that this vice proceeds from a defect of love, and that all love can be only of two sorts, either natural, or of the soul; of which sorts the former is always right, but the latter may err either in respect of object or of degree.

CALL to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er  
Hast on an Alpine height<sup>a</sup> been ta'en by cloud,  
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole  
Doth through opacous membrane; then, whene'er  
The watry vapours dense began to melt  
Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere  
Seem'd wading through them: so thy nimble thought  
May image, how at first I rebeheld  
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.

Thus, with my leader's feet still equaling pace,  
From forth that cloud I came, when now expir'd  
The parting beams from off the nether shores.

O quick and forgetive power! that sometimes  
dost

So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark  
Though round about us thousand trumpets clang ;  
What moves thee, if the senses stir not ? Light  
Moves thee from heav'n, spontaneous, self-inform'd ;  
Or, likelier, gliding down with swift illapse  
By will divine. Portray'd before me came  
The traces of her dire impiety,  
Whose form was chang'd into the bird, that most  
Delights itself in song :<sup>b</sup> and here my mind  
Was inwardly so wrapt, it gave no place  
To aught that ask'd admittance from without.  
Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape  
As of one crucified,<sup>c</sup> whose visage spake  
Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died ;  
And round him Ahasuerus the great king ;  
Esther his bride ; and Mordecai the just,  
Blameless in word and deed. As of itself  
That unsubstantial coinage of the brain  
Burst, like a bubble,<sup>d</sup> when the water fails  
That fed it ; in my vision straight uprose  
A damsel<sup>e</sup> weeping loud, and cried, " O queen !  
O mother ! wherefore has intemperate ire  
Driv'n thee to loath thy being ? Not to lose  
Lavinia, desp'rate thou hast slain thyself.  
Now hast thou lost me. I am she, whose tears  
Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."

E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
New radiance strike upon the closed lids,  
The broken slumber quivering ere it dies ;<sup>f</sup>  
Thus, from before me, sunk that imagery,  
Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck

le light, outshining far our earthly beam.  
As round I turn'd me to survey what place  
I had arriv'd at, "Here ye mount!" exclaim'd  
A voice, that other purpose left me none  
Save will so eager to behold who spake,  
I could not choose but gaze. As 'fore the sun,  
That weighs our vision down, and veils his form  
In light transcendent, thus my virtue fail'd  
Unequal. "This is Spirit from above,  
Who marshals us our upward way, unsought;  
And in his own light shrouds him. As a man  
Doth for himself, so now is done for us.  
For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need  
Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepar'd  
For blunt denial, ere the suit be made.  
Refuse we not to lend a ready foot  
At such inviting: haste we to ascend,  
Before it darken: for we may not then,  
Till morn again return." So spake my guide;  
And to one ladder both address'd our steps;  
And the first stair approaching, I perceiv'd  
Near me as 't were the waving of a wing,  
That fann'd my face, and whisper'd: "Blessed they,  
The peace-makers: they know not evil wrath."

Now to such height above our heads were rais'd  
The last beams, follow'd close by hooded night,  
That many a star on all sides through the gloom  
Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?"  
So with myself I commun'd; for I felt  
My o'ertoil'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd  
The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark

Arriv'd at land. And waiting a short space,  
If aught should meet mine ear in that new round,  
Then to my guide I turn'd, and said : " Lov'd sire !  
Declare what guilt is on this circle purg'd.  
If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause."

He thus to me : " The love<sup>h</sup> of good, whate'er  
Wanted of just proportion, here fulfils.  
Here plies afresh the oar, that loiter'd ill.  
But that thou mayst yet clearer understand,  
Give ear unto my words ; and thou shalt cull  
Some fruit may please thee well, from this delay.

" Creator, nor created being, e'er,  
My son," he thus began, " was without love,  
Or natural,<sup>i</sup> or the free spirit's growth.  
Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still  
Is without error : but the other swerves,  
If on ill object bent, or through excess  
Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks<sup>j</sup>  
The primal blessings,<sup>k</sup> or with measure due  
The inferior,<sup>l</sup> no delight, that flows from it,  
Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,  
Or with more ardour than behoves, or less,  
Pursue the good ; the thing created then  
Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer,  
That love is germin of each virtue in ye,  
And of each act no less, that merits pain.  
Now<sup>m</sup> since it may not be, but love intend  
The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,  
All from self-hatred are secure ; and since  
No being can be thought t' exist apart,  
And independent of the first, a bar

Of equal force restrains from hating that.

“Grant the distinction just ; and it remains  
The' evil must be another's, which is lov'd.  
Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay.  
There is<sup>n</sup> who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest)  
Pre-eminence himself ; and covets hence,  
For his own greatness, that another fall.  
There is<sup>o</sup> who so much fears the loss of power,  
Fame, favour, glory, (should his fellow mount  
Above him,) and so sickens at the thought,  
He loves their opposite : and there is he,<sup>p</sup>  
Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame,  
That he doth thirst for vengeance ; and such needs  
Must doat on other's evil. Here beneath,  
This threefold love is mourn'd.<sup>q</sup> Of th' other sort  
Be now instructed ; that which follows good,  
But with disorder'd and irregular course.

“All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,  
On which the soul may rest ; the hearts of all  
Yearn after it ; and to that wished bourn  
All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold,  
Or seek it, with a love remiss and lax ;  
This cornice, after just repenting, lays  
Its penal torment on ye. Other good  
There is, where man finds not his happiness :  
It is not true fruition ; not that blest  
Essence, of every good the branch and root.  
The love too lavishly bestow'd on this,  
Along three circles<sup>r</sup> over us, is mourn'd.  
Account of that division tripartite  
Expect not, fitter for thine own research.”



## CANTO XVIII.

## Argument.

Virgil discourses further concerning the nature of love. Then a multitude of spirits rush by; two of whom, in van of the rest, record instances of zeal and fervent affection, and another, who was abbot of San Zeno in Verona, declares himself to Virgil and Dante; and lastly follow other spirits, shouting forth memorable examples of the sin for which they suffer. The Poet, pursuing his meditations, falls into a dreamy slumber.

THE teacher ended,<sup>a</sup> and his high discourse  
Concluding, earnest in my looks inquir'd  
If I appear'd content; and I, whom still  
Unsated thirst to hear him urg'd, was mute,  
Mute outwardly, yet inwardly I said:  
"Perchance my too much questioning offends."  
But he, true father, mark'd the secret wish  
By diffidence restrain'd; and, speaking, gave  
Me boldness thus to speak: "Master! my sight  
Gathers so lively virtue from thy beams,  
That all, thy words convey, distinct is seen.  
Wherefore I pray thee, father, whom this heart  
Holds dearest, thou wouldst deign by proof t' unfold  
That love, from which, as from their source, thou  
bring'st  
All good deeds and their opposite." He then:

"To what I now disclose be thy clear ken  
Directed; and thou plainly shalt behold  
How much those blind have err'd, who make them-  
selves

The guides of men. The soul, created apt  
To love, moves versatile which way soe'er  
Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is wak'd  
By pleasure into act. Of substance true  
Your apprehension<sup>b</sup> forms its counterfeit;  
And, in you the ideal shape presenting,  
Attracts the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn,  
Incline toward it; love is that inclining,  
And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye.  
Then, as the fire points up, and mounting seeks  
His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus  
Enters the captive soul into desire,  
Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests  
Before enjoyment of the thing it loves.  
Enough to show thee, how the truth from those  
Is hidden, who aver all love a thing  
Praise-worthy in itself: although perhaps<sup>c</sup>  
It's matter seem still good. Yet if the wax  
Be good, it follows not the' impression must."

"What love is," I return'd, "thy words, O guide!  
And my own docile mind, reveal. Yet thence  
New doubts have sprung. For, from without, if love  
Be offer'd to us, and the spirit knows  
No other footing; tend she right or wrong,  
Is no desert of her's." He answering thus:  
"What reason here discovers, I have power  
To show thee: that which lies beyond, expect

From Beatrice, faith not reason's task.  
Spirit,<sup>d</sup> substantial form, with matter join'd,  
Not in confusion mix'd, hath in itself  
Specific virtue of that union born,  
Which is not felt except it work, nor prov'd  
But through effect, as vegetable life  
By the green leaf. From whence his intellect  
Deduc'd it's primal notices of things,  
Man therefore knows not, or his appetites  
Their first affections ; such in you, as zeal  
In bees to gather honey ; at the first,  
Volition, meriting nor blame nor praise.  
But o'er each lower faculty supreme,  
That, as she list, are summon'd to her bar,  
Ye have that virtue<sup>e</sup> in you, whose just voice  
Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep  
The threshold of assent. Here is the source,  
Whence cause of merit in you is deriv'd ;  
E'en as th' affections, good or ill, she takes,  
Or severs,<sup>f</sup> winnow'd as the chaff. Those men,<sup>g</sup>  
Who, reas'ning, went to depth profoundest, mark'd  
That innate freedom ; and were thence induc'd  
To leave their moral teaching to the world.  
Grant then, that from necessity arise  
All love that glows within you ; to dismiss  
Or harbour it, the pow'r is in yourselves.  
Remember, Beatrice, in her style,  
Denominates free choice by eminence  
The noble virtue ; if in talk with thee  
She touch upon that theme." The moon, well nigh  
To midnight hour belated, made the stars

Appear to wink and fade ; and her broad disk  
Seem'd like a crag<sup>h</sup> on fire, as up the vault<sup>i</sup>  
That course she journey'd, which the sun then warms,  
When they of Rome behold him at his set  
Betwixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle.  
And now the weight, that hung upon my thought,  
Was lighten'd by the aid of that clear spirit,  
Who raiseth Andes<sup>j</sup> above Mantua's name.  
I therefore, when my questions had obtain'd  
Solution plain and ample, stood as one  
Musing in dreamy slumber ; but not long  
Slumber'd ; for suddenly a multitude,  
The steep already turning from behind,  
Rush'd on, With fury and like random rout,  
As echoing on their shores at midnight heard  
Ismenus and Asopus,<sup>k</sup> for his Thebes  
If Bacchus' help were needed ; so came these  
Tumultuous, curving each his rapid step,  
By eagerness impell'd of holy love.

Soon they o'ertook us ; with such swiftness  
mov'd

The mighty crowd. Two spirits at their head  
Cried, weeping, "Blessed Mary<sup>l</sup> sought with haste  
The hilly region. Cæsar,<sup>m</sup> to subdue  
Ilerda, darted in Marseilles his sting,  
And flew to Spain,"—"Oh, tarry not : away !"  
The others shouted ; "let not time be lost  
Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal  
To serve reanimates celestial grace."

"O ye ! in whom intenser fervency  
Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd,

Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part  
Of good and virtuous ; this man, who yet lives,  
(Credit my tale, though strange) desires to' ascend,  
So morning rise to light us. Therefore say  
Which hand leads nearest to the rifted rock."

So spake my guide ; to whom a shade return'd :  
" Come after us, and thou shalt find the cleft.  
We may not linger : such resistless will  
Speeds our unwearied course. Vouchsafe us then  
Thy pardon, if our duty seem to thee  
Discourteous rudeness. In Verona I  
Was abbot<sup>n</sup> of San Zeno, when the hand  
Of Barbarossa grasp'd Imperial sway,  
That name ne'er utter'd without tears in Milan.  
And there is he,<sup>o</sup> hath one foot in his grave,  
Who for that monastery' ere long shall weep,  
Ruining his power misus'd : for that his son,  
Of body ill compact, and worse in mind,  
And born in evil, he hath set in place  
Of its true pastor." Whether more he spake,  
Or here was mute, I know not : he had sped  
E'en now so far beyond us. Yet thus much  
I heard, and in rememb'rance treasur'd it.

He then, who never fail'd me at my need,  
Cried, " Hither turn. Lo ! two with sharp remorse  
Chiding their sin." In rear of all the troop  
These shouted : " First they died,<sup>p</sup> to whom the sea  
Open'd, or ever Jordan saw his heirs :  
And they,<sup>q</sup> who with Æneas to the end  
Endur'd not suffering, for their portion chose  
Life without glory." Soon as they had fled

Past reach of sight, new thought within me rose  
By others follow'd fast, and each unlike  
It's fellow : till led on from thought to thought,  
And pleasur'd with the fleeting train, mine eye  
Was clos'd, and meditation chang'd to dream.

## CANTO XIX.

## Argument.

The Poet, after describing his dream, relates how, at the summoning of an angel, he ascends with Virgil to the fifth cornice, where the sin of avarice is cleansed, and where he finds Pope Adrian the fourth.

It was the hour,<sup>a</sup> when of diurnal heat  
 No reliques chafe the cold beams of the moon,  
 O'erpower'd by earth, or planetary sway  
 Of Saturn; and the geomancer<sup>b</sup> sees  
 His Greater Fortune up the east ascend,  
 Where grey dawn checkers first the shadowy cone;  
 When, 'fore me in my dream, a woman's shape<sup>c</sup>  
 There came, with lips that stammer'd, eyes aslant,  
 Distorted feet, hands maim'd, and colour pale.

I look'd upon her: and, as sunshine cheers  
 Limbs numb'd by nightly cold, e'en thus my look  
 Unloos'd her tongue; next, in brief space, her form  
 Decrepit rais'd erect, and faded face  
 With love's own hue<sup>d</sup> illum'd. Recov'ring speech,  
 She forthwith, warbling, such a strain began,  
 That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held  
 Attention from the song. "I," thus she sang,  
 "I am the Syren, she, whom mariners

On the wide sea are wilder'd when they hear :  
Such fulness of delight the list'ner feels.  
I, from his course, Ulysses<sup>e</sup> by my lay  
Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once,  
Parts seldom ; so I charm him, and his heart  
Contented knows no void." Or ere her mouth  
Was clos'd, to shame her, at her side appear'd  
A dame<sup>f</sup> of semblance holy. With stern voice  
She utter'd : " Say, O Virgil ! who is this ?"  
Which hearing, he approach'd, with eyes still bent  
Toward that goodly presence : the' other seiz'd her,  
And, her robes tearing, open'd her before,  
And show'd the belly to me, whence a smell,  
Exhaling loathsome, wak'd me. Round I turn'd  
Mine eyes : and thus the teacher : " At the least  
Three times my voice hath call'd thee. Rise, begone.  
Let us the opening find where thou mayst pass."

I straightway rose. Now day, pour'd down from  
high,  
Fill'd all the circuits of the sacred mount ;  
And, as we journey'd, on our shoulder smote  
The early ray. I follow'd, stooping low  
My forehead, as a man, o'ercharg'd with thought,  
Who bends him to the likeness of an arch  
That midway spans the flood ; when thus I heard,  
" Come, enter here," in tone so soft and mild,  
As never met the ear on mortal strand.

With swan-like wings dispre'd and pointing up,  
Who thus had spoken marshal'd us along,  
Where, each side of the solid masonry,  
The sloping walls retir'd ; then mov'd his plumes,



And fanning us, affirm'd that those, who mourn,<sup>c</sup>  
Are blessed, for that comfort shall be their's.

“What aileth thee, that still thou look'st to  
earth?”

Began my leader; while the' angelic shape  
A little over us his station took.

“New vision,” I replied, “hath rais'd in me  
Surmisings strange and anxious doubts, whereon  
My soul intent allows no other thought  
Or room, or entrance.”—“Hast thou seen,” said he,  
“That old enchantress, her, whose wiles alone  
The spirits o'er us weep for? Hast thou seen  
How man may free him of her bonds? Enough.  
Let thy heels spurn the earth;<sup>b</sup> and thy rais'd ken  
Fix on the lure, which heav'n's eternal King  
Whirls in the rolling spheres.” As on his feet  
The falcon<sup>i</sup> first looks down, then to the sky  
Turns, and forth stretches eager for the food,  
That woos him thither; so the call I heard:  
So onward, far as the dividing rock  
Gave way, I journey'd, till the plain was reach'd.

On the fifth circle when I stood at large,  
A race appear'd before me, on the ground  
All downward lying prone and weeping sore.  
“My soul<sup>j</sup> hath cleaved to the dust,” I heard  
With sighs so deep, they well nigh choak'd the words.

“O ye elect of God! whose penal woes  
Both hope and justice mitigate, direct  
Tow'rd's the steep rising our uncertain way.”

“If ye approach secure from this our doom,  
Prostration, and would urge your course with speed,

See that ye still to rightward keep the brink."

So them the bard besought : and such the words,  
Beyond us some short space, in answer came.

I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them :<sup>k</sup>

Thence to my liege's eyes mine eyes I bent,

And he, forthwith interpreting their suit,

Beckon'd his glad assent. Free then to act

As pleas'd me, I drew near, and took my stand

Over that shade whose words I late had mark'd.

And, " Spirit ! " I said, " in whom repentant tears

Mature that blessed hour when thou with God

Shalt find acceptance, for a while suspend

For me that mightier care. Say who thou wast ;

Why thus ye grovel on your bellies prone ;

And if, in aught, ye wish my service there,

Whence living I am come." He answering spake :

" The cause why Heav'n our back toward his cope

Reverses, shalt thou know : but me know first,

The successor of Peter,<sup>l</sup> and the name

And title of my lineage, from that stream<sup>m</sup>

That 'twixt Chiaveri and Siestri draws

His limpid waters through the lowly glen.

A month and little more by proof I learnt,

With what a weight that robe of sov'reignty

Upon his shoulder rests, who from the mire

Would guard it ; that each other fardel seems

But feathers in the balance. Late, alas !

Was my conversion : but, when I became

Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream

And cozenage of life ; saw that the heart

Rested not there, and yet no prouder height

Lur'd on the climber : wherefore, of that life  
No more enamour'd, in my bosom love  
Of purer being kindled. For till then  
I was a soul in misery, alienate  
From God, and covetous of all earthly things :  
Now, as thou seest, here punish'd for my doting.  
Such cleansing from the taint of avarice,  
Do spirits, converted, need. This mount inflicts  
No direr penalty. E'en as our eyes  
Fasten'd below, nor e'er to loftier clime  
Were lifted ;<sup>a</sup> thus hath justice level'd us,  
Here on the earth. As avarice quench'd our love  
Of good, without which is no working ; thus  
Here justice holds us prison'd, hand and foot  
Chain'd down and bound, while heaven's just Lord  
shall please,  
So long to tarry, motionless, outstretch'd."  
My knees I stoop'd, and would have spoke :  
but he,  
Ere my beginning, by his ear perceiv'd  
I did him reverence ; and "What cause," said he,  
"Hath bow'd thee thus ?"—"Compunction," I re-  
join'd,  
"And inward awe of your high dignity."  
"Up," he exclaim'd, "brother ! upon thy feet  
Arise ; err not :<sup>c</sup> thy fellow servant I,  
(Thine and all others') of one Sovran Power.  
If thou hast ever mark'd those holy sounds  
Of gospel truth, 'nor shall be giv'n in marriage,'<sup>p</sup>  
Thou mayst discern the reasons of my speech.  
Go thy ways now ; and linger here no more.

Thy tarrying is a let unto the tears, .  
With which I hasten that whereof thou spak'st.<sup>a</sup>  
I have on earth a kinswoman ;<sup>r</sup> her name  
Alagia, worthy in herself, so ill  
Example of our house corrupt her not :  
And she is all remaineth of me there."

## CANTO XX.

## Argument.

Among those on the fifth cornice, Hugh Capet records illustrious examples of voluntary poverty and of bounty; then tells who he himself is, and speaks of his descendants on the French throne; and, lastly, adds some noted instances of avarice. When he has ended, the mountain shakes, and all the spirits sing "Glory to God."

ILL strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that strives :  
His pleasure therefore to mine own preferr'd,  
I drew the sponge<sup>a</sup> yet thirsty from the wave.  
Onward I mov'd : he also onward mov'd,  
Who led me, coasting still, wherever place  
Along the rock was vacant ; as a man  
Walks near the battlements on narrow wall.  
For those on the' other part, who drop by drop  
Wring out their all-infecting malady,  
Too closely press the verge. Accurst be thou,  
Inveterate wolf !<sup>b</sup> whose gorge ingluts more prey,  
Than every beast beside, yet is not fill'd ;  
So bottomless thy maw !—Ye spheres of heaven !  
To whom there are, as seems, who attribute  
All change in mortal state, when is the day  
Of his appearing,<sup>c</sup> for whom fate reserves  
To chase her hence ?—With wary steps and slow

We pass'd ; and I attentive to the shades,  
Whom piteously I heard lament and wail ;  
And, 'midst the wailing, one before us heard  
Cry out " O blessed Virgin ! " as a dame  
In the sharp pangs of childbed ; and " How poor  
Thou wast," it added, " witness that low roof  
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down.  
O good Fabricius !<sup>d</sup> thou didst virtue choose  
With poverty, before great wealth with vice."

The words so pleas'd me, that desire to know  
The spirit, from whose lip they seem'd to come,  
Did draw me onward. Yet it spake the gift  
Of Nicholas,<sup>e</sup> which on the maidens he  
Bounteous bestow'd, to save their youthful prime  
Unblemish'd. " Spirit ! who dost speak of deeds  
So worthy, tell me who thou wast," I said,  
" And why thou dost with single voice renew  
Memorial of such praise. That boon vouchsaf'd  
Haply shall meet reward ; if I return  
To finish the short pilgrimage of life,  
Still speeding to it's close on restless wing."

" I," answer'd he, " will tell thee ; not for help,  
Which thence I look'd for ; but that in thyself  
Grace so exceeding shines, before thy time  
Of mortal dissolution. I was root<sup>f</sup>  
Of that ill plant, whose shade such poison sheds  
O'er all the Christian land, that seldom thence  
Good fruit is gather'd. Vengeance soon should come,  
Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power ;<sup>g</sup>  
And vengeance I of heav'n's great Judge implore.  
Hugh Capet was I hight : from me descend

The Philips and the Louis, of whom France  
Newly is govern'd ; born of one, who ply'd  
The slaughterer's trade<sup>h</sup> at Paris. When the race  
Of ancient kings had vanish'd (all save one<sup>i</sup>  
Wrapt up in sable weeds) within my gripe  
I found the reins of empire, and such powers  
Of new acquirement, with full store of friends,  
That soon the widow'd circlet of the crown  
Was girt upon the temples of my son,<sup>j</sup>  
He, from whose bones th' anointed race begins.  
Till the great dower of Provence<sup>k</sup> had remov'd  
The stains,<sup>l</sup> that yet obscur'd our lowly blood,  
It's sway indeed was narrow : but howe'er  
It wrought no evil : there, with force and lies,  
Began it's rapine : after, for amends,<sup>m</sup>  
Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony.<sup>n</sup>  
To Italy came Charles ; and for amends,  
Young Conradine,<sup>o</sup> an innocent victim, slew ;  
And sent th' angelic teacher<sup>p</sup> back to heav'n,  
Still for amends. I see the time at hand,  
That forth from France invites another Charles<sup>q</sup>  
To make himself and kindred better known.  
Unarm'd he issues, saving with that lance,  
Which the arch-traitor tilted with ;<sup>r</sup> and that  
He carries with so home a thrust, as rives  
The bowels of poor Florence. No increase  
Of territory hence, but sin and shame  
Shall be his guerdon ; and so much the more  
As he more lightly deems of such foul wrong.  
I see the other,<sup>s</sup> (who a prisoner late  
Had stept on shore,) exposing to the mart

His daughter, whom he bargains for, as do  
The Corsairs for their slaves. O avarice !  
What canst thou more, who hast subdued our blood  
So wholly to thyself, they feel no care  
Of their own flesh ? To hide with direr guilt  
Past ill and future, lo ! the flower-de-luce<sup>t</sup>  
Enters Alagna ; in his Vicar, Christ  
Himself a captive, and his mockery  
Acted again. Lo ! to his holy lip  
The vinegar and gall once more applied ;  
And he 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed.  
Lo ! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty  
Such violence cannot fill the measure up,  
With no decree to sanction, pushes on  
Into the temple<sup>u</sup> his yet eager sails.

“ O sovran Master !<sup>v</sup> when shall I rejoice  
To see the vengeance, which thy wrath, well-pleas'd,  
In secret silence broods ?—While daylight lasts,  
So long what thou didst hear<sup>w</sup> of her, sole spouse  
Of the Great Spirit, and on which thou turn'dst  
To me for comment, is the general theme  
Of all our prayers : but, when it darkens, then  
A different strain we utter ; then record  
Pygmalion,<sup>x</sup> whom his gluttonous thirst of gold  
Made traitor, robber, parricide : the woes  
Of Midas, which his greedy wish ensued,  
Mark'd for derision to all future times :  
And the fond Achan,<sup>y</sup> how he stole the prey,  
That yet he seems by Joshua's ire pursued.  
Sapphira with her husband next we blame ;  
And praise the forefeet, that with furious ramp



Spurn'd Heliodorus.<sup>z</sup> All the mountain round  
Rings with the infamy of Thracia's king,<sup>aa</sup>  
Who slew his Phrygian charge : and last a shout  
Ascends : ' Declare, O Crassus !<sup>ab</sup> for thou know'st,  
The flavour of thy gold.' The voice of each  
Now high, now low, as each his impulse prompts,  
Is led through many a pitch, acute or grave.  
Therefore, not singly, I erewhile rehears'd  
That blessedness we tell of in the day :  
But near me, none, beside, his accent rais'd."

From him we now had parted, and essay'd  
With utmost efforts to surmount the way ;  
When I did feel, as nodding to its fall,  
The mountain tremble ; whence an icy chill  
Seiz'd on me, as on one to death convey'd.  
So shook not Delos, when Latona there  
Couch'd to bring forth the twin-born eyes of heaven.

Forthwith from every side a shout arose  
So vehement, that suddenly my guide  
Drew near, and cried : " Doubt not, while I conduct  
thee."

" Glory !" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear  
Gather'd from those, who near me swell'd the sounds)  
" Glory in the highest be to God." We stood  
Immoveably suspended, like to those,  
The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field  
That song : till ceas'd the trembling, and the song  
Was ended : then our hallow'd path resum'd,  
Eying the prostrate shadows, who renew'd  
Their custom'd mourning. Never in my breast  
Did ignorance so struggle with desire

Of knowledge, if my memory do not err,  
As in that moment ; nor through haste dar'd I  
To question, nor myself could aught discern.  
So on I far'd, in thoughtfulness and dread.

## CANTO XXI.

## Argument.

The two Poets are overtaken by the spirit of Statius, who, being cleansed, is on his way to Paradise, and who explains the cause of the mountain shaking, and of the hymn; his joy at beholding Virgil.

THE natural thirst, ne'er quench'd but from the well<sup>a</sup>  
 Whereof the woman of Samaria crav'd,  
 Excited; haste, along the cumber'd path,  
 After my guide, impell'd; and pity mov'd  
 My bosom for the 'vengeful doom though just.  
 When lo! even as Luke<sup>b</sup> relates, that Christ  
 Appear'd unto the two upon their way,  
 New-risen from his vaulted grave; to us  
 A shade appear'd, and after us approach'd,  
 Contemplating the crowd beneath it's feet.  
 We were not ware of it; so first it spake,  
 Saying, "God give you peace, my brethren!" then  
 Sudden we turn'd: and Virgil such salute,  
 As fitted that kind greeting, gave; and cried:  
 "Peace in the blessed council be thy lot,  
 Awarded by that righteous court which me  
 To everlasting banishment exiles."

"How!" he exclaim'd, nor from his speed mean-  
 while

Desisting ;<sup>c</sup> “ If that ye be spirits whom God  
Vouchsafes not room above ; who up the height  
Has been thus far your guide ? ” To whom the bard :  
“ If thou observe the tokens,<sup>d</sup> which this man,  
Trac’d by the finger of the angel, bears ;  
’Tis plain that in the kingdom of the just  
He needs must share. But sithence she,<sup>e</sup> whose wheel  
Spins day and night, for him not yet had drawn  
That yarn, which, on the fatal distaff pil’d,  
Clotho apportiones to each wight that breathes ;  
His soul, that sister is to mine and thine,  
Not of herself could mount ; for not like our’s  
Her ken : whence I, from forth the ample gulf  
Of hell, was ta’en, to lead him, and will lead  
Far as my lore avails. But, if thou know,  
Instruct us for what cause, the mount erewhile  
Thus shook, and trembled : wherefore all at once  
Seem’d shouting, even from his wave-wash’d foot.”<sup>f</sup>

That questioning so tallied with my wish,  
The thirst did feel abatement of it’s edge  
E’en from expectance. He forthwith replied :  
“ In it’s devotion, nought irregular  
This mount can witness, or by punctual rule  
Unsanction’d ; here from every change exempt,  
Other than that, which heaven in itself  
Doth of itself receive,<sup>g</sup> no influence  
Can reach us. Tempest none, shower, hail or snow,  
Hoar frost or dewy moistness, higher falls  
Than that brief scale of threefold steps : thick clouds,  
Nor scudding rack, are ever seen : swift glance  
Ne’er lightens ; nor Thaumantian<sup>h</sup> Iris gleams,

That yonder often shifts on each side heav'n.  
Vapour adust doth never mount above  
The highest of the trinal stairs, whereon  
Peter's vicegerent stands. Lower perchance,  
With various motion rock'd, trembles the soil;  
But here, through wind in earth's deep hollow pent,  
I know not how, yet never trembled: then  
Trembles, when any spirit feels itself  
So purified, that it may rise, or move  
For rising; and such loud acclaim ensues.  
Purification, by the will alone,  
Is prov'd, that free to change society  
Seizes the soul rejoicing in her will.  
Desire of bliss is present from the first;  
But strong propension hinders, to that wish<sup>h</sup>  
By the just ordinance of heav'n oppos'd;  
Propension now as eager to fulfil  
Th' allotted torment, as erewhile to sin.  
And I, who in this punishment had lain  
Five hundred years and more, but now have felt  
Free wish for happier clime. Therefore thou felt'st  
The mountain tremble; and the spirits devout  
Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise  
To that liege Lord, whom I entreat their joy  
To hasten." Thus he spake: and, since the draught  
Is grateful ever as the thirst is keen,  
No words may speak my fulness of content.

"Now," said the instructor sage, "I see the net  
That takes ye here; and how the toils are loos'd;  
Why rocks the mountain, and why ye rejoice.  
Vouchsafe, that from thy lips I next may learn

Who on the earth thou wast ; and wherefore here,  
So many an age, wert prostrate."—"In that time,  
When the good Titus,<sup>j</sup> with Heav'n's King to help,  
Aveng'd those piteous gashes, whence the blood  
By Judas sold did issue ; with the name<sup>k</sup>  
Most lasting and most honour'd, there, was I  
Abundantly renown'd," the shade reply'd,  
"Not yet with faith endued. So passing sweet  
My vocal spirit ; from Tolosa,<sup>l</sup> Rome  
To herself drew me, where I merited  
A myrtle garland<sup>m</sup> to inwreath my brow.  
Statius they name me still. Of Thebes I sang,  
And next of great Achilles : but i' the way  
Fell<sup>n</sup> with the second burthen. Of my flame  
Those sparkles were the seeds, which I deriv'd  
From the bright fountain of celestial fire  
That feeds unnumber'd lamps ; the song I mean  
Which sounds Æneas' wand'rings : that the breast  
I hung at ; that the nurse, from whom my veins  
Drank inspiration : whose authority  
Was ever sacred with me. To have liv'd  
Coeval with the Mantuan, I would bide  
The revolution of another sun  
Beyond my stated years in banishment."

The Mantuan, when he heard him, turn'd to me ;  
And holding silence, by his countenance  
Enjoin'd me silence : but the power, which wills,  
Bears not supreme control : laughter and tears  
Follow so closely on the passion prompts them,  
They wait not for the motions of the will  
In natures most sincere. I did but smile,<sup>o</sup>

As one who winks ; and thereupon the shade  
Broke off, and peer'd into my eyes, where best  
Our looks interpret. "So to good event  
Mayst thou conduct such great emprise," he cried,  
"Say, why across thy visage beam'd, but now,  
The lightning of a smile." On either part  
Now am I straiten'd ; one conjures me speak,  
The' other to silence binds me : whence a sigh  
I utter, and the sigh is heard. "Speak on,"  
The teacher cried : "and do not fear to speak ;  
But tell him what so earnestly he asks."  
Whereon I thus : "Perchance, O ancient spirit !  
Thou marvel'st at my smiling. There is room  
For yet more wonder. He, who guides my ken  
On high, he is that Mantuan, led by whom  
Thou didst presume of men and gods to sing.  
If other cause thou deem'dst for which I smil'd,  
Leave it as not the true one ; and believe  
Those words, thou spak'st of him, indeed the cause."

Now down he bent to' embrace my teacher's feet ;  
But he forbade him : "Brother ! do it not :  
Thou art a shadow, and behold'st a shade."  
He, rising, answer'd thus : "Now hast thou prov'd  
The force and ardour of the love I bear thee,  
When I forget we are but things of air,  
And, as a substance, treat an empty shade."

## CANTO XXII.

## Argument.

Dante, Virgil, and Statius mount to the sixth cornice, where the sin of gluttony is cleansed, the two Latin Poets discoursing by the way. Turning to the right, they find a tree hung with sweet-smelling fruit, and watered by a shower that issues from the rock. Voices are heard to proceed from among the leaves, recording examples of temperance.

Now we had left the angel, who had turn'd  
To the sixth circle our ascending step ;  
One gash from off my forehead raz'd ; while they,  
Whose wishes tend to justice, shouted forth,  
" Blessed ! " <sup>a</sup> and ended with " I thirst : " and I,  
More nimble than along the other straits,  
So journey'd, that, without the sense of toil,  
I follow'd upward the swift-footed shades ;  
When Virgil thus began : " Let it's pure flame  
From virtue flow, and love can never fail  
To warm another's bosom, so the light  
Shine manifestly forth. Hence, from that hour,  
When, 'mongst us in the purlieus of the deep,  
Come down the spirit of Aquinum's bard, <sup>b</sup>  
Who told of thine affection, my good will  
Hath been for thee of quality as strong  
As ever link'd itself to one not seen.



Therefore these stairs will now seem short to me.  
But tell me : and, if too secure, I loose  
The rein with a friend's license, as a friend  
Forgive me, and speak now as with a friend :  
How chanc'd it covetous desire could find  
Place in that bosom, 'midst such ample store  
Of wisdom, as thy zeal had treasur'd there ?"

First somewhat mov'd to laughter by his words,  
Statius replied : " Each syllable of thine  
Is a dear pledge of love. Things oft appear,  
That minister false matter to our doubts,  
When their true causes are remov'd from sight.  
Thy question doth assure me, thou believ'st  
I was on earth a covetous man ; perhaps  
Because thou found'st me in that circle plac'd.  
Know then I was too wide of avarice :  
And e'en for that excess, thousands of moons  
Have wax'd and wan'd upon my sufferings.  
And were it not that I with heedful care  
Noted, where thou exclaim'st as if in ire  
With human nature, ' Why,° thou cursed thirst  
Of gold ! dost not with juster measure guide  
The appetite of mortals ? ' I had met  
The fierce encounter<sup>d</sup> of the voluble rock.  
Then was I ware that, with too ample wing,  
The hands may haste to lavishment ; and turn'd  
As from my other evil, so from this,  
In penitence. How many from their grave  
Shall with shorn locks<sup>e</sup> arise, who living, ay,  
And at life's last extreme, of this offence,  
Through ignorance, did not repent ! And know,

The fault, which lies direct from any sin  
In level opposition, here, with that,  
Wastes its green rankness on one common heap.  
Therefore, if I have been with those, who wail  
Their avarice, to cleanse me ; through reverse  
Of their transgression, such hath been my lot."

To whom the sovran of the pastoral song :  
" While thou didst sing that cruel warfare wag'd  
By the twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb,<sup>f</sup>  
From thy discourse with Clio<sup>g</sup> there, it seems  
As faith had not been thine ; without the which,  
Good deeds suffice not. And, if so, what sun  
Rose on thee, or what candle pierc'd the dark,  
That thou didst after see to hoise the sail,  
And follow where the fisherman had led ? "

He answering thus : " By thee conducted first,  
I enter'd the Parnassian grots, and quaff'd  
Of the clear spring ; illumin'd first by thee,  
Open'd mine eyes to God. Thou didst, as one,  
Who, journeying through the darkness, bears a light  
Behind, that profits not himself, but makes  
His followers wise, when thou exclaimedst, ' Lo !  
A renovated world,<sup>h</sup> Justice return'd,  
Times of primeval innocence restor'd,  
And a new race descended from above.'  
Poet and Christian both to thee I owed.  
That thou mayst mark more clearly what I trace,  
My hand shall stretch forth to inform the lines  
With livelier colouring. Soon o'er all the world,  
By messengers from heav'n, the true belief  
Teem'd now prolific ; and that word of thine,

Accordant, to the new instructors chim'd.  
Induc'd by which agreement, I was wont  
Resort to them; and soon their sanctity  
So won upon me, that, Domitian's rage  
Pursuing them, I mix'd my tears with their's;  
And, while on earth I stay'd, still succour'd them;  
And their most righteous customs made me scorn  
All sects besides. Before<sup>i</sup> I led the Greeks,  
In tuneful fiction, to the streams of Thebes,  
I was baptiz'd; but secretly, through fear,  
Remain'd a Christian, and conform'd long time  
To Pagan rites. Four centuries and more,  
I, for that lukewarmness, was fain to pace  
Round the fourth circle. Thou then, who hast rais'd  
The covering which did hide such blessing from me,  
Whilst much of this ascent is yet to climb,  
Say, if thou know, where our old Terence<sup>j</sup> bides,  
Cæcilius, Plautus, Varro:<sup>k</sup> if condemn'd  
They dwell, and in what province of the deep."  
"These," said my guide, "with Persius and myself,  
And others many more, are with that Greek,<sup>l</sup>  
Of mortals, the most cherish'd by the nine,  
In the first ward<sup>m</sup> of darkness. There, oft-times,  
We of that mount hold converse, on whose top  
For aye our nurses live. We have the bard  
Of Pella,<sup>n</sup> and the Teian,<sup>o</sup> Agatho,<sup>p</sup>  
Simonides, and many a Grecian else  
Ingarlanded with laurel. Of thy train,<sup>q</sup>  
Antigone is there, Deiphile,  
Argia, and as sorrowful as erst  
Ismene, and who show'd Langia's wave:<sup>r</sup>

Deidamia with her sisters there,  
And blind Tiresias' daughter,<sup>s</sup> and the bride  
Sea-born of Peleus."<sup>t</sup> Either poet now  
Was silent; and no longer by the' ascent  
Or the steep walls obstructed, round them cast  
Inquiring eyes. Four handmaids<sup>u</sup> of the day  
Had finish'd now their office, and the fifth  
Was at the chariot-beam, directing still  
It's flamy point aloof; when thus my guide;  
"Methinks, it well behoves us to the brink  
Bend the right shoulder, circuiting the mount,  
As we have ever us'd." So custom there  
Was usher to the road; the which we chose  
Less doubtful, as that worthy shade<sup>v</sup> complied.

They on before me went: I sole pursued,  
List'ning their speech, that to my thoughts convey'd  
Mysterious lessons of sweet poesy.  
But soon they ceas'd; for midway of the road  
A tree we found, with goodly fruitage hung,  
And pleasant to the smell: and as a fir,  
Upward from bough to bough, less ample spreads;  
So downward this less ample spread;<sup>w</sup> that none,  
Methinks, aloft may climb. Upon the side,  
That clos'd our path, a liquid crystal fell  
From the steep rock, and through the sprays above,  
Stream'd showering. With associate step the bards  
Drew near the plant; and, from amidst the leaves,  
A voice was heard: "Ye shall be chary of me;"  
And after added: "Mary took more thought<sup>x</sup>  
For joy and honour of the nuptial feast,  
Than for herself, who answers now for you.

The women of old Rome<sup>y</sup> were satisfied  
With water for their beverage. Daniel<sup>z</sup> fed  
On pulse, and wisdom gain'd. The primal age  
Was beautiful as gold : and hunger then  
Made acorns tasteful ; thirst, each rivulet  
Run nectar. Honey' and locusts were the food,  
Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness  
Fed, and that eminence of glory reach'd,  
That greatness, which the' Evangelist records."

## CANTO XXIII.

## Argument.

They are overtaken by the spirit of Forese, who had been a friend of our Poet's on earth, and who now inveighs bitterly against the immodest dress of their countrywomen at Florence.

ON the green leaf mine eyes were fix'd, like his  
Who throws away his days in idle chase  
Of the diminutive birds, when thus I heard  
The more than father warn me: "Son! our time  
Asks thriftier using. Linger not: away."

Thereat my face and steps at once I turn'd  
Toward the sages, by whose converse cheer'd  
I journey'd on, and felt no toil: and lo!  
A sound of weeping, and a song: "My lips,<sup>a</sup>  
O Lord!" and these so mingled, it gave birth  
To pleasure and to pain. "O Sire belov'd!  
Say what is this I hear." Thus I inquir'd.

"Spirits," said he, "who, as they go, perchance,  
Their debt of duty pay." As on their road  
The thoughtful pilgrims, overtaking some  
Not known unto them, turn to them, and look,  
But stay not; thus, approaching from behind  
With speedier motion, eyed us, as they pass'd,

A crowd of spirits silent and devout.  
The eyes<sup>b</sup> of each were dark and hollow ; pale  
Their visage, and so lean withal, the bones  
Stood staring through the skin. I do not think  
Thus dry and meagre Erisicthion show'd,  
When pinch'd by sharp-set famine to the quick.

“Lo!” to myself I mus’d, “the race, who lost  
Jerusalem, when Mary<sup>c</sup> with dire beak  
Prey’d on her child.” The sockets seem’d as rings,<sup>d</sup>  
From which the gems were dropt. Who reads the  
name<sup>e</sup>

Of man upon his forehead, there the M  
Had trac’d most plainly. Who would deem, that  
scent

Of water and an apple could have prov’d  
Powerful to generate such pining want,  
Not knowing how it wrought? While now I stood,  
Wond’ring what thus could waste them (for the cause  
Of their gaunt hollowness and scaly rind  
Appear’d not) lo! a spirit turn’d his eyes  
In their deep-sunken cells, and fasten’d them  
On me, then cried with vehemence aloud :  
“What grace is this vouchsaf’d me?” By his looks  
I ne’er had recogniz’d him : but the voice  
Brought to my knowledge what his cheer conceal’d.  
Remembrance of his alter’d lineaments  
Was kindled from that spark ; and I agniz’d  
The visage of Forese.<sup>f</sup> “Ah! respect  
This wan and leprous-wither’d skin,” thus he  
Suppliant implor’d, “this macerated flesh.  
Speak to me truly of thyself. And who

Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there?  
Be it not said thou scorn'st to talk with me."

"That face of thine," I answer'd him, "which  
dead

I once bewail'd, disposes me not less  
For weeping, when I see it thus transform'd.  
Say then, by Heav'n, what blasts ye thus? The whilst  
I wonder, ask not speech from me : unapt  
Is he to speak, whom other will employs."

He thus : "The water and the plant, we pass'd,  
With power are gifted, by the' eternal will  
Infus'd; the which so pines me. Every spirit,  
Whose song bewails his gluttony indulg'd  
Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst  
Is purified. The odour, which the fruit,  
And spray that showers upon the verdure, breathe,  
Inflames us with desire to feed and drink.  
Nor once alone, encompassing our route,  
We come to add fresh fuel to the pain :  
Pain, said I? solace rather : for that will,  
To the tree, leads us, by which Christ was led  
To call on Eli, joyful, when he paid  
Our ransom from his vein." I answering thus :  
"Forese! from that day, in which the world  
For better life thou changedst, not five years  
Have circled. If the power<sup>s</sup> of sinning more  
Were first concluded in thee, ere thou knew'st  
That kindly grief which re-espouses us  
To God, how hither art thou come so soon?  
I thought to find thee lower,<sup>h</sup> there, where time  
Is recompense for time." He straight replied :



“To drink up the sweet wormwood of affliction  
I have been brought thus early, by the tears  
Stream’d down my Nella’s<sup>i</sup> cheeks. Her prayers  
devout,

Her sighs have drawn me from the coast, where oft  
Expectance lingers ; and have set me free  
From the’ other circles. In the sight of God  
So much the dearer is my widow priz’d,  
She whom I lov’d so fondly, as she ranks  
More singly eminent for virtuous deeds.  
The tract, most barb’rous of Sardinia’s isle,<sup>j</sup>  
Hath dames more chaste, and modester by far,  
Than that wherein I left her. O sweet brother !  
What wouldst thou have me say ?<sup>k</sup> A time to come  
Stands full within my view, to which this hour  
Shall not be counted of an ancient date,  
When from the pulpit shall be loudly warn’d  
The’ unblushing dames of Florence,<sup>l</sup> lest they bare  
Unkerchief’d bosoms to the common gaze.  
What savage women hath the world e’er seen,  
What Saracens,<sup>m</sup> for whom there needed scourge  
Of spiritual or other discipline,  
To force them walk with cov’ring on their limbs ?  
But did they see, the shameless ones, what Heav’n  
Wafts on swift wing toward them while I speak,  
Their mouths were op’d for howling : they shall taste  
Of sorrow (unless foresight cheat me here)  
Or ere the cheek of him be cloth’d with down,  
Who is now rock’d with lullaby<sup>n</sup> as[leep.  
Ah ! now, my brother, hide thyself no more :  
Thou seest<sup>o</sup> how not I alone, but all,

Gaze, where thou veil'st the intercepted sun."

Whence I replied : "If thou recal to mind  
What we were once together, even yet  
Remembrance of those days may grieve thee sore.  
That I forsook that life, was due to him  
Who there precedes me, some few evenings past,  
When she was round, who shines with sister lamp  
To his that glisters yonder," and I show'd  
The sun. "'T is he, who through profoundest night  
Of the true dead has brought me, with this flesh  
As true, that follows. From that gloom the aid  
Of his sure comfort drew me on to climb,  
And, climbing, wind along this mountain-steep,  
Which rectifies in you whate'er the world  
Made crooked and deprav'd. I have his word,  
That he will bear me company as far  
As till I come where Beatrice dwells :  
But there must leave me. Virgil is that spirit,  
Who thus hath promis'd," and I pointed to him ;  
"The other is that shade, for whom so late  
Your realm, as he arose, exulting, shook  
Through every pendent cliff and rocky bound."

## CANTO XXIV.

## Argument.

Forese points out several others by name who are here, like himself, purifying themselves from the vice of gluttony; and, amongst the rest, Buonaggiunta of Lucca, with whom our Poet converses. Forese then predicts the violent end of Dante's political enemy, Corso Donati; and, when he has quitted them, the Poet, in company with Statius and Virgil, arrives at another tree, from whence issue voices that record ancient examples of gluttony; and proceeding forwards, they are directed by an angel which way to ascend to the next cornice of the mountain.

Our journey was not slacken'd by our talk,  
 Nor yet our talk by journeying. Still we spake,  
 And urg'd our travel stoutly, like a ship  
 When the wind sits astern. The shadowy forms,  
 That seem'd things dead and dead again, drew in  
 At their deep-delved orbs rare wonder of me,  
 Perceiving I had life; and I my words  
 Continued, and thus spake: "He journeys<sup>a</sup> up  
 Perhaps more tardily than else he would,  
 For others' sake. But tell me, if thou know'st,  
 Where is Piccarda?<sup>b</sup> Tell me, if I see  
 Any of mark, among this multitude  
 Who eye me thus."—"My sister (she for whom,

"Twixt beautiful and good, I cannot say  
Which name was fitter) wears e'en now her crown,  
And triumphs in Olympus." Saying this,  
He added : "Since spare diet<sup>c</sup> hath so worn  
Our semblance out, 't is lawful here to name  
Each one. This," and his finger then he rais'd,  
"Is Buonaggiunta,<sup>d</sup>—Buonaggiunta, he  
Of Lucca : and that face beyond him, pierc'd  
Unto a leaner fineness than the rest,  
Had keeping of the church ; he was of Tours<sup>e</sup>  
And purges by wan abstinence away  
Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel."<sup>f</sup>

He show'd me many others, one by one :  
And all, as they were nam'd, seem'd well content ;  
For no dark gesture I discern'd in any.  
I saw, through hunger, Ubaldino<sup>g</sup> grind  
His teeth on emptiness ; and Boniface,<sup>h</sup>  
That wav'd the crozier<sup>i</sup> o'er a num'rous flock.  
I saw the Marquis<sup>j</sup> who had time erewhile  
To swill at Forli with less drought ; yet so,  
Was one ne'er sated. I howe'er, like him  
That, gazing 'midst a crowd, singles out one,  
So singled him of Lucca ; for methought  
Was none amongst them took such note of me.  
Somewhat I heard him whisper of Gentucca :<sup>k</sup>  
The sound was indistinct, and murmur'd there<sup>l</sup>  
Where justice, that so strips them, fix'd her sting.

"Spirit!" said I, "it seems as thou wouldst fain  
Speak with me. Let me hear thee. Mutual wish  
To converse prompts, which let us both indulge."

He, ans'ring, straight began : "Woman is born,

Whose brow no wimple shades yet,<sup>m</sup> that shall make  
 My city please thee, blame it as they may,<sup>n</sup>  
 Go then with this forewarning. If aught false  
 My whisper too implied, the' event shall tell.  
 But say, if of a truth I see the man  
 Of that new lay the' inventor, which begins  
 With 'Ladies, ye that con the lore of love.'"<sup>o</sup>

To whom I thus: "Count of me but as one,  
 Who am the scribe of love; that, when he breathes,  
 Take up my pen, and, as he dictates, write."

"Brother!" said he, "the hind'rance, which  
 once held

The notary<sup>p</sup> with Guittone<sup>q</sup> and myself,  
 Short of that new and sweeter style<sup>r</sup> I hear,  
 Is now disclos'd: I see how ye your plumes  
 Stretch, as the' inditer guides them; which, no ques-  
 tion,

Our's did not. He, that seeks a grace beyond,  
 Sees not the distance parts one style from other."  
 And, as contented, here he held his peace.

Like as the birds,<sup>s</sup> that winter near the Nile,  
 In squared regiment direct their course,  
 Then stretch themselves in file for speedier flight;  
 Thus all the tribe of spirits, as they turn'd  
 Their visage, faster fled, nimble alike  
 Through leanness and desire. And as a man,  
 Tir'd with the motion of a trotting steed,<sup>t</sup>  
 Slacks pace, and stays behind his company,  
 Till his o'erbreathed lungs keep temperate time;  
 E'en so Forese let that holy crew  
 Proceed, behind them lingering at my side,

And saying: "When shall I again behold thee?"

"How long my life may last," said I, "I know not:

This know, how soon soever I return,  
My wishes will before me have arriv'd.  
Sithence the place," where I am set to live,  
Is, day by day, more scoop'd of all it's good;  
And dismal ruin seems to threaten it."

"Go now," he cried: "lo! he,<sup>v</sup> whose guilt is most,

Passes before my vision, dragg'd at heels  
Of an infuriate beast. Toward the vale,  
Where guilt hath no redemption, on it speeds,  
Each step increasing swiftness on the last;  
Until a blow it strikes, that leaveth him  
A corse most vilely shatter'd. No long space  
Those wheels have yet to roll," (therewith his eyes  
Look'd up to heav'n) "ere thou shalt plainly see  
That which my words may not more plainly tell.  
I quit thee: time is precious here: I lose  
Too much, thus measuring my pace with thine."

As from a troop of well rank'd chivalry,  
One knight, more enterprising than the rest,  
Pricks forth at gallop, eager to display  
His prowess in the first encounter prov'd;  
So parted he from us, with lengthen'd strides;  
And left me on the way with those twain spirits,  
Who were such mighty marshals of the world.

When he beyond us had so fled, mine eyes  
No nearer reach'd him, than my thought his words;  
The branches of another fruit, thick hung,

And blooming fresh, appear'd. E'en as our steps  
Turn'd thither; not far off, it rose to view.  
Beneath it were a multitude, that rais'd  
Their hands, and shouted forth I know not what  
Unto the boughs; like greedy and fond brats,  
That beg, and answer none obtain from him,  
Of whom they beg; but more to draw them on,  
He, at arm's length, the object of their wish  
Above them holds aloft, and hides it not.

At length, as undeceiv'd, they went their way :  
And we approach the tree, whom vows and tears  
Sue to in vain; the mighty tree. "Pass on,  
And come not near. Stands higher up the wood,  
Whereof Eve tasted: and from it was ta'en  
This plant." Such sounds from midst the thickets  
came.

Whence I, with either bard, close to the side  
That rose, pass'd forth beyond. "Remember," next  
We heard, "those unblest creatures of the clouds,"  
How they their twyfold bosoms, overgorg'd,  
Oppos'd in fight to Theseus: call to mind  
The Hebrews,<sup>x</sup> how, effeminate, they stoop'd  
To ease their thirst; whence Gideon's ranks were  
thinn'd,

As he to Madian<sup>y</sup> march'd adown the hills."

Thus near one border coasting, still we heard  
The sins of gluttony, with woe erewhile  
Reguerdon'd. Then along the lonely path,  
Once more at large, full thousand paces on  
We travel'd, each contemplative and mute.

"Why pensive journey so ye three alone?"

Thus suddenly a voice exclaim'd: whereat  
I shook, as doth a scar'd and paltry beast;  
Then rais'd my head, to look from whence it came.

Was ne'er, in furnace, glass, or metal, seen  
So bright and glowing red, as was the shape  
I now beheld. "If ye desire to mount,"  
He cried; "here must ye turn. This way he goes,  
Who goes in quest of peace." His countenance  
Had dazzled me; and to my guides I fac'd  
Backward, like one who walks as sound directs.

As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up  
On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes  
Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and flowers;  
E'en such a wind I felt upon my front  
Blow gently, and the moving of a wing  
Perceiv'd, that, moving, shed ambrosial smell;  
And then a voice: "Blessed are they, whom grace  
Doth so illume, that appetite in them  
Exhaleth no inordinate desire,  
Still hung'ring as the rule of temperance wills."



## CANTO XXV.

## Argument.

Virgil and Statius resolve some doubts that have arisen in the mind of Dante from what he had just seen. They all arrive on the seventh and last cornice, where the sin of incontinence is purged in fire; and the spirits of those suffering therein are heard to record illustrious instances of chastity.

It was an hour, when he who climbs, had need  
To walk uncrippled: for the sun<sup>a</sup> had now  
To Taurus the meridian circle left,  
And to the Scorpion left the night. As one,  
That makes no pause, but presses on his road,  
Whate'er betide him, if some urgent need  
Impel; so enter'd we<sup>b</sup> upon our way,  
One before other; for, but singly, none  
That steep and narrow scale admits to climb.

E'en as the young stork lifteth up his wing  
Through wish to fly, yet ventures not to quit  
The nest, and drops it; so in me desire  
Of questioning my guide arose, and fell,  
Arriving even to the act that marks  
A man prepar'd for speech. Him all our haste  
Restrain'd not; but thus spake the sire belov'd:  
"Fear not to speed the shaft,<sup>c</sup> that on thy lip  
Stands trembling for its flight." Encourag'd thus,

I straight began : "How there can leanness come,<sup>d</sup>  
Where is no want of nourishment to feed?"

"If thou," he answer'd, "hadst remember'd thee,  
How Meleager<sup>e</sup> with the wasting brand  
Wasted alike, by equal fires consum'd;  
This would not trouble thee : and hadst thou thought,  
How in the mirror<sup>f</sup> your reflected form  
With mimic motion vibrates ; what now seems  
Hard, had appear'd no harder than the pulp  
Of summer-fruit mature. But that thy will  
In certainty may find its full repose,  
Lo Statius here ! on him I call, and pray  
That he would now be healer of thy wound."

"If, in thy presence, I unfold to him  
The secrets of heaven's vengeance, let me plead  
Thine own injunction to exculpate me."  
So Statius answer'd, and forthwith began :  
"Attend my words, O son, and in thy mind  
Receive them ; so shall they be light to clear  
The doubt thou offer'st. Blood, concocted well,  
Which by the thirsty veins is ne'er imbib'd,  
And rests as food superfluous, to be ta'en  
From the replenish'd table, in the heart  
Derives effectual virtue, that informs  
The several human limbs, as being that  
Which passes through the veins itself to make them.  
Yet more concocted it descends, where shame  
Forbids to mention : and from thence distils  
In natural vessel on another's blood.  
There each unite together ; one dispos'd  
To' endure, to act the other, through that power

Deriv'd from whence it came,<sup>g</sup> and being met,  
It 'gins to work, coagulating first ;  
Then vivifies what it's own substance made  
Consist. With animation now indued,  
The active virtue (differing from a plant  
No further, than that this is on the way,  
And at it's limit that) continues yet  
To operate, that now it moves, and feels,  
As sea sponge<sup>h</sup> clinging to the rock : and there  
Assumes the' organic powers it's seed convey'd.  
This is the period, Son! at which the virtue,  
That from the generating heart proceeds,  
Is pliant and expansive ; for each limb  
Is in the heart by forgeful nature plann'd.  
How babe<sup>i</sup> of animal becomes, remains  
For thy consid'ring. At this point, more wise,  
Than thou, has err'd,<sup>j</sup> making the soul disjoin'd  
From passive intellect, because he saw  
No organ for the latter's use assign'd.

“Open thy bosom to the truth that comes.  
Know, soon as in the embryo, to the brain  
Articulation is complete, then turns  
The primal Mover with a smile of joy  
On such great work of nature ; and imbreathes  
New spirit replete with virtue, that what here  
Active it finds, to it's own substance draws ;  
And forms an individual soul, that lives,  
And feels, and bends reflective on itself.  
And that thou less mayst marvel at the word,  
Mark the sun's heat ;<sup>k</sup> how that to wine doth change,  
Mix'd with the moisture filter'd through the vine.

“When Lachesis hath spun the thread,<sup>1</sup> the soul  
Takes with her both the human and divine,  
Memory, intelligence, and will, in act  
Far keener than before; the other powers  
Inactive all and mute. No pause allow’d,  
In wond’rous sort self-moving, to one strand  
Of those, where the departed roam, she falls :  
Here learns her destin’d path. Soon as the place  
Receives her, round the plastic virtue beams,  
Distinct as in the living limbs before :  
And as the air, when saturate with showers,  
The casual beam refracting, decks itself  
With many a hue; so here the ambient air  
Weareth that form, which influence of the soul  
Imprints on it : and like the flame, that where  
The fire moves, thither follows ; so, henceforth,  
The new form on the spirit follows still :  
Hence hath it semblance, and is shadow call’d,  
With each sense, even to the sight, endued :  
Hence speech is our’s, hence laughter, tears, and  
sighs,

Which thou mayst oft have witness’d on the mount.  
The obedient shadow fails not to present  
Whatever varying passion moves within us.  
And this the cause of what thou marvel’st at.”

Now the last flexure of our way we reach’d ;  
And to the right hand turning, other care  
Awaits us. Here the rocky precipice  
Hurls forth redundant flames ; and from the rim  
A blast up-blown, with forcible rebuff  
Driveth them back, sequester’d from it’s bound.

Behov'd us, one by one, along the side,  
That border'd on the void, to pass ; and I  
Fear'd on one hand the fire, on the' other fear'd  
Headlong to fall : when thus the' instructor warn'd :  
" Strict rein must in this place direct the eyes.  
A little swerving and the way is lost."

Then from the bosom of the burning mass,  
" O God of mercy ! " <sup>m</sup> heard I sung ; and felt  
No less desire to turn. And when I saw  
Spirits along the flame proceeding, I  
Between their footsteps and mine own was fain  
To share by turns my view. At the hymn's close  
They shouted loud, " I do not know a man ; " <sup>n</sup>  
Then in low voice again took up the strain ;  
Which once more ended, " To the wood," they cried,  
" Ran Dian, and drave forth Callisto° stung  
With Cytherea's poison : " then return'd  
Unto their song ; then many a pair extoll'd,  
Who liv'd in virtue chastely and the bands  
Of wedded love. Nor from that task, I ween,  
Surcease they ; whilesoe'er the scorching fire  
Enclasps them. Of such skill appliance needs,  
To medicine the wound that healeth last. <sup>p</sup>

## CANTO XXVI.

## Argument.

The spirits wonder at seeing the shadow cast by the body of Dante on the flame as he passes it. This moves one of them to address him. It proves to be Guido Guinicelli, the Italian poet, who points out to him the spirit of Arnault Daniel, the Provençal, with whom he also speaks.

WHILE singly thus along the rim we walk'd,  
Oft the good master warn'd me: "Look thou well.  
Avail it that I caution thee." The sun  
Now all the western clime irradiate chang'd  
From azure tinct to white; and, as I pass'd,  
My passing shadow made the umber'd flame  
Burn ruddier. At so strange a sight I mark'd  
That many a spirit marvel'd on his way.

This bred occasion first to speak of me.  
"He seems," said they, "no insubstantial frame:"  
Then, to obtain what certainty they might,  
Stretch'd tow'rds me, careful not to overpass  
The burning pale. "O thou! who followest  
The others, haply not more slow than they,  
But mov'd by rev'rence; answer me, who burn  
In thirst and fire: nor I alone, but these  
All for thine answer do more thirst, than doth  
Indian or Æthiop for the cooling stream.

Tell us, how is it that thou mak'st thyself  
A wall against the sun, as thou not yet  
Into the' inextricable toils of death  
Hadst enter'd?" Thus spake one; and I had straight  
Declar'd me, if attention had not turn'd  
To new appearance. Meeting these, there came,  
Midway the burning path, a crowd, on whom  
Earnestly gazing, from each part I view  
The shadows all press forward, sev'rally  
Each snatch a hasty kiss, and then away.  
E'en so the emmets, 'mid their dusky troops,  
Peer closely one at other, to spy out  
Their mutual road perchance, and how they thrive.

That friendly greeting parted, ere dispatch  
Of the first onward step, from either tribe  
Loud clamour rises: those, who newly come,  
Shout "Sodom and Gomorrah!" these, "The cow  
Pasiphae enter'd, that the beast she woo'd  
Might rush unto her luxury." Then as cranes,  
That part towards the Riphæan mountains fly,  
Part tow'rds the Lybic sands, these to avoid  
The ice, and those the sun; so hasteth off  
One crowd, advances the' other; and resume  
Their first song, weeping, and their several shout.<sup>a</sup>

Again drew near my side the very same,  
Who had erewhile besought me; and their looks  
Mark'd eagerness to listen. I, who twice  
Their will had noted, spake: "O spirits! secure,  
Whene'er the time may be, of peaceful end;  
My limbs, nor crude, nor in mature old age,  
Have I left yonder: here they bear me, fed



With blood, and sinew-strung. That I no more  
May live in blindness, hence I tend aloft.  
There is a dame on high, who wins for us  
This grace, by which my mortal through your realm  
I bear. But may your utmost wish soon meet  
Such full fruition, that the orb of heaven,  
Fullest of love, and of most ample space,  
Receive you; as ye tell (upon my page  
Henceforth to stand recorded) who ye are;  
And what this multitude, that at your backs  
Have past behind us." As one, mountain-bred,  
Rugged and clownish, if some city's walls  
He chance to enter, round him stares agape,  
Confounded and struck dumb; e'en such appear'd  
Each spirit. But when rid of that amaze,  
(Not long the inmate of a noble heart<sup>b</sup>)  
He, who before had question'd, thus resum'd:  
"O blessed! who, for death preparing, tak'st  
Experience of our limits, in thy bark;  
Their crime, who not with us proceed, was that,  
For which, as he did triumph, Cæsar<sup>c</sup> heard  
The shout of 'queen,' to taunt him. Hence their cry  
Of 'Sodom,' as they parted; to rebuke  
Themselves, and aid the burning by their shame.  
Our sinning was Hermaphrodite: but we,  
Because the law of human kind we broke,  
Following like beasts our vile concupiscence,  
Hence parting from them, to our own disgrace  
Record the name of her, by whom the beast  
In bestial tire was acted. Now our deeds  
Thou know'st, and how we sinn'd. If thou by name



Wouldst haply know us, time permits not now  
 To tell so much, nor can I. Of myself  
 Learn what thou wishest. Guinicelli<sup>d</sup> I;  
 Who having truly sorrow'd ere my last,  
 Already cleanse me." With such pious joy,  
 As the two sons upon their mother gaz'd  
 From sad Lycurgus<sup>e</sup> rescu'd; such my joy  
 (Save that I more repress it) when I heard  
 From his own lips the name of him pronounc'd,  
 Who was a father to me, and to those  
 My betters, who have ever us'd the sweet  
 And pleasant rhymes of love. So nought I heard,  
 Nor spake; but long time thoughtfully I went,  
 Gazing on him; and, only for the fire,  
 Approach'd not nearer. When my eyes were fed  
 By looking on him; with such solemn pledge,  
 As forces credence, I devoted me  
 Unto his service wholly. In reply  
 He thus bespake me: "What from thee I hear  
 Is grav'd so deeply on my mind, the waves  
 Of Lethe shall not wash it off, nor make  
 A whit less lively. But as now thy oath  
 Has seal'd the truth, declare what cause impels  
 That love, which both thy looks and speech betray." <sup>t?</sup>

"Those dulcet lays," I answer'd; "which, as  
 long

As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,  
 Shall make us love the very ink that trac'd them."

"Brother!" he cried, and pointed at a shade  
 Before him, "there is one, whose mother speech  
 Doth owe to him a fairer ornament.

He<sup>f</sup> in love ditties, and the tales of prose,  
Without a rival stands ; and lets the fools  
Talk on, who think the songster of Limoges<sup>g</sup>  
O'ertops him. Rumour and the popular voice  
They look to, more than truth ; and so confirm  
Opinion, ere by art or reason taught.  
Thus many of the elder time cried up  
Guittone,<sup>h</sup> giving him the prize, till truth  
By strength of numbers vanquish'd. If thou own  
So ample privilege, as to have gain'd  
Free entrance to the cloister, whereof Christ  
Is Abbot of the college ; say to him  
One paternoster for me, far as needs<sup>i</sup>  
For dwellers in this world, where power to sin  
No longer tempts us." Haply to make way  
For one that follow'd next, when that was said,  
He vanish'd through the fire, as through the wave  
A fish, that glances diving to the deep.

I, to the spirit he had shown me, drew  
A little onward, and besought his name,  
For which my heart, I said, kept gracious room.  
He frankly thus began : "Thy courtesy<sup>j</sup>  
So wins on me, I have nor power nor will  
To hide me. I am Arnault ; and with songs,  
Sorely ~~way~~menting for my folly past,  
Thorough this ford of fire I wade, and see  
The day, I hope for, smiling in my view.  
I pray ye by the worth that guides ye up  
Unto the summit of the scale, in time  
Remember ye my suff'rings. With such words  
He disappear'd in the refining flame.

## CANTO XXVII.

## Argument.

An angel sends them forward through the fire to the last ascent, which leads to the terrestrial Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain. They have not proceeded many steps on their way upward, when the fall of night hinders them from going further; and our Poet, who has lain down with Virgil and Statius to rest, beholds in a dream two females, figuring the active and contemplative life. With the return of morning, they reach the height; and here Virgil gives Dante full liberty to use his own pleasure and judgment in the choice of his way, till he shall meet with Beatrice.

Now was the sun<sup>a</sup> so station'd, as when first  
His early radiance quivers on the heights,  
Where stream'd his Maker's blood; while Libra  
hangs

Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,  
Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.

So day was sinking, when the' angel of God  
Appear'd before us. Joy was in his mien.  
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;  
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far  
Surpass'd our human, "Blessed<sup>b</sup> are the pure  
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,

"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,  
"Ere the fire pierce you : enter in ; and list  
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."

I, when I heard his saying, was as one<sup>c</sup>  
Laid in the grave. My hands together clasp'd,  
And upward stretching, on the fire I look'd ;  
And busy fancy conjur'd up the forms  
Erewhile beheld alive consum'd in flames.

The' escorting spirits turn'd with gentle looks  
Toward me ; and the Mantuan spake : "My son,  
Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.  
Remember thee, remember thee, if I  
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee ; now I come  
More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now ?  
Of this be sure ; though in it's womb that flame  
A thousand years contain'd thee, from thy head  
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,  
Approach ; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem  
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.  
Lay now all fear, Oh ! lay all fear aside.  
Turn hither, and come onward undismay'd."

I still, though conscience urg'd, no step advanc'd.

When still he saw me fix'd and obstinate,  
Somewhat disturb'd he cried : "Mark now, my son,  
From Beatrice thou art by this wall  
Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye  
Of Pyramus was open'd, (when life ebb'd  
Fast from his veins,) and took one parting glance,  
While vermeil dyed the mulberry ;<sup>d</sup> thus I turn'd  
To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard  
The name that springs for ever in my breast.

He shook his forehead ; and, "How long," he said,

"Linger we now ?" then smil'd, as one would smile  
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.  
Into the fire before me then he walk'd ;  
And Statius, who erewhile no little space  
Had parted us, he pray'd to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass  
To cool me, when I enter'd ; so intense  
Rag'd the conflagrant mass. The sire belov'd,  
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still  
Of Beatrice talk'd. "Her eyes," saith he,  
"E'en now I seem to view." From the' other side  
A voice, that sang, did guide us ; and the voice  
Following, with heedful ear, we issu'd forth,  
There where the path led upward. "Come," we  
heard,

"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the sounds,  
That hail'd us from within a light, which shone  
So radiant, I could not endure the view.  
"The sun," it added, "hastes : and evening comes.  
Delay not : ere the western sky is hung  
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way  
Upright within the rock arose, and fac'd  
Such part of heav'n, that from before my steps  
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

Nor many stairs were overpast, when now  
By fading of the shadow we perceiv'd  
The sun behind us couch'd ; and ere one face  
Of darkness o'er it's measureless expanse  
Involv'd the' horizon, and the night her lot

Held individual, each of us had made  
A stair his pallet ; not that will, but power,  
Had fail'd us, by the nature of that mount  
Forbidden further travel. As the goats,  
That late have skipp'd and wanton'd rapidly  
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en  
Their supper on the herb, now silent lie  
And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,  
While noon-day rages ; and the goatherd leans  
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them :  
And as the swain, that lodges out all night  
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey  
Disperse them : even so all three abode,  
I as a goat, and as the shepherds they,  
Close pent on either side by shelving rock.

A little glimpse of sky was seen above ;  
Yet by that little I beheld the stars,  
In magnitude and lustre shining forth  
With more than wonted glory. As I lay,  
Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing,  
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft  
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,  
As I believe, when Venus from the east  
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb  
Seems alway glowing with the fire of love,  
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,  
Was passing o'er a lea ; and, as she came,  
Methought I saw her ever and anon  
Bending to cull the flowers ; and thus she sang :  
"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,  
That I am Leah :<sup>f</sup> for my brow to weave

A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.  
To please me<sup>s</sup> at the crystal mirror, here  
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she<sup>h</sup>;  
Before her glass abides the livelong day,  
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less,  
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy  
In contemplation, as in labour mine."

And now as glimm'ring dawn appear'd, tha  
breaks

More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he  
Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,  
Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled  
My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide  
Already risen. "That delicious fruit,  
Which through so many a branch the zealous care  
Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day  
Appease thy hunger." Such the words I heard  
From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard,  
So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight  
Desire so grew upon desire to mount,  
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings  
Increasing for my flight. When we had run  
O'er all the ladder to it's topmost round,  
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fix'd  
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,  
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;  
And art arriv'd, where of itself my ken  
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,  
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take  
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,  
O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts

His beam upon thy forehead : lo ! the herb,<sup>i</sup>  
The arborets and flowers, which of itself  
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright  
eyes<sup>j</sup>

With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste  
To succour thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,  
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more  
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,  
Free of thy own arbitrement to choose,  
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense  
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then  
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."



## CANTO XXVIII.

## Argument.

Dante wanders through the forest of the terrestrial Paradise, till he is stopped by a stream, on the other side of which he beholds a fair lady, culling flowers. He speaks to her; and she, in reply, explains to him certain things touching the nature of that place, and tells that the water, which flows between them, is here called Lethe, and in another place has the name of Eunoe.

THROUGH that celestial forest, whose thick shade  
With lively greenness the new-springing day  
Attemper'd, eager now to roam, and search  
It's limits round, forthwith I left the bank;  
Along the champain leisurely my way  
Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides  
Delicious odour breath'd. A pleasant air,<sup>a</sup>  
That intermitted never, never veer'd,  
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind  
Of softest influence: at which the sprays,  
Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part<sup>b</sup>  
Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;  
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still  
Upon their top the feather'd quiristers<sup>c</sup>  
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy  
Welcom'd those hours of prime, and warbled shrill

Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays  
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,  
Along the piny forests on the shore  
Of Chiassi,<sup>d</sup> rolls the gath'ring melody,  
When Eolus hath from his cavern loos'd  
The dripping south. Already had my steps,  
Though slow, so far into that ancient wood  
Transported me, I could not ken the place  
Where I had enter'd; when, behold! my path  
Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,  
With little rippling waters bent the grass  
That issued from it's brink. On earth no wave  
How clean soe'er, that would not seem to have  
Some mixture in itself, compar'd with this,  
Transpicious clear; yet darkly on it roll'd,  
Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er,  
Admits or sun or moon-light there to shine.

My feet advanc'd not; but my wond'ring eyes  
Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey  
The tender may-bloom, flush'd through many a hue,  
In prodigal variety; and there,  
As object, rising suddenly to view,  
That from our bosom every thought beside  
With the rare marvel chases, I beheld  
A lady<sup>e</sup> all alone, who, singing, went,  
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way  
Was all o'er painted. "Lady beautiful!  
Thou, who (if looks, that use to speak the heart,  
Are worthy of our trust;) with love's own beam  
Dost warm thee," thus to her my speech I fram'd;  
"Ah! please thee hither tow'rd the streamlet bend

Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song.  
Beholding thee and this fair place, methinks,  
I call to mind where wander'd and how look'd  
Proserpine, in that season, when her child  
The mother lost, and she the bloomy spring."

As when a lady, turning in the dance,  
Doth foot it featly, and advances scarce  
One step before the other to the ground ;  
Over the yellow and vermilion flowers  
Thus turn'd she at my suit, most maiden-like,  
Valing her sober eyes ; and came so near,  
That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound.  
Arriving where the limpid waters now  
Lay'd the green sword, her eyes she deign'd to raise,  
That shot such splendour on me, as I ween  
Ne'er glanc'd from Cytherea's, when her son  
Had sped his keenest weapon to her heart.  
Upon the opposite bank she stood and smil'd ;  
As through her graceful fingers shifted still  
The intermingling dyes, which without seed  
That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream  
Three paces only were we sunder'd : yet,  
The Hellespont, where Xerxes pass'd it o'er,  
(A curb for ever to the pride of man<sup>f</sup>)  
Was by Leander not more hateful held  
For floating, with inhospitable wave,  
'Twixt Sestus and Abydos, than by me  
That flood, because it gave no passage thence.

"Strangers ye come ; and haply in this place,  
That cradled human nature in it's birth,  
Wond'ring, ye not without suspicion view

My smiles : but that sweet strain of psalmody,  
'Thou, Lord ! hast made me glad,'<sup>g</sup> will give ye light,  
Which may uncloud your minds. And thou, who  
stand'st

The foremost, and didst make thy suit to me,  
Say if aught else thou wish to hear : for I  
Came prompt to answer every doubt of thine."

She spake ; and I replied : "I know not how<sup>h</sup>  
To reconcile this wave, and rustling sound  
Of forest leaves, with what I late have heard  
Of opposite report." She answering thus :  
"I will unfold the cause, whence that proceeds,  
Which makes thee wonder ; and so purge the cloud  
That hath enwrapt thee. The First Good, whose joy  
Is only in himself, created man,  
For happiness ; and gave this goodly place,  
His pledge and earnest of eternal peace.  
Favour'd thus highly, through his own defect  
He fell ; and here made short sojourn ; he fell,  
And, for the bitterness of sorrow, chang'd  
Laughter unblam'd and ever-new delight.  
That vapours none, exhal'd from earth beneath,  
Or from the waters, (which, wherever heat  
Attracts them, follow,) might ascend thus far  
To vex man's peaceful state, this mountain rose  
So high toward the heav'n, nor fears the rage  
Of elements contending ; from that part  
Exempted, where the gate his limit bars.  
Because the circumambient air, throughout,  
With its first impulse circles still, unless  
Aught interpose to check or thwart it's course ;

Upon the summit, which on every side  
To visitation of the' impassive air  
Is open, doth that motion strike, and makes  
Beneath it's sway the' umbrageous wood resound :  
And in the shaken plant such power resides,  
That it impregnates with it's efficacy  
The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume  
*That*, wafted, flies abroad ; and the' other land,<sup>i</sup>  
Receiving, (as 't is worthy in itself,  
Or in the clime, that warms it,) doth conceive ;  
And from its womb produces many a tree  
Of various virtue. This when thou hast heard,  
The marvel ceases, if in yonder earth  
Some plant, without apparent seed, be found  
To fix it's fibrous stem. And further learn,  
That with prolific foison of all seeds  
This holy plain is fill'd, and in itself  
Bears fruit that ne'er was pluck'd on other soil.

“The water, thou behold'st, springs not from  
vein,

Restor'd by vapour, that the cold converts ;  
As stream, that intermittently repairs  
And spends his pulse of life ; but issues forth  
From fountain, solid, undecaying, sure :  
And, by the will omnific, full supply  
Feeds whatsoe'er on either side it pours ;  
On this, devolv'd with power to take away  
Rememb'rance of offence ; on that, to bring  
Rememb'rance back of every good deed done.  
From whence it's name of Lethe on this part ;  
On the' other, Eunoe : both of which must first

Be tasted, ere it work ; the last exceeding  
All flavours else. Albeit thy thirst may now  
Be well contented, if I here break off,  
No more revealing ; yet a corollary  
I freely give beside : nor deem my words  
Less grateful to thee, if they somewhat pass  
The stretch of promise. They, whose *verse* of yore  
The golden age recorded and it's bliss,  
On the Parnassian mountain,<sup>j</sup> of this place  
Perhaps had dream'd. Here was man guiltless ; here  
Perpetual spring,<sup>k</sup> and every fruit ; and this  
The far-fam'd nectar." Turning to the bards,  
When she had ceas'd, I noted in their looks  
A smile at her conclusion ; then my face  
Again directed to the lovely dame.

## CANTO XXIX.

## Argument.

The lady, who in a following Canto is called Matilda, moves along the side of the stream in a contrary direction to the current, and Dante keeps equal pace with her on the opposite bank. A marvellous sight, preceded by music, appears in view.

SINGING, as if enamour'd, she resum'd  
And clos'd the song, with "Blessed they whose sins  
Are cover'd." Like the wood-nymphs then, that  
tripp'd

Singly across the sylvan shadows; one  
Eager to view, and one to 'scape the sun;  
So mov'd she on, against the current, up  
The verdant rivage. I, her mincing step  
Observing, with as tardy step pursued.

Between us not an hundred paces trod,  
The bank, on each side bending equally,  
Gave me to face the orient. Nor our way  
Far onward brought us, when to me at once  
She turn'd, and cried: "My brother! look, and  
hearken."

And lo! a sudden lustre ran across  
Through the great forest on all parts, so bright,  
I doubted whether lightning were abroad;

But that, expiring ever in the spleen  
That doth unfold it, and this during still,  
And waxing still in splendour, made me question  
What it might be : and a sweet melody  
Ran through the luminous air. Then did I chide,  
With warrantable zeal, the hardihood  
Of our first parent ; for that there, where earth  
Stood in obedience to the heav'ns, she only,  
Woman, the creature of an hour, endur'd not  
Restraint of any veil, which had she borne  
Devoutly, joys, ineffable as these,  
Had from the first, and long time since, been mine.

While, through that wilderness of primy sweets  
That never fade, suspense I walk'd, and yet  
Expectant of beatitude more high ;  
Before us, like a blazing fire, the air  
Under the green boughs glow'd ; and, for a song,  
Distinct the sound of melody was heard.

O ye thrice holy virgins ! for your sakes  
If e'er I suffer'd hunger, cold, and watching,  
Occasion calls on me to crave your bounty.  
Now through my breast let Helicon his stream  
Pour copious, and Urania<sup>a</sup> with her choir  
Arise to aid me ; while the verse unfolds  
Things, that do almost mock the grasp of thought.

Onward a space, what seem'd seven trees of gold  
The intervening distance to mine eye  
Falsely presented : but, when I was come  
So near them, that no lineament was lost  
Of those, with which a doubtful object, seen  
Remotely, plays on the misdeeming sense ;



Then did the faculty, that ministers  
Discourse to reason, these for tapers of gold<sup>b</sup>  
Distinguish ; and i' the' singing trace the sound  
“Hosanna.” Above, their beauteous garniture  
Flam'd with more ample lustre, than the moon  
Through cloudless sky at midnight, in her noon.

I turn'd me, full of wonder, to my guide ;  
And he did answer with a countenance  
Charg'd with no less amazement : whence my view  
Reverted to those lofty things, which came  
So slowly moving towards us, that the bride<sup>c</sup>  
Would have outstript them on her bridal day.

The lady call'd aloud : “Why thus yet burns  
Affection in thee for these living lights,  
And dost not look on that which follows them ?”

I straightway mark'd a tribe behind them walk,  
As if attendant on their leaders, cloth'd  
With raiment of such whiteness, as on earth  
Was never. On my left, the wat'ry gleam  
Borrow'd, and gave me back, when there I look'd,  
As in a mirror, my left side portray'd.

When I had chosen on the river's edge  
Such station, that the distance of the stream  
Alone did separate me ; there I stay'd  
My steps for clearer prospect, and beheld  
The flames go onward, leaving,<sup>d</sup> as they went,  
The air behind them painted as with trail  
Of liveliest pencils ; so distinct were mark'd  
All those sev'n listed colours,<sup>e</sup> whence the sun  
Maketh his bow, and Cynthia her zone.  
These streaming gonfalons did flow beyond

My vision ; and ten paces,<sup>f</sup> as I guess,  
Parted the outermost. Beneath a sky  
So beautiful, came four-and-twenty elders,<sup>g</sup>  
By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd.  
All sang one song : " Blessed be thou<sup>h</sup> among  
The daughters of Adam ! and thy loveliness  
Blessed for ever !" After that the flowers,  
And the fresh herblets, on the opposite brink,  
Were free from that elected race ; as light  
In heav'n doth second light, came after them  
Four<sup>i</sup> animals, each crown'd with verdurous leaf.  
With six wings each was plum'd ; the plumage full  
Of eyes ; and the eyes of Argus would be such,  
Were they endued with life. Reader ! more rhymes  
I will not waste in shadowing forth their form :  
For other need so straitens, that in this  
I may not give my bounty room. But read  
Ezekiel ;<sup>j</sup> for he paints them, from the north  
How he beheld them come by Chebar's flood,  
In whirlwind, cloud, and fire ; and even such  
As thou shalt find them character'd by him,  
Here were they ; save as to the pennons : there,  
From him departing, John<sup>k</sup> accords with me.

The space, surrounded by the four, enclos'd  
A car triumphal :<sup>l</sup> on two wheels it came,  
Drawn at a Gryphon's<sup>m</sup> neck ; and he above  
Stretch'd either wing uplifted, 'tween the midst  
And the three listed hues, on each side, three ;  
So that the wings did cleave or injure none ;  
And out of sight they rose. The members, far  
As he was bird, were golden ; white the rest,

With vermeil intervein'd. So beautiful<sup>n</sup>  
A car, in Rome, ne'er grac'd Augustus' pomp,  
Or Africanus': e'en the sun's itself  
Were poor to this ; that chariot of the sun,  
Erroneous, which in blazing ruin fell  
At Tellus' pray'r<sup>o</sup> devout, by the just doom  
Mysterious of all-seeing Jove. Three nymphs,<sup>p</sup>  
At the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance :  
The one so ruddy, that her form had scarce  
Been known within a furnace of clear flame ;  
The next did look, as if the flesh and bones  
Were emerald ; snow new-fallen seem'd the third.  
Now seem'd the white to lead, the ruddy now ;  
And from her song who led, the others took  
Their measure, swift or slow. At the' other wheel,  
A band quaternion,<sup>a</sup> each in purple clad,  
Advanc'd with festal step, as, of them, one  
The rest conducted ;<sup>r</sup> one, upon whose front  
Three eyes were seen. In rear of all this groupe,  
Two old men<sup>s</sup> I beheld, dissimilar  
In raiment, but in port and gesture like,  
Solid and mainly grave ; of whom, the one  
Did show himself some favour'd counsellor  
Of the great Coan,<sup>t</sup> him, whom nature made  
To serve the costliest creature of her tribe :  
His fellow mark'd an opposite intent ;  
Bearing a sword, whose glitterance and keen edge,  
E'en as I view'd it with the flood between,  
Appall'd me. Next, four others<sup>a</sup> I beheld,  
Of humble seeming : and, behind them all,  
One single old man,<sup>v</sup> sleeping as he came,

With a shrewd visage. And these seven, each  
Like the first troop were habited ; but wore  
No braid of lilies on their temples wreath'd.  
Rather, with roses and each vermeil flower,  
A sight, but little distant, might have sworn,  
That they were all on fire<sup>w</sup> above their brow.

Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight  
Was heard a thund'ring, at whose voice it seem'd  
The chosen multitude were stay'd ; for there,  
With the first ensigns, made they solemn halt.

## CANTO XXX.

## Argument.

Beatrice descends from heaven, and rebukes the Poet.

Soon as that polar light,<sup>a</sup> fair ornament  
Of the first heaven, which hath never known  
Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil  
Of other cloud than sin, to duty there  
Each one convoying, as that lower doth  
The steersman to his port, stood firmly fix'd ;  
Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van  
Between the Gryphon and it's radiance came,  
Did turn them to the car, as to their rest :  
And one, as if commission'd from above,  
In holy chant thrice shouted forth aloud ;  
“ Come,<sup>b</sup> spouse ! from Libanus : ” and all the rest  
Took up the song.—At the last audit, so  
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each  
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh ;  
As, on the sacred litter, at the voice  
Authoritative of that elder, sprang  
A hundred ministers and messengers  
Of life eternal. “ Blessed<sup>c</sup> thou, who com'st ! ”  
And, “ Oh ! ” they cried, “ from full hands<sup>d</sup> scatter ye

Unwith'ring lilies :'' and, so saying, cast  
Flowers over head and round them on all sides.

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,  
The eastern clime all roseate ; and the sky  
Oppos'd, one deep and beautiful serene ;  
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists  
Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye  
Long while endur'd the sight : thus, in a cloud,  
Of flowers,<sup>e</sup> that from those hands angelic rose,  
And down within and outside of the car  
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreath'd,  
A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath  
Green mantle, rob'd in hue of living flame :  
And<sup>f</sup> o'er my spirit, that so long a time  
Had from her presence felt no shudd'ring dread,  
Albeit mine eyes discern'd her not, there mov'd  
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch  
The power of ancient love<sup>g</sup> was strong within me.

No sooner on my vision streaming, smote  
The heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en  
In childhood, thrill'd me, than tow'rd's Virgil I  
Turn'd me to leftward ; panting, like a babe,  
That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,  
If aught have terrified or work'd him woe :  
And would have cried, "There is no dram of blood,  
That doth not quiver in me. The old flame"<sup>h</sup>  
Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."  
But Virgil had bereav'd us of himself ;  
Virgil, my best-lov'd father ; Virgil, he  
To whom I gave me up for safety : nor<sup>i</sup>  
All our prime mother lost avail'd, to save

My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling tears.

“Dante! weep not, that Virgil leaves thee; nay,  
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge  
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that.”

As to the prow or stern, some admiral  
Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,  
When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof;  
Thus, on the left side of the car, I saw  
(Turning me at the sound of mine own name,  
Which here I am compell'd to register)  
The virgin station'd, who before appear'd  
Veil'd in that festive shower angelical.

Tow'rds me, across the stream, she bent her eyes;  
Though from her brow the veil descending, bound  
With foliage of Minerva, suffer'd not  
That I beheld her clearly: then with act  
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,  
Added, as one who, speaking, keepeth back  
The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech:  
“Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am  
Beatrice. What! and hast thou deign'd at last  
Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!  
Thy happiness is here?” Down fell mine eyes  
On the clear fount; but there, myself espying,  
Recoil'd, and sought the greensword: such a weight  
Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien  
Of that stern majesty, which doth surround  
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,  
She look'd; a flavour of such bitterness  
Was mingled in her pity. There her words

Brake off; and suddenly the angels sang,  
"In thee, O gracious Lord! my hope hath been:"  
But<sup>l</sup> went no farther than, "Thou, Lord! hast set  
My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies,  
Amidst the living rafters<sup>k</sup> on the back  
Of Italy, congeal'd, when drifted high  
And closely pil'd by rough Slavonian blasts;  
Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls,<sup>l</sup>  
And straightway melting it distils away,  
Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I,  
Without a sigh or tear, or ever these  
Did sing, that, with the chiming of heav'n's sphere,  
Still in their warbling chime: but when the strain  
Of dulcet symphony express'd for me  
Their soft compassion, more than could the words,  
"Virgin! why so consum'st him?" then, the ice,<sup>m</sup>  
Congeal'd about my bosom, turn'd itself  
To spirit and water; and with anguish forth  
Gush'd, through the lips and eyelids, from the heart.

Upon the chariot's same edge<sup>n</sup> still she stood,  
Immoveable; and thus address'd her words  
To those bright semblances with pity touch'd:  
"Ye in the' eternal day your vigils keep;  
So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth,  
Conveys from you a single step, in all  
The goings on of time: thence, with more heed  
I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,  
Who there stands weeping; that the sorrow now  
May equal the transgression. Not alone  
Through operation of the mighty orbs,



That mark each seed to some predestin'd aim,  
As with aspect or fortunate or ill  
The constellations meet ; but through benign  
Largess of heav'nly graces, which rain down  
From such a height as mocks our vision, this man  
Was, in the freshness of his being,<sup>o</sup> such,  
So gifted virtually, that in him  
All better habits wond'rously had thriv'd.  
The more of kindly strength is in the soil,  
So much doth evil seed and lack of culture  
Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.  
These looks sometime upheld him ; for I show'd  
My youthful eyes, and led him by their light  
In upright walking. Soon as I had reach'd  
The threshold of my second age,<sup>p</sup> and chang'd  
My mortal for immortal ; then he left me,  
And gave himself to others. When from flesh  
To spirit I had risen, and increase  
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,  
I was less dear to him, and valued less.  
His steps were turn'd into deceitful ways,  
Following false images of good, that make  
No promise perfect. Nor avail'd me aught  
To sue for inspirations, with the which,  
I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise,  
Did call him back ; of them, so little reck'd him.  
Such depth he fell, that all device was short  
Of his preserving, save that he should view  
The children of perdition. To this end  
I visited the purlieus of the dead :

And one, who hath conducted him thus high,  
Receiv'd my supplications urg'd with weeping.  
It were a breaking of God's high decree,  
If Lethe should be past, and such food<sup>q</sup> tasted,  
Without the cost of some repentant tear."

## CANTO XXXI.

## Argument.

Beatrice continues her reprehension of Dante, who confesses his error, and falls to the ground: coming to himself again, he is by Matilda drawn through the waters of Lethe, and presented first to the four virgins who figure the cardinal virtues; these in their turn lead him to the Gryphon, a symbol of our Saviour; and the three virgins, representing the evangelical virtues, intercede for him with Beatrice, that she would display to him her second beauty.

"O THOU!" her words she thus without delay  
Resuming, turn'd their point on me, to whom  
They, with but lateral edge,<sup>a</sup> seem'd harsh before:  
"Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream,  
If this be true. A charge, so grievous, needs  
Thine own avowal." On my faculty  
Such strange amazement hung, the voice expir'd  
Imperfect, ere it's organs gave it birth.

A little space refraining, then she spake:  
"What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave  
On thy rememb'rances of evil yet  
Hath done no injury." A mingled sense  
Of fear and of confusion, from my lips  
Did such a "Yea" produce, as needed help  
Of vision to interpret. As when breaks,

In act to be discharg'd, a cross-bow bent  
Beyond it's pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretch'd;  
The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark :  
Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst  
Beneath the heavy load ; and thus my voice  
Was slacken'd on its way. She straight began :  
“ When my desire invited thee to love  
The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings ;  
What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain  
Did meet thee, that thou so should'st quit the hope  
Of further progress ? or what bait of ease,  
Or promise of allurements, led thee on  
Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere shouldst rather wait ? ”

A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice  
To answer ; hardly to these sounds my lips  
Gave utterance, wailing : “ Thy fair looks withdrawn,  
Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turn'd  
My steps aside.” She answering spake : “ Hadst thou  
Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st,  
Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more ; such eye  
Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek  
Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears  
Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel  
Of justice doth run counter to the edge.<sup>b</sup>  
Howe'er, that thou mayst profit by thy shame  
For errors past, and that henceforth more strength  
May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Syren-voice ;  
Lay thou aside the motive to this grief,  
And lend attentive ear, while I unfold  
How opposite a way my buried flesh  
Should have impell'd thee. Never didst thou spy,

In art or nature, aught so passing sweet,  
As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame  
Enclos'd me, and are scatter'd now in dust.  
If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death,  
What, afterward, of mortal, should thy wish  
Have tempted? When thou first hadst felt the dart  
Of perishable things, in my departing  
For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have prun'd  
To follow me; and never stoop'd again,  
To 'bide a second blow, for a slight girl,<sup>c</sup>  
Or other gaud as transient and as vain.  
The new and inexperienc'd bird<sup>d</sup> awaits,  
Twice it may be, or thrice, the fowler's aim;  
But in the sight of one whose plumes are full,  
In vain the net is spread, the arrow wing'd."

I stood, as children silent and asham'd  
Stand, list'ning, with their eyes upon the earth,  
Acknowledging their fault, and self-condemn'd.  
And she resum'd: "If, but to hear, thus pains thee;  
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do."

With less reluctance yields a sturdy holm,  
Rent from it's fibres by a blast, that blows  
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land,<sup>e</sup>  
Than I at her behest my visage rais'd:  
And thus the face denoting by the beard,<sup>f</sup>  
I mark'd the secret sting her words convey'd.

No sooner lifted I mine aspect up,  
Than I perceiv'd<sup>g</sup> those primal creatures cease  
Their flowery sprinkling; and mine eyes beheld  
(Yet unassur'd and wavering in their view)  
Beatrice; she, who towards the mystic shape,

That joins two natures in one form, had turn'd :  
And, even under shadow of her veil,  
And parted by the verdant rill that flow'd  
Between, in loveliness she seem'd as much  
Her former self surpassing, as on earth  
All others she surpass'd. Remorseful goads  
Shot sudden through me. Each thing else, the more  
It's love had late beguil'd me, now the more  
Was loathsome. On my heart so keenly smote  
The bitter consciousness, that on the ground  
O'erpower'd I fell : and what my state was then,  
She knows, who was the cause. When now my  
strength

Flow'd back, returning outward from the heart,  
The lady,<sup>h</sup> whom alone I first had seen,  
I found above me. "Loose me not," she cried :  
"Loose not thy hold :" and lo ! had dragg'd me high  
As to my neck into the stream ; while she,  
Still as she drew me after, swept along,  
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave.

The blessed shore approaching, then was heard  
So sweetly, "Tu asperges me,"<sup>i</sup> that I  
May not remember, much less tell the sound.

The beauteous dame, her arms expanding,  
clasp'd

My temples, and immerg'd me where 't was fit  
The wave should drench me : and, thence raising up,  
Within the fourfold dance of lovely nymphs  
Presented me so lav'd ; and with their arm  
They each did cover me. "Here are we nymphs,  
And in the heav'n are stars.<sup>j</sup> Or ever earth

Was visited of Beatrice, we,  
Appointed for her handmaids, tended on her.  
We to her eyes will lead thee : but the light  
Of gladness, that is in them, well to scan,  
Those yonder three,<sup>k</sup> of deeper ken than our's,  
Thy sight shall quicken." Thus began their song :  
And then they led me to the Gryphon's breast,  
Where, turn'd toward us, Beatrice stood.  
"Spare not thy vision. We have station'd thee  
Before the emeralds,<sup>l</sup> whence love, erewhile,  
Hath drawn his weapons on thee." As they spake,  
A thousand fervent wishes riveted  
Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood,  
Still fix'd toward the Gryphon, motionless.  
As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus  
Within those orbs the twyfold being shone ;  
For ever varying, in one figure now  
Reflected, now in other. Reader ! muse  
How wond'rous in my sight it seem'd, to mark  
A thing, albeit steadfast in itself,  
Yet in it's imag'd semblance mutable.

Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul  
Fed on the viand, whereof still desire  
Grows with satiety ; the other three,  
With gesture that declar'd a loftier line,  
Advanc'd : to their own carol, on they came  
Dancing, in festive ring angelical.

"Turn, Beatrice !" was their song : "Oh ! turn  
Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one,  
Who, to behold thee, many a wearisome pace  
Hath measur'd. Gracious at our pray'r, vouchsafe

Unveil to him thy cheeks ; that he may mark  
Thy second beauty, now conceal'd." O splendor !  
O sacred light eternal ! who is he,  
So pale with musing in Pierian shades,  
Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,  
Whose spirit should not fail him in the' essay  
To represent thee such as thou didst seem,  
When under cope of the still-chiming heaven  
Thou gav'st to open air thy charms reveal'd ?



## CANTO XXXII.

## Argument.

Dante is warned not to gaze too fixedly on Beatrice. The procession moves on, accompanied by Matilda, Statius, and Dante, till they reach an exceeding lofty tree, where divers strange chances befall.

MINE eyes with such an eager coveting  
Were bent to rid them of their ten years' thirst,<sup>a</sup>  
No other sense was waking: and e'en they  
Were fenc'd on either side from heed of aught;  
So tangled, in it's custom'd toils, that smile  
Of saintly brightness drew me to itself:  
When forcibly, toward the left, my sight  
The sacred virgins turn'd; for from their lips  
I heard the warning sounds: "Too fix'd a gaze!"<sup>b</sup>

Awile my vision labour'd; as when late  
Upon the o'erstrain'd eyes the sun hath smote:  
But soon,<sup>c</sup> to lesser object, as the view  
Was now recover'd, (lesser in respect  
To that excess of sensible, whence late  
I had perforce been sunder'd) on their right  
I mark'd that glorious army wheel, and turn,  
Against the sun and sev'nfold lights, their front.  
As when, their bucklers for protection rais'd,

A well-rang'd troop, with portly banners curl'd,  
Wheel circling, ere the whole can change their  
ground ;

E'en thus the goodly regiment of heav'n,  
Proceeding, all did pass us, ere the car  
Had slop'd his beam. Attendant at the wheels  
The damsels turn'd ; and on the Gryphon mov'd  
The sacred burden, with a pace so smooth,  
No feather on him trembled. The fair dame,  
Who through the wave had drawn me, companied  
By Statius and myself, pursued the wheel,  
Whose orbit, rolling, mark'd a lesser arch.

Through the high wood, now void (the more he  
blame,

Who by the serpent was beguil'd) I pass'd,  
With step in cadence to the harmony  
Angelic. Onward had we mov'd, as far,  
Perchance, as arrow at three several flights  
Full wing'd had sped, when from her station down  
Descended Beatrice. With one voice  
All murmur'd "Adam ;" circling next a plant<sup>d</sup>  
Despoil'd of flowers and leaf, on every bough.  
It's tresses,<sup>e</sup> spreading more as more they rose,  
Were such, as 'midst their forest wilds, for height,  
The Indians<sup>f</sup> might have gaz'd at. "Blessed thou<sup>g</sup>,  
Gryphon!<sup>h</sup> whose beak hath never pluck'd that tree  
Pleasant to taste : for hence the appetite  
Was warp'd to evil." Round the stately trunk  
Thus shouted forth the rest, to whom return'd  
The animal twice-gender'd : "Yea ; for so  
The generation of the just are sav'd."

And turning to the chariot-pole, to foot  
He drew it of the widow'd branch, and bound  
There, left unto the stock<sup>h</sup> whereon it grew.

As when large floods of radiance<sup>i</sup> from above  
Stream, with that radiance mingled, which ascends  
Next after setting of the scaly sign,  
Our plants then burgein, and each wears anew  
His wonted colours, e'er the sun have yok'd  
Beneath another star his flamy steeds ;  
Thus putting forth a hue more faint than rose,  
And deeper than the violet, was renew'd  
The plant, erewhile in all it's branches bare.

Unearthly was the hymn, which then arose.

I understood it not, nor to the end  
Endur'd the harmony. Had I the skill,  
To pencil forth how clos'd the' un pitying eyes<sup>j</sup>  
Slumb'ring, when Syrinx warbled, (eyes that paid  
So dearly for their watching,) then, like painter,  
That with a model paints, I might design  
The manner of my falling into sleep.  
But feign who will the slumber cunningly,  
I pass it by to when I wak'd ; and tell,  
How suddenly a flash of splendor rent  
The curtain of my sleep, and one cries out,  
"Arise : what dost thou ?" As the chosen three,  
On Tabor's mount, admitted to behold  
The blossoming of that fair tree,<sup>k</sup> whose fruit  
Is coveted of angels, and doth make  
Perpetual feast in heaven ; to themselves  
Returning, at the word whence deeper sleeps<sup>l</sup>  
Were broken, they their tribe diminish'd saw ;

Both Moses and Elias gone, and chang'd  
The stole their master wore : thus to myself  
Returning, over me beheld I stand  
The piteous one,<sup>m</sup> who, cross the stream, had brought  
My steps. "And where," all doubting, I exclaim'd,  
"Is Beatrice?"—"See her," she replied,  
"Beneath the fresh leaf, seated on it's root.  
Behold the' associate choir, that circles her.  
The others, with a melody more sweet  
And more profound, journeying to higher realms,  
Upon the Gryphon tend." If there her words  
Were clos'd, I know not ; but mine eyes had now  
Ta'en view of her, by whom all other thoughts  
Were barr'd admittance. On the very ground  
Alone she sat, as she had there been left  
A guard upon the wain, which I beheld  
Bound to the twyform beast. The seven nymphs  
Did make themselves a cloister round about her ;  
And, in their hands, upheld those lights<sup>n</sup> secure  
From blast septentrion and the gusty south.

"A little while thou shalt be forester here ;  
And citizen shalt be, for ever with me,  
Of that true Rome,<sup>o</sup> wherein Christ dwells a Roman.  
To profit the misguided world, keep now  
Thine eyes upon the car ; and what thou seest,  
Take heed thou write, returning to that place."<sup>p</sup>

Thus Beatrice : at whose feet inclin'd  
Devout, at her behest, my thought and eyes, :  
I, as she bade, directed. Never fire,  
With so swift motion, forth a stormy cloud  
Leap'd downward from the welkin's farthest bound,

As I beheld the bird of Jove<sup>a</sup> descend  
Down through the tree ; and, as he rush'd, the rind  
Disparting crush beneath him ; buds much more,  
And leaflets. On the car, with all his might  
He struck ; whence, staggering, like a ship it reel'd,  
At random driv'n, to starboard now, o'ercome,  
And now to larboard, by the vaulting waves.

Next, springing up into the chariot's womb,  
A fox<sup>r</sup> I saw, with hunger seeming pin'd  
Of all good food. But, for his ugly sins  
The saintly maid rebuking him, away  
Scamp'ring he turn'd, fast as his hide-bound corpse  
Would bear him. Next, from whence before he  
came,

I saw the eagle dart into the hull  
O' the' car, and leave it with his feathers lin'd :<sup>s</sup>  
And then a voice, like that which issues forth  
From heart with sorrow riv'd, did issue forth  
From heav'n, and, "O poor bark of mine !" it cried,  
"How badly art thou freighted." Then it seem'd  
That the earth open'd, between either wheel ;  
And I beheld a dragon<sup>t</sup> issue thence,  
That through the chariot fix'd his forked train ;  
And like a wasp, that draggeth back the sting,  
So drawing forth his baleful train, he dragg'd  
Part of the bottom forth ; and went his way,  
Exulting. What remain'd, as lively turf  
With green herb, so did clothe itself with plumes,<sup>u</sup>  
Which haply had, with purpose chaste and kind,  
Been offer'd ; and therewith were cloth'd the wheels,  
Both one and other, and the beam, so quickly,

A sigh were not breath'd sooner. Thus transform'd ■  
The holy structure, through it's several parts,  
Did put forth heads ;<sup>v</sup> three on the beam, and one  
On every side : the first like oxen horn'd ;  
But with a single horn upon their front,  
The four. Like monster, sight hath never seen.  
O'er it<sup>w</sup> methought there sat, secure as rock  
On mountain's lofty top, a shameless whore,  
Whose ken rov'd loosely round her. At her side,  
As 't were that none might bear her off, I saw  
A giant stand ; and ever and anon  
They mingled kisses. But, her lustful eyes  
Chancing on me to wander, that fell minion  
Scourg'd her from head to foot all o'er ; then full  
Of jealousy, and fierce with rage, unloos'd  
The monster, and dragg'd on,<sup>x</sup> so far across  
The forest, that from me it's shades alone  
Shielded the harlot and the new-form'd brute,



So on she pass'd ; and had not set, I ween,  
Her tenth step to the ground, when, with mine eyes,  
Her eyes encounter'd ; and, with visage mild,  
" So mend thy pace," she cried, " that if my words  
Address thee, thou mayst still be aptly plac'd  
To hear them." Soon as duly to her side  
I now had hasten'd : " Brother !" she began,  
" Why mak'st thou no attempt at questioning,  
As thus we walk together ?" Like to those  
Who, speaking with too reverent an awe  
Before their betters, draw not forth the voice  
Alive unto their lips, befel me then  
That I in sounds imperfect thus began :  
" Lady ! what I have need of, that thou know'st ;  
And what will suit my need." She answering thus :  
" Of fearfulness and shame, I will that thou  
Henceforth do rid thee ; that thou speak no more,  
As one who dreams. Thus far be taught of me :  
The vessel, which thou saw'st the serpent break,  
Was, and is not :<sup>d</sup> let him, who hath the blame,  
Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.<sup>e</sup>  
Without an heir for ever shall not be  
That eagle,<sup>f</sup> he, who left the chariot plum'd,  
Which monster made it first and next a prey.  
Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars  
E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free  
From all impediment and bar, brings on  
A season, in the which, one sent from God,  
(Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out)  
That foul one, and, the' accomplice of her guilt,  
The giant, both, shall slay. And if perchance



My saying, dark as Themis or as Sphinx,  
Fail to persuade thee, (since like them it foils  
The intellect with blindness) yet erelong  
Events shall be the Naiads,<sup>s</sup> that will solve  
This knotty riddle; and no damage light<sup>b</sup>  
On flock or field. Take heed; and as these words  
By me are utter'd, teach them even so  
To those who live that life, which is a race  
To death: and when thou writ'st them, keep in mind  
Not to conceal how thou hast seen the plant,  
That twice<sup>i</sup> hath now been spoil'd. This whoso robs,  
This whoso plucks, with blasphemy of deed  
Sins against God, who for his use alone  
Creating hallow'd it. For taste of this,  
In pain and in desire, five thousand years<sup>j</sup>  
And upward, the first soul did yearn for him  
Who punish'd in himself the fatal gust.

"Thy reason slumbers, if it deem this height,  
And summit thus inverted,<sup>k</sup> of the plant,  
Without due cause: and were not vainer thoughts,  
As Elsa's numbing waters,<sup>l</sup> to thy soul,  
And their fond pleasures had not dyed it dark  
As Pyramus the mulberry; thou hadst seen,<sup>m</sup>  
In such momentous circumstance alone,  
God's equal justice morally implied  
In the forbidden tree. But since I mark thee,  
In understanding, harden'd into stone,  
And, to that hardness, spotted too and stain'd,  
So that thine eye is dazzled at my word;  
I will, that, if not written, yet at least  
Painted thou take it in thee, for the cause,

That one brings home his staff in wreath'd with palm."<sup>a</sup>

I thus : " As wax by seal, that changeth not  
It's impress, now is stamp'd my brain by thee.  
But wherefore soars thy wish'd-for speech so high  
Beyond my sight, that loses it the more,  
The more it strains to reach it ?"—" To the end  
That thou mayst know," she answer'd straight, " the  
school,

That thou hast follow'd ; and how far behind,  
When following my discourse, it's learning halts :  
And mayst behold your art,<sup>o</sup> from the divine  
As distant, as the disagreement is  
'Twixt earth and heav'n's most high and rapturous  
orb."

" I not remember," I replied, " that e'er  
I was estrang'd from thee ; nor for such fault  
Doth conscience chide me." Smiling she return'd :  
" If thou canst not remember, call to mind  
How lately thou hast drunk of Lethe's wave ;  
And, sure as smoke doth indicate a flame,  
In that forgetfulness itself conclude  
Blame from thy alienated will incurr'd.  
From henceforth, verily, my words shall be  
As naked, as will suit them to appear  
In thy unpractis'd view." More sparkling now,  
And with retarded course, the sun possess'd  
The circle of mid-day, that varies still  
As the' aspect varies of each several clime ;  
When, as one, sent in vaward of a troop  
For escort, pauses, if perchance he spy  
Vestige of somewhat strange and rare ; so paus'd<sup>p</sup>

The sev'nfold band, arriving at the verge  
Of a dun umbrage hoar, such as is seen,  
Beneath green leaves and gloomy branches, oft  
To overbrow a bleak and alpine cliff.  
And, where they stood, before them, as it seem'd,  
I, Tigris and Euphrates<sup>a</sup> both, beheld  
Forth from one fountain issue ; and, like friends,  
Linger at parting. "O enlight'ning beam !  
O glory of our kind ! beseech thee say  
What water this, which, from one source deriv'd,  
Itself removes to distance from itself ?"

To such entreaty answer thus was made :  
"Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this."

And here, as one who clears himself of blame  
Imputed, the fair dame return'd : "Of me  
He this and more hath learnt ; and I am safe  
That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him."

And Beatrice : "Some more pressing care,  
That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made  
His mind's eye dark. But lo, where Eunoe flows !  
Lead thither ; and, as thou art wont, revive  
His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit,  
That proffers no excuses, but as soon  
As he hath token of another's will,  
Makes it his own ; when she had ta'en me, thus  
The lovely maiden mov'd her on, and call'd  
To Statius, with an air most lady-like :  
"Come thou with him." Were further space allow'd,  
Then, Reader ! might I sing, though but in part,  
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er  
Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full,

Appointed for this second strain, mine art  
With warning bridle checks me. I return'd  
From the most holy wave, regenerate,  
E'en as new plants renew'd<sup>r</sup> with foliage new,  
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

•

**N O T E S.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and titles.

## NOTES.

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### CANTO I.

- a) *O'er better waves.*] So Berni. Orl. Inn. lib. ii. c. i.

Per correr maggior acqua alza le vele,

O debil navicella del mio ingegno.

b) *Birds of chattering note.*] For the fable of the daughters of Pierus, who challenged the muses to sing, and were by them changed into magpies, see Ovid. Met. lib. v. fab. 5.

c) *The first circle.*] Either, as some suppose, the moon; or, as Lombardi (who likes to be as far off the rest of the commentators as possible) will have it, the highest circle of the stars.

d) *Planet.*] Venus.

e) *Made all the orient laugh.*] Hence Chaucer, Knight's Tale:

And all the orisont laugheth of the sight.

It is sometimes read "orient."

f) *The Pisces' light.*] The constellation of the Fish veiled by the more luminous body of Venus, then a morning star.

g) *Four stars.*] Venturi observes that "Dante here speaks as a poet, and almost in the spirit of prophecy; or, what is more likely, describes the heaven about that pole according to his own invention. In our days," he adds, "the cross, composed of four stars, three of the second and one of the third magnitude, serves as a guide to those who sail from Europe to the south; but in

the age of Dante these discoveries had not been made:" yet it appears probable, that either from long tradition, or from the relation of later voyagers, the real truth might not have been unknown to our Poet. Seneca's prediction of the discovery of America may be accounted for in a similar manner. But whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that the four stars are here symbolical of the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. See Canto xxxi. v. 105.

h) *Our first parents.*] In the terrestrial paradise, placed, as we shall see, by our Poet, on the summit of Purgatory.

i) *The wain.*] Charles's wain, or Boötes.

j) *An old man.*] Cato.

*Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem.*

*Virg. Æn. viii. 670.*

The commentators, and Lombardi amongst the rest, might have saved themselves and their readers much needless trouble if they would have consulted the prose writings of Dante with more diligence. In the *Convito*, p. 211, he has himself declared his opinion of the illustrious Roman. "Quale uomo," &c. "What earthly man was more worthy to follow God than Cato? Certainly none." And again, p. 212: "Nel nome di cui," &c. "In whose name, whatever needs be said concerning the signs of nobility may be concluded; for, in him, that nobility displays them all throughout all ages."

k) *Venerable plumes.*]

*Insuperata tuæ quum veniet pluma superbiæ.*

*Hor. Carm. lib. iv. ode 10.*

The same metaphor has occurred in Hell, Canto xx. v. 41.

The plumes,

That mark'd the better sex.

It is used by Ford in the *Lady's Trial*, act iv. scen. 2.

Now the down

Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age.

l) *A dame from heaven.*] Beatrice. See Hell, ii. 54.

m) *The farthest gloom.*] L'ultima sera.

So Ariosto, *O. F.* canto xxxiv. st. 59.

Che non han visto ancor l'ultima sera.



And Filicaja, canto ix. Al Sonno.

L'ultima sera.

And Mr. Mathias, Canzone a Guglielmo Roscoe premessa alla Storia della Poesia Italiana, p. 13.

Di morte non vedrà l'ultima sera.

n) *Of Minos am not bound.*] See Hell, v. 4.

o) *Marcia.*]

Da fœdera prisce

Illibata tori: da tantum nomen inane

Connubii: liceat tumulto scripsisse, Catonis

Martia.

*Lucan. Phars.* lib. ii. 344.

Our author's habit of putting an allegorical interpretation on every thing, a habit which appears to have descended to that age from certain fathers of the church, is no where more apparent than in his explanation of this passage. See Convito, p. 211. "Marzia fu vergine," &c. "Marcia was a virgin, and in that state she signifies childhood; then she came to Cato, and in that state, she represents youth; she then bare children, by whom are represented the virtues that we have said belong to that age." Dante would surely have done well to remember his own rule laid down in the *De Monarch.* lib. iii. "Advertendum," &c. "Concerning the mystical sense it must be observed that we may err in two ways, either by seeing it where it is not, or by taking it otherwise than it ought to be taken."

p) *Through thy sev'n regions.*] The seven rounds of Purgatory, in which the seven capital sins are punished.

q) *By that law.*] When he was delivered by Christ from limbo, a change of affections accompanied his change of place.

r) *A slender reed.*] The reed is here supposed, with sufficient probability, to be meant for a type of simplicity and patience.

s) *Where to take.*] "Prendere il monte," a reading which Lombardi claims for his favourite Nidobeatina edition, is also found in Landino's of 1484.

t) *I spy'd the tremb'ing of the ocean stream.*]

Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

So Trissino in the Sofonisba.

E resta in tremolar l'onda marina.

And Fortinguerra. Ricciardetto. canto ix. st. 17.

—— visto il tremolar della marina.

u) *Another.*] From Virg. *Æn.* lib. vi. 143.

Primo avolso non deficit alter.

## CANTO II.

a) *Now had the sun.*] Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem; so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place, which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising.

b) *The scales.*] The constellation Libra.

c) *When she reigns highest.*] “Quando soverchia” is (according to Venturi, whom I have followed) “when the autumnal equinox is passed.” Lombardi supposes it to mean “when the nights begin to increase, that is, after the summer solstice.”

d) *To orange turn’d.*] “L’aurora già di vermiglia cominciava appressandosi il sole a divenir rancia.” Boccaccio *Decam.* G. iii. at the beginning. See notes to Hell, xxiii. 101.

e) *Like men.*] Che va col cuore e col corpo dimora.

So Frezzi.

E mentre il corpo posa, col cor varca.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. iv. cap. 8.

f) *Through the thick vapours.*] So in the Convito, p. 72. “Esso pare,” &c. “He (Mars) appears more or less inflamed with heat, according to the thickness or rarity of the vapours that follow him.”

g) *Except his wings*] Hence Milton.

Who after came from earth, sailing arrived

Wafted by angels.

*P. L.* b. iii. ver. 521.

h) *Winnowing the air.*]

Trattando l’aere con l’eterne penne.

So Filicaja, canz. viii. st. 11.

Ma trattar l'aere coll' eterne piume.

i) *In Exitu.*] "When Israel came out of Egypt." Ps. cxiv.

k) *With his arrowy radiance.*] So Milton.

——and now went forth the morn:

——from before her vanish'd night,

Shot through with orient beams. *P. L.* b. vi. ver. 15.

This has been regarded by some critics as a conceit, into which Milton was betrayed by the Italian poets; but it is in truth authorised by one of the correctest of the Grecians.

"Ον αἶδλα νύξ ἐναριζομένα

τίκτει, κατευνάζει τε, φλογιζόμενον

"Ἄλιον.

*Sophocles, Trachin.* 96.

Ecco dinanzi a te fugge repente

Saettata la notte.

*Marini. Son. al Sig. Cinthio Aldobrandino.*

l) *Thrice my hands.*]

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,

Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,

Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

*Virg. Æn.* ii. 794.

Compare Homer. *Od.* xi. 205.

m) *My Casella.*] A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company," says Landino, "Dante often recreated his spirits, wearied by severer studies." See Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, vol. ii. cap. iv. p. 322. Milton has a fine allusion to this meeting in his sonnet to Henry Lawes.

Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing

Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

n) *Where I am.*] "La dove io son." Lombardi understands this differently: "Not without purpose to return again to the earth, where I am; that is, where I usually dwell."

o) *Hath so much time been lost.*] There is some uncertainty in this passage. If we read

Ma a te com' era tanta terra tolta?

with the Nidobeatina and Aldine editions, and many MSS., it signifies "why art thou deprived of so desirable a region as that of Purgatory? why dost thou not hasten to be cleansed of thy sins?" If with the Academicians della Crusca we read,

Diss 'io ma a te come tant 'ora è tolta?

which is not destitute of authority to support it, and which has the advantage over the other, as it marks Dante's speech from Casella's, then it must mean as I have translated it, "why hast thou lost so much time in arriving here?" Lombardi, who is for the former reading, supposes Casella to be just dead; those, who prefer the latter, suppose him to have been dead some years, but now only just arrived.

p) *He.*] The conducting angel.

q) *These three months past.*] Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment, were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

r) *The shore.*] Ostia.

s) "*Love, that discourses in my thoughts.*"

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona."

The first verse of a canzone in the Convito of Dante, which he again cites in his Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. lib. ii. cap. 6.

t) *As one.*] Com' uom, ch'è va, nè sa dove riesca.

So Frezzi:

Come chi va, nè sa dove camina.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. i. cap. 3.

### CANTO III.

a) *How doth a little failing wound thee sore.*]

Ch' era al cor picciol fallo amaro morso.

*Tasso, G. L.* canto x. st. 59.

b) *Haste, that mars all decency of act.*] Aristotle in his

Physiog. c. iii. reckons it among the *ἀναιδοὺς σημεῖα* "the signs

of an impudent man;" that he is ἐν ταῖς κινήσεσιν δέξῃς, "quick in his motions." Compare Sophocles, *Electra*, 878.

Τὸ κόσμον μεθείσα.

Joy, my dear sister, wings my quick return,  
And with more speed than decency allows.

Potter.

c) *Where highest.*] Lombardi proposes, with some hesitation, a different meaning from that which has hitherto been affixed to the words,

Che 'nverso 'l ciel più alto si dislaga;  
and would construe them, "that raises itself higher than every other mountain above the sea:" "sopra l'allagamento delle acque del mare." The conjecture is at least ingenious.

d) *To Naples.*] Virgil died at Brundisium, from whence his body is said to have been removed to Naples.

e) *Desiring fruitlessly.*] See Hell, canto iv. 39.

f) *In troubled mood.*] Because he himself (Virgil) was amongst the number of spirits, who thus desired without hope.

g) *'Twixt Lerice and Turbia.*] At that time the two extremities of the Genoese republic; the former on the east, the latter on the west. A very ingenious writer has had occasion, for a different purpose, to mention one of these places as remarkably secluded by its mountainous situation. "On an eminence among the mountains, between the two little cities, Nice and Monaco, is the village of Torbia, a name formed from the Greek *τόρβια*." *Mitford on the Harmony of Language*, sect. xv. p. 351. 2d edit.

h) *The meaning of the pathway.*] Lombardi reads

tenea 'l viso basso,

Esaminando del cammin la mente,  
and explains it, "he bent down his face, his mind being occupied with considering their way to ascend the mountain." I doubt much whether the words can bear that construction.

i) *As sheep.*] The imitative nature of these animals supplies our Poet with another comparison, in his *Convito*, p. 34. "Questi sono de chiamare pecore," &c. "These may be called flocks of sheep and not men; for if one sheep should throw himself down a precipice of a thousand feet, all the rest would follow; and if

one for any cause in passing a road should leap, all the rest would do the same, though they saw nothing to leap over."

j) *Manfredi*.] King of Naples and Sicily, and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively and agreeable in his manners, and delighted in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious, void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. See G. Villani, lib. vi. cap. xlvii. and Mr. Mathias's Tiraboschi, vol. i. p. 99. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in Canto xxviii. of Hell, ver. 13, or rather in that which ensued in the course of a few days at Benevento. But the successes of Charles were so rapidly followed up, that our author, exact as he generally is, might not have thought it necessary to distinguish them in point of time; for this seems the best method of reconciling some little apparent inconsistency between him and the annalist. "Dying excommunicated, King Charles did not allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento; and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army, whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some have said, that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the church; and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Campagna. This, however, we do not affirm." G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. cap. 9. Manfredi and his father are spoken of by our Poet in his *De Vulg. Eloq.* lib. i. cap. 12, with singular commendation. "Siquidem illustres," &c. "Those illustrious worthies, Frederick the Emperor, and his well-born son Manfredi, manifested their nobility and uprightness of form, as long as fortune remained, by following pursuits worthy of men, and disdained those which are suited only to brutes. Such, therefore, as were of a lofty spirit, and graced with natural endowments, endeavoured to walk in the track which the majesty of such great princes had marked out for them; so that whatever was in their time attempted by eminent Italians, first made its appearance in the court of crowned sovereigns; and because Sicily was a royal throne, it came to pass that whatever was produced in the vernacular tongue by

our predecessors was called Sicilian; which neither we nor our posterity shall be able to change."

k) *Costanza*.] See Paradise, canto iii. 121.

l) *My fair daughter*.] Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III., King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick, King of Sicily, and James, King of Arragon. With the latter of these she was at Rome 1296. See G. Villani, lib. viii. cap. 18, and Notes to Canto vii.

m) *Clement*.] Pope Clement IV.

n) *The stream of Verde*.] A river near Ascoli, that falls into the Tronto. The "extinguished lights" formed part of the ceremony at the interment of one excommunicated.

o) *Hope*.]

Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde.

So Tasso, G. L. canto xix. st. 53.

—fin che verde è fior di speme.

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## CANTO IV.

a) *When*.] It must be owned the beginning of this Canto is somewhat obscure. Vellutello refers, for an elucidation of it, to the reasoning of Statius in the twenty-fifth Canto. Perhaps some illustration may be derived from the following passage in the Summa Theologiæ of Thomas Aquinas. "Some say that in addition to the vegetable soul, which was present from the first, there supervenes another soul, which is the sensitive, and, again in addition to that, another, which is the intellective. And so there are in man three souls, one of which exists potentially with regard to another: but this has been already disproved. And accordingly others say that that same soul, which at first was merely vegetative, is, through action of the seminal virtue, carried forward till it reaches to that point, in which, being still the same, it nevertheless becomes sensitive; and at length the same by an

ulterior progression is led on till it becomes intellectual: not, indeed, through the seminal virtue acting in it, but by virtue of a superior agent, that is, God, enlightening it from without." (This opinion he next proceeds to confute.) "Dicunt ergo quidam quòd supra animam vegetabilem, quæ primo inerat, supervenit alia anima, quæ est sensitiva, supra illam iterum alia quæ est intellectiva. Et sic sunt in homine tres animæ, quarum una est in potentia ad aliam, quod supra improbatum est. Et ideo alii dicunt, quòd illa eadem anima, quæ primo fuit vegetativa tantum, postmodum per actionem virtutis, quæ est in semine, perducitur ad hoc, ut ipsa eadem fiat sensitiva; et tandem ipsa eadem perducitur ad hoc, ut ipsa eadem fiat intellectiva, non quidem per virtutem activam seminis, sed per virtutem superioris agentis, scilicet Dei deforis illustrantis." *Thom. Aquin. Opera. Edit. Venet. 1595, tom. x. Summa Theolog. Ima Pars. Quæstio cxviii. Art. ii.*

b) *Full fifty steps.*] Three hours and twenty minutes, fifteen degrees being reckoned to an hour.

c) *Sanleo.*] A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro.

d) *Noli.*] In the Genoese territory, between Finale and Savona.

e) *Bismantua.*] A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

f) *With the swift wing.*] Compare Paradise, canto xxxiii. 17.

g) *More than line.*] It was much nearer to being perpendicular than horizontal.

h) *From the left.*] Vellutello observes an imitation of Lucan in this passage.

Ignotum vobis, Arabes, venistis in orbem,

Umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras.

*Phars. lib. iii. 248.*

i) *Amaz'd.*] He wonders that being turned to the east he should see the sun on his left, since in all the regions on this side of the tropic of Cancer, it is seen on the right of one who turns his face towards the east; not recollecting that he was now antipodal to Europe, from whence he had seen the sun taking an opposite course.

j) *Were Leda's offspring.*] "As the constellation of the Gemini is nearer the Bears than Aries is, it is certain that if the sun, instead of being in Aries, had been in Gemini, both the sun



and that portion of the Zodiac made 'ruddy' by the sun, would have been seen to 'wheel nearer to the Bears.' By the 'ruddy Zodiac' must necessarily be understood that portion of the Zodiac affected or made red by the sun; for the whole of the Zodiac never changes, nor appears to change, with respect to the remainder of the heavens." *Lombardi*.

k) *The path.*] The ecliptic.

l) *Thou wilt see.*] "If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory, and that of Sion, are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

m) *That the mid orb.*] "That the equator (which is always situated between that part where, when the sun is, he causes summer, and the other where his absence produces winter) recedes from this mountain towards the north, at the time when the Jews inhabiting Mount Sion saw it depart towards the south." *Lombardi*.

n) *But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.*] Because in ascending he gets rid of the weight of his sins.

o) *Belacqua.*] Concerning this man, the commentators afford no information, except that in the margin of the Monte Casino M.S. there is found this brief notice of him: "Iste Belacqua fuit optimus magister cithararum, et leutorum, et pigrius homo in operibus mundi sicut in operibus animæ." "This Belacqua was an excellent master of the harp and lute, but very negligent in his affairs both spiritual and temporal." *Lettera di Eustazio Dicearcheo ad Angelio Sidicino*. 4to. Roma. 1801.

p) *The bird of God.*] Here are two other readings, "Uscier" and "Angel," "Usher" and "Angel" of God.

q) *Marocco's shore.*] Cuopre la notte già col piè Marocco. Hence, perhaps, Milton:

Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde.

*P. L. b. i. 584.*

instead of Morocco, as he elsewhere calls it:

Morocco and Algiers and Tremisen.

*P. L. b. xi. 404.*

If the vowels were to change places, the verse would in both instances be spoiled.

## CANTO. V.

a) *It seems as if the light not shone*

*From the left hand.]* The sun was, therefore, on the right of our travellers. For, as before, when seated and looking to the east from whence they had ascended, the sun was on their left; so now that they have risen and are again going forward, it must be on the opposite side of them.

b) *Of him beneath.]* Of Dante, who was following Virgil up the mountain, and therefore was the lower of the two.

c) *Be as a tower.]* Sta come torre ferma.

So Berni. Orl. Inn. lib. i. canto xvi. st. 48.

In quei due piedi sta fermo il gigante

Com' una torre in mezzo d'un castello.

And Milton, P. L. b. i. 591.

Stood like a tower.

d) *Ne'er saw I fiery vapours.]* Imitated by Tasso, G. L. canto xix. st. 62.

Tal suol fendendo liquido sereno

Stella cader della gran madre in seno.

and by Milton, P. L. b. iv. 558.

Swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd

Impress the air.

Compare Statius Theb. i. 92.

Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris.

e) *There.]* Upon the earth.

f) *That land.]* The Marca d'Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

g) *From thence I came.]* Giacompo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano, who having spoken ill of Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by his orders put to death. Giacompo was overtaken by the assassins at Oriaco, a place near the Brenta, from whence if he had fled towards Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea-shore, he might have escaped.

h) *The blood.*] Supposed to be the seat of life.

i) *Antenor's land.*] The city of Padua, said to be founded by Antenor. This implies a reflection on the Paduans. See Hell, xxxii. 89. Thus G. Villani calls the Venetians "the perfidious descendants from the blood of Antenor, the betrayer of his country Troy." Lib. xi. cap. 89.

j) *Of Montefeltro I.*] Buonconte (son of Guido da Montefeltro, whom we have had in the twenty-seventh Canto of Hell) fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289,) fighting on the side of the Aretini. In this engagement our Poet took a distinguished part, as we have seen related in his life.

k) *Giovanna.*] Either the wife, or a kinswoman of Buonconte.

l) *The hermit's seat.*] The hermitage of Camaldoli.

m) *Where it's name is cancel'd.*] That is, between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano falls into the Arno.

n) *Me God's angel took.*] Cum autem finem vitæ explesset servus Dei aspiciens vidit diabolum simul et Angelum ad animam stantem ac unusquisque illam sibi tollere festinantem. *Alberici Visio*, § 18.

o) *For one poor tear.*] Visum est quod angelus Domini lacrimas quas dives ille—fuderat in ampulla teneret. *Alberici Visio*, § 18.

p) *The evil will.*] The devil. Lombardi refers us to Albertus Magnus de Potentiâ Dæmonum. This notion of the Evil Spirit having power over the elements, appears to have arisen from his being termed the 'prince of the air,' in the New Testament.

q) *From Pratomagno to the mountain range.*] From Pratomagno, now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino) as far as to the Apennine.

r) *Pia.*] She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family of Tolommei, secretly made away with by her husband Nello della Pietra of the same city, in Maremma, where he had some possessions.

## CANTO VI.

a) *Revolving in his mind.*]

Riman dolente

Ripetendo le volte, e triste imparà.

Lombardi explains this: "that the loser remains by himself, and taking up the dice casts them over again, as if to learn how he may throw the numbers he could wish to come up." There is something very natural in this; but whether the sense can be fairly deduced from the words, is another question.

b) *Of Arezzo him.*] Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who having condemned to death Turrino da Turrita, brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was murdered by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but (as the commentators inform us) obtained so high a reputation by the liberality with which he was accustomed to dispense the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterwards invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII. A story is told of him by Boccaccio, G. x. N. 2.

c) *Him beside.*] Cione, or Ciaccio de' Tarlatti of Arezzo. He is said to have been carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while he was in pursuit of certain of his enemies.

d) *Frederic Novello.*] Son of the Conte Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

e) *Of Pisa he.*] Farinata de' Scornigiani of Pisa. His father Marzucco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely overcame the feelings of resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and, as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation.

f) *Count Orso.*] Son of Napoleone da Cerbaia, slain by Alberto da Mangona, his uncle.

g) *Peter de la Brosse.*] Secretary of Philip III. of France. The courtiers, envying the high place which he held in the king's

favour, prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person; for which supposed crime he suffered death.

So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to St. Louis, afterwards the favourite of Philip, fearing the too great attachment of the king for his wife Mary, accuses this princess of having poisoned Louis, eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny is discovered by a nun of Nivelles in Flanders. La Brosse is hung." *Abregé Chron.* 1275, &c. The Deputati, or those deputed to write annotations on the Decameron, suppose that Boccaccio, in the Giornata, ii. Novella 9, took the story from this passage in Dante, only concealing the real names and changing the incidents in some parts, in order not to wound the feelings of those whom, as it was believed, these incidents had so lately befallen. Ediz. Giunti. 1573. p. 40.

h) *In thy text.*] He refers to Virgil *Æn.* l. vi. 376.

*Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.*

i) ——— *The sacred height*

*Of judgment.*]

So Shakspeare, *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

*If he, which is the top of judgment.*

j) *Above.*] See *Purgat.* c. xxx. v. 32.

k) *The hill.*] It was now past the noon.

l) *Eying us as a lion on his watch.*]

*A guisa di Leon quando si posa.*

A line taken by Tasso. *G. L.* c. x. st. 56.

m) *Sordello.*] The history of Sordello's life is wrapt in the obscurity of romance. That he distinguished himself by his skill in Provençal poetry is certain; and many feats of military prowess have been attributed to him. It is probable that he was born towards the end of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding century. Tiraboschi, who terms him the most illustrious of all the Provençal poets of his age, has taken much pains to sift all the notices he could collect relating to him, and has particularly exposed the fabulous narrative which Platina has introduced on this subject in his history of Mantua. Honourable

mention of his name is made by our Poet in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. 15, where it is said that, remarkable as he was for eloquence, he deserted the vernacular language of his own country, not only in his poems, but in every other kind of writing. Tiraboschi had at first concluded him to be the same writer whom Dante elsewhere (De Vulg. Eloq. lib. ii. c. 13,) calls Gottus Mantuanus, but afterwards gave up that opinion to the authority of the Conte d' Arco and the Abate Bettinelli. By Bastero, in his *Crusca Provenzale*, Ediz. Roma, 1724, p. 94, amongst Sordello's MS. poems in the Vatican are mentioned "*Canzoni*, *Tenzoni*, *Cobbole*," and various "*Serventesi*," particularly one in the form of a funeral song on the death of Blancas, in which the poet reprehends all the reigning princes in Christendom. This last was well suited to attract the notice of our author. Mention of Sordello will recur in the notes to the *Paradise*, c. ix. v. 32.

n) *Thou inn of grief.*]

S' io son d'ogni dolore ostello e chiave.

*Vita Nuova di Dante*, p. 225.

Thou most beauteous inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?

*Shakspeare, Richard II.* act v. sc. 1.

o) *Thy living ones.*] Compare Milton, P. L. b. ii. 496, &c.

p) *Justinian's hand.*] "What avails it that Justinian delivered thee from the Goths and reformed thy laws, if thou art no longer under control of his successors in the empire?"

q) *That which God commands.*] He alludes to the precept—"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

r) *O German Albert!*] The Emperor Albert I. succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See *Par. canto* xix. 114.

s) *Thy successor.*] The successor of Albert was Henry of Luxembourg, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy, our Poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

t) *Thy sire.*] The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on increasing his power in Germany to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

u) *Capulets and Montagues.*] Our ears are so familiarized to the names of these rival houses in the language of Shakspeare, that I have used them instead of the "Montecchi" and "Cappelletti." They were two powerful Ghibelline families of Verona. In some parts of that play, of which they form the leading characters, our great dramatic poet seems to have been not a little indebted to Hadriana of Luigi Groto, commonly called Il cieco d'Adria. See Walker's Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, 4to. 1799, §. 1. p. 49.

v) *Filippeschi and Monaldi.*] Two other rival families in Orvieto.

w) *What safety Santafore can supply.*] A place between Pisa and Sienna. What he alludes to is so doubtful, that it is not certain whether we should not read "come si 'cura"—"How Santafore is governed." Perhaps the event related in the note to v. 58, canto xi. may be pointed at.

x) *Marcellus.*] Un Marcel diventa

Ogni villan che parteggiando viene.

Repeated by Alamanni in his Coltivazione, lib. i.

He probably means the Marcellus who opposed Julius Cæsar.

y) *Many refuse.*] He appears to have been of Plato's mind, that in a commonwealth of worthy men, place and power would be as much declined as they are now sought after and coveted: *κινδυνεύει πόλις ἀνδρῶν αγαθῶν εἰ γένοιτο, περιμαχητὸν αὖ εἶναι τὸ μὴ ἄρχειν, ὥσπερ νῦν τὸ ἄρχειν.* Πολιτ. Lib. A.

z) *A sick wretch.*] Imitated by the Cardinal de Polignac in his Anti-Lucretius, lib. i. 1052.

Ceu lectum peragrat membris languentibus æger,  
In latus alterne lævum dextrumque recumbens :  
Nec juvat : inde oculos tollit resupinus in altum :  
Nusquam inventa quies ; semper quæsita : quod illi  
Primum in deliciis fuerat, mox torquet et angit :  
Nec morbum sanat, nec fallit tædia morbi.

## CANTO VII.

- a) — *Where one of mean estate might clasp*

*His lord.*] So Ariosto, *Orl. F. c.* xxiv. st. 19.

E l'abbracciaro, ove il maggior s'abbraccia,  
Col capo undo e col ginocchio chino.

- b) *What desert.*] So Frezzi:

Qual grazia, o qual destin m' ha fatto degno  
Che io ti veggia. *Il Quadrir.* lib. iv. cap. 9.

- c) *There is a place.*] Limbo. See Hell, canto iv. 24.

- d) *The three holy virtues.*] Faith, Hope, and Charity.

- e) *The rest.*] Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

- f) *Only this line.*] "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness, knoweth not whether he goeth." *John* xii. 35.

g) *As large valleys.*] *Viatores enim per viam rectam dum ambulat, campum juxta viam cernentes spatiosum et pulchrum, oblitique itineris dicunt intra se iter per campum istum faciamus, &c.* *Alberici Visio*, § 28.

- h) *Indian wood.*]

Indico legno lucido e sereno.

It is a little uncertain what is meant by this. Indigo, although it is extracted from a herb, seems the most likely.

- i) *Fresh emeralds.*]

Under foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem. *Milton, P. L.* b. iv. 703.

Zaffir, rubini, oro, topazj, e perle,  
E diamanti, e crisoliti e giacinti  
Potriano i fiori assimigliar, che per le  
Liete piagge v'avea l'aura dipinti;  
Si verdi l'erbe, che potendo averle  
Qua giù ne foran gli smeraldi vinti.



j) *The sweetness.*]

E quella ia fiori, ai pomi, e alla verzura  
 Gli odor diversi depredando giva,  
 E di tutti faceva una mistura,  
 Che di soavit  l'alma notriva.

*Ariosto, Orl. Fur. canto xxxiv. st. 51.*

k) *Salve Regina.*] The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin. It is sufficient here to observe, that in similar instances I shall either preserve the original Latin words or translate them, as it may seem best to suit the purpose of the verse.

l) *The Emperor Rodolph.*] See the last Canto, v. 104. He died in 1291.

m) *That country.*] Bohemia.

n) *Ottocar.*] King of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Marchfield, fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Winceslaus II., his son, who succeeded him in the kingdom of Bohemia, died in 1305. The latter is again taxed with luxury in the Paradise, xix. 123.

o) *That one with the nose deprest.*] Philip III. of France, father of Philip IV. He died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

p) *Him of gentle look.*] Henry of Navarre, father of Jane, married to Philip IV. of France, whom Dante calls "mal di Francia"—"Gallia's bane."

q) *Gallia's bane.*] G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 146, speaks with equal resentment of Philip IV. "In 1291, on the night of the calends of May, Philip le Bel, King of France, by advice of Biccio and Musciatto Franzesi, ordered all the Italians, who were in his country and realm, to be seized, under pretence of seizing the money-lenders, but thus he caused the good merchants also to be seized and ransomed; for which he was much blamed and held in great abhorrence. And from thenceforth the realm of France fell evermore into degradation and decline. And it is observable, that between the taking of Acre and this seizure in France, the merchants of Florence received great damage and ruin of their property."

r) *He so robust of limb.*] Peter III. called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick, and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily. See G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 102, and Mariana, lib. xiv. cap. 9.

He is enumerated among the Provençal poets by Millot. *Hist. Litt. des Troubadours*, tom. iii. p. 150.

s) *Him of feature prominent.*] “*Dal maschio naso*”—“with the masculine nose.” Charles I. King of Naples, Count of Anjou, and brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284.]

The annalist of Florence remarks, that “there had been no sovereign of the house of France, since the time of Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown and prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding.” G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 94. We shall, however, find many of his actions severely reprobated in the twentieth Canto.

t) *That stripling.*] Either (as the old commentators suppose) Alonzo III. King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III. who died in 1291, at the age of 27; or, according to Venturi, Peter the youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue sufficient to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante. See Mariana, lib. xiv. cap. 14.

u) *By James and Frederick.*] See note to Canto iii. 112.

v) *Rarely.*]

Full well can the wise poet of Florence,  
That hight Dantes, speake in this sentence;  
Lo! in such manner rime is Dantes tale.  
Full selde upriseth by his branches smale  
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse  
Woll that we claim of him our gentlenesse:  
For of our elders may we nothing claime  
But temporal thing, that men may hurt and maime.

*Chaucer, Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Compare Homer *Od.* b. ii. v. 276; Pindar, *Nem.* xi. 48; and Euripides, *Electra*, 369.

w) *To Charles.*] “*Al Nasuto*”—“Charles II. King of Naples,

is no less inferior to his father Charles I. than James and Frederick to their's, Peter III." See canto xx. 78, and Paradise, canto xix. 125.

x) *Costanza*.] Widow of Peter III. She has been already mentioned in the third Canto, v. 112. By Beatrix and Margaret are probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; the latter married to St. Louis of France, the former to his brother Charles of Anjou. See Paradise, canto vi. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

y) *Harry of England*.] Henry III. The contemporary annalist speaks of this king in similar terms. G. Villani, lib. v. c. 4. "From Richard was born Henry, who reigned after him, who was a plain man and of good faith, but of little courage." With the exception of the last part of the sentence, which must be changed for its opposite, we might well imagine ourselves to be reading the character of our present venerable monarch. (A. D. 1819.)

z) *Better issue*.] Edward I. of whose glory our Poet was perhaps a witness, in his visit to England. "From the said Henry was born the good king Edward, who reigns in our times, who has done great things, whereof we shall make mention in due place." G. Villani, *ibid*.

aa) *William, that brave Marquis*.] William, Marquis of Montferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A. D. 1290, and ended his life in prison. See G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 135. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Montferrat and the Canavese, now a part of Piedmont.

## CANTO VIII.

- a) *That seems to mourn for the expiring day.*]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

*Gray's Elegy.*

b) *Te Lucis Ante.*] 'Te lucis ante terminum,' says Lombardi, is the first verse of the hymn sung by the church in the last part of the sacred office termed *compieta*, a service which our Chaucer calls "complin."

- c) *All my sense.*]

Fece me a me uscir di mente.

Me surpuerat mihi.

*Horat. Carm. lib. iv. od. 13.*

d) *Here, reader.*] Lombardi's explanation of this passage, by which the commentators have been much perplexed, though it may be thought rather too subtle and fine-spun, like the veil itself spoken of in the text, cannot be denied the praise of extraordinary ingenuity. "This admonition of the poet to his reader," he observes, "seems to relate to what has been before said, that these spirits sung the whole of the hymn, 'Te lucis ante terminum' throughout, even that second strophe of it—

Procul recedant somnia,

Et noctium phantasmata,

Hostemque nostrum comprime,

Ne polluantur corpora;

and he must imply, that these souls, being incorporeal, did not offer up this petition on their own account, but on ours, who are yet in this world; as he afterwards makes those other spirits, who repeat the Pater Noster, expressly declare, when after that prayer they add,

This last petition, dearest Lord! is made

Not for ourselves, &c.

Canto xi.

As, therefore, if we look through a very fine veil, the sight easily passes on, without perceiving it, to objects that lie on the other side; so here the poet fears that our mind's eye may insen-

sibly pass on to contemplate these spirits, as if they were praying for the relief of their own wants; without discovering the veil of our wants, with which they invest themselves in the act of offering up this prayer."

e) *As faculty.*]

My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd

As with an object, that excels the sense,  
Dazzled and spent.

Milton, P. L. b. viii. 457.

f) *Nino, thou courteous judge.*] Nino di Gallura de' Visconti, nephew to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and betrayed by him. See Notes to Hell, canto xxxiii.

g) *Conrad.*] Currado, father to Marcello Malaspina.

h) *My Giovanna.*] The daughter of Nino, and wife of Riccardo da Camino of Trevigi, concerning whom see Paradise, c. ix. 48.

i) *Her mother.*] Beatrice, Marchioness of Este, wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan. It is remarked by Lombardi, that the time which Dante assigns to this journey, and consequently to this colloquy with Nino Visconti, the beginning, that is, of April, is prior to the time which Bernardino Corio, in his history of Milan, part the second, fixes for the nuptials of Beatrice with Galeazzo; for he records her having been betrothed to that prince after the May of this year (1300), and her having been solemnly espoused at Modena on the 29th of June. Besides, however, the greater credit due to Dante, on account of his having lived at the time when these events happened, another circumstance in his favour is the discrepancy remarked by Giovambattista Giraldi (Commentar. delle cose di Ferrara), in those writers by whom the history of Beatrice's life has been recorded. Nothing can set the general accuracy of our poet, as to historical facts, in a stronger point of view, than the difficulty there is in convicting him of even so slight a deviation from it as is here suspected.

j) *The white and wimpled folds.*] The weeds of widowhood.

k) *The viper.*] The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

l) *Shrill Gallura's bird.*] The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. Hell, xxii. 80, and notes. It is not known whether Beatrice had any further cause to regret her nuptials with Galeazzo, than a certain shame which appears, however unreasonably, to have attached to a second marriage.

m) *The three torches.*] The three evangelical virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are supposed to rise in the evening, in order to denote their belonging to the contemplative; as the four others, which are made to rise in the morning, were probably intended to signify that the cardinal virtues belong to the active life: or perhaps it may mark the succession, in order of time, of the Gospel to the heathen system of morality.

n) *Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.*] Compare Milton's description of that serpent in the ninth book of the *Paradise Lost*.

o) *May the lamp.*] "May the divine grace find so hearty a co-operation on the part of thy own will, as shall enable thee to ascend to the terrestrial paradise, which is on the top of this mountain."

p) *Valdimagra.*] See Hell, canto xxiv. 144, and notes.

q) *That old one.*] An ancestor of Conrad Malaspina, who was also of that name.

r) *Seven times the tired sun.*] "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries seven times more, before thou shalt have still better cause for the good opinion thou expressest of Valdimagra, in the kind reception thou shalt there meet with." Dante was hospitably received by the Marchese Marcello, or Morello Malaspina, during his banishment, A.D. 1307.

## CANTO IX.

a) *Now the fair consort of Tithonus old.*]

La concubina di Titone antico.

So Tassoni, *Secchia Rapita*, c. viii. st. 15.

La puttarella del canuto amante.

Venturi, after some of the old commentators, interprets this to mean an Aurora, or dawn of the moon; but this seems highly improbable. From what follows it may be conjectured, that our poet intends us to understand that it was now near the break of day.

b) *Of that chill animal.*] The scorpion.

c) *The third was closing up it's wing.*] The night being divided into four watches, I think he may mean that the third was past, and the fourth and last was begun, so that there might be some faint glimmering of morning twilight; and not merely, as Lombardi supposes, that the third watch was drawing towards its close, which would still leave an insurmountable difficulty in the first verse. At the beginning of Canto xv. our Poet makes the evening commence three hours before sunset, and he may now consider the dawn as beginning at the same distance from sunrise. Those, who would have the dawn, spoken of in the first verse of the present Canto, to signify the rising of the moon, construe the "two steps of her ascent which the night had past," into as many hours, and not watches; so as to make it now about the third hour of the night. The old Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. alone, as far as I know, supposing the division made by St. Isidore, (*Orig. lib. 5.*) of the night into seven parts to be adopted by our Poet, concludes that it was the third of these; and he too, therefore, is for the Lunar dawn. Rosa Morando ingenuously confesses, that to him the whole passage is "non esplicabile o almeno difficillimo," inexplicable, or, at best, extremely difficult.

d) *All five.*] Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino, and Currado Malaspina.

e) *Rememb'ring haply ancient grief.*] Progne having been changed into a swallow after the outrage done her by Tereus. See Ovid, *Metam. lib. vi.*

f) *A golden-feather'd eagle.*] So Chaucer, in the House of Fame, at the conclusion of the first book and beginning of the second, represents himself carried up by the "Grim pawes" of a golden eagle. Much of his description is closely imitated from Dante:—

Methought I saw an eagle sore.

It was of golde and shone so bright,  
That never sawe men soche a sight.

*The House of Fame, b. i.*

This eagle, of which I have you tolde,  
That with fethirs shone al of golde,  
Whiche that so hie gan to sore,  
I gan beholdin more and more  
To seen her beautee and the wonder,  
But never was that dente of thonder,  
Ne that thinge that men callin foudre,  
That smite sometime a toure to poudre,  
And in his swifte comminge brend,  
That so swithe gan downward discende  
As this foule whan that it behelde,  
That I a rouse was in the felde,  
And with his grim pawes stronge,  
Within his sharpe nails longe,

Me fleying at a swappe he hent, &c. *Ibid. b. ii.*

"Avis candida columbæ similis adveniens . . . . per comam capitis suo me ore apprehendens ferre sublimem cepit." *Alberici Visio*, § 1.

g) *Lucia.*] The Enlightening Grace of heaven. Hell, c. ii. 97.

h) *The lowest stair.*] By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of the penitent reflects his offences; by the burnt and cracked one, his contrition on their account; and by that of porphyry, the fervour with which he resolves on the



future pursuit of piety and virtue. Hence, ~~No~~ doubt, Milton describing, "the gate of heaven." P. L. b. iii. 516. n/

Each stair mysteriously was meant.

i) *Seven times.*] Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

j) *Two keys.*] Lombardi remarks, that painters have usually drawn Saint Peter with two keys, the one of gold and the other of silver; but that Niccolo Alemanni, in his Dissertation de Parietinis Lateranensibus, produces instances of his being represented with one key, and with three. We have here, however, not Saint Peter, but an angel deputed by him.

k) *One is more precious.*] The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners; the silver expresses the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

l) *Harsh was the grating.*]

— On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder.

Milton, P. L. b. ii. 882.

m) *The Tarpeian.*]

Protinus abducto patuerunt templa Metello.

Tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat: magnoque reclusas

Testatur stridore fores: tunc conditus imo

Eruitur templo multis intactus ab annis

Romani census populi, &c. Lucan. Ph. lib. iii. 157.

The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,

While impious hands the rude assault renew;

The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,

And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.

At length the sacred storehouse, open laid,

The hoarded wealth of ages past displayed.

Rowe.

n) *Organ.*] Organs were used in Italy as early as in the sixth century. See Tiraboschi, Stor. della Lett. Ital. 4to. vol. iii. lib. iii. cap. i. § 11, where the following description of that instrument is

quoted from Cassiodorus, in Psalm 150:—"Organum itaque est quasi turris diversis fistulis fabricata, quibus flatu follium vox copiosissima destinatur, et ut eam modulatio decora componat, linguis quibusdam ligneis ab interiore parte construitur, quas disciplinabiliter Magistrorum digiti reprimentes grandisonam efficiunt et suavissonam cantilenam." If I remember right there is a passage in the Emperor Julian's writings, which shows that the organ was not unknown in his time.

## CANTO X.

a) *That wound.*] Venturi justly observes, that the Padre d' Aquino has misrepresented the sense of this passage in his translation.

—dabat ascensum tendentibus ultra

Scissa tremensque silex, tenuique erratica motu.

The verb "muover" is used in the same signification in the Inferno, canto xviii. 21,

Così da imo della roccia scogli

Moven.

—from the rock's low base

Thus flinty paths advanc'd.

In neither place is actual motion intended to be expressed.

b) *I spent with toil.*] Dante only was wearied, because he only had the weight of a bodily frame to encumber him.

c) *Hail.*]

—On whom the angel *Hail*

Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd

Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

*Milton, P. L. v. 387.*

d) *That from unbidden office awes mankind.*] And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God. 2 Sam. c. vi. 6, 7.

e) *Preceding.*] And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. 2 Sam. vi. 14.

f) *Gregory.*] St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell. See Paradise, Canto xx. 40.

g) *Trajan the Emperor.*] For this story, Landino refers to two writers, whom he calls "Helinando," of France, by whom he means Elinand, a monk and chronicler, in the reign of Philip Augustus, and "Polycrato," of England, by whom is meant John of Salisbury, author of the Polycraticus de Curialium Nugis, in the twelfth century. The passage in the text I find nearly a translation from that work, lib. v. c. 8. The original appears to be in Dio Cassius, where it is told of the Emperor Hadrian, lib. lxi. ἀμέλει γυναικὸς, κ. τ. λ. "when a woman appeared to him with a suit, as he was on a journey, at first he answered her, 'I have no leisure;' but she crying out to him, 'then reign no longer,' he turned about, and heard her cause." Lombardi refers also to Johannes Diaconus. Vita S. Gregor, lib. ii. cap. 44; the Eucho-logy of the Greeks, cap 96; and St. Thomas Aquinas Supplem. Quæst. 73, art 5 ad 5.

h) *Ponder.*] This is, in truth, an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of Purgatory. It is difficult to conceive how the best can meet death without horror, if they believe it must be followed by immediate and intense suffering.

i) *The winged insect.*] L'angelica farfalla.

The butterfly was an ancient and well-known symbol of the human soul. Venturi cites some lines from the Canzoni Anacreontiche of Magalotti, in which this passage is imitated.

j) *Abortive.*] The word in the original is entomata. Some critics, and Salvini amongst the rest, have supposed that Dante, finding in a vocabulary the Greek word ἐντομα with the article τὰ placed after it to denote its gender, mistook them for one word. From this error he is well exculpated by Rosa Morando in a passage quoted by Lombardi from the Osserv. Parad. III. where it is shown that the Italian word is formed, for the sake of the verse,

in analogy with some others used by our Poet; and that Redi himself, an excellent Greek scholar and a very accurate writer, has even in prose, where such licences are less allowable, thus lengthened it. It may be considered as some proof of our author's acquaintance with the Greek language, that in the *Convito*, p. 26, he finds fault with the version of Aristotle's ethics made by Taddeo d'Alderotto, the Florentine physician; and that in the treatise *de Monarchiâ*, lib. i. p. 110, he quotes a Greek word from Aristotle himself. On the other hand, he speaks of a passage in the same writer being doubtful, on account of its being differently interpreted in two different translations, a new and an old one, *Convito*, p. 75. And for the word "autentin," he refers to a vocabulary compiled by Uguccione Bentivegna of Pisa, a MS. that is, perhaps, still remaining, as Cinelli, in his MS. history of Tuscan writers referred to by Biscioni in the notes on the *Convito*, p. 142, speaks of it as being preserved in the library of S. Francesco at Cesena. After all, Dante's knowledge of Greek must remain as questionable as Shakspeare's of that language and of Latin.

k) *As, to support.*] Chillingworth, cap. vi. § 54, speaks of "those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear." And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his *Essay on Wit and Humour*, p. 4. § 3.

## CANTO XI.

a) *O thou Almighty Father.*] The first four lines are borrowed by Pulci, *Morg. Magg.* c. vi.

Dante, in his 'Credo,' has again versified the Lord's Prayer, if, indeed, the 'Credo' be Dante's, which some have doubted; and in the preface to Allacci's Collection it is ascribed to Antonio di Ferrara.

b) ——— *Such, whose wills*

*Have root of goodness in them.*] The Poet has before told us, that there are no others on earth whose prayers avail to shorten the pains of those who are in Purgatory.

c) *I was of Latium.*] Omberto, the son of Guglielmo Aldobrandesco, Count of Santafore, in the territory of Sienna. His arrogance provoked his countrymen to such a pitch of fury against him, that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

d) *Oderigi.*] The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante.

e) *Bolognian Franco.*] Franco of Bologna, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

f) *The forfeiture is paid.*]

Di tal superbia què si paga il fio.

So in the *Inferno*, c. xxvii. 135.

————— in che si paga il fio.

And Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* c. xxii. 59.

Prestate olà, che què si paga il fio.

g) ——— *If an age*

*Less bright succeed not!*] If a generation of men do not follow, among whom none exceeds or equals those who have immediately preceded them. "Etati grosse;" to which Volpi remarks a similar expression in Boileau.

Villon sût le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,

Debrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers.

*Art. Poétique*, ch. i.

h) *Cimabue.*] Giovanni Cimabue, the restorer of painting,

was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1240, and died in 1300. The passage in the text is an allusion to his epitaph.

Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere,

Sic tenuit vivens: nunc tenet astra poli.

i) *The cry is Giotto's.*] In Giotto we have a proof at how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were discovered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighbourhood of Florence, and he was afterwards patronized by Pope Benedict XI. and Robert King of Naples; and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likeness he has transmitted to posterity. He died in 1336, at the age of 60.

j) *One Guido from the other.*] Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our Poet, (see Hell, Canto x. 59,) had eclipsed the literary fame of Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family in Bologna, whom we shall meet with in the twenty-sixth Canto, and of whom frequent and honourable mention is made by our Poet in his Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. Guinicelli died in 1376, as is proved by Fantuzzi, on the Bolognian writers, tom. iv. p. 345. See Mr. Mathias's Tiraboschi, tom. i. p. 110. There are more of Guinicelli's poems to be found in Allacci's Collection, than Tiraboschi, who tells us he had not seen it, supposed. From these I have selected two, which appear to me singularly pathetic. Many of Cavalcanti's writings, hitherto in MS. are said to be publishing at Florence. See *Esprit des Journaux*, Jan. 1813.

Noi provamo ch' in questo cieco mondo  
 Ciascun si vive in angosciosa doglia,  
 Ch' in onni avversita ventura 'l tira.  
 Beata l' alma che lassa tal pondo,  
 E va nel ciel, dove è compita zoggia,  
 Zoglioso cor far de corrotto e dira.  
 Or dunque di chel vostro cor sospira  
 Che rallegrar si dè del suo migliore,  
 Che Dio, nostro signore,  
 Volse di lei, come avea l'angel detto,  
 Fare il ciel perfetto.  
 Per nuova cosa ogni santo la mira:

Ed ella sta d'avante alla salute ;  
Ed in ver lei parla ogni vertute.

*Allacci, Ediz. Napoli, 1661, p. 378.*

By proof, in this blind mortal world, we know,  
That each one lives in grief and sore annoy ;  
Such ceaseless strife of fortune we sustain.  
Blessed the soul, that leaves this weight below,  
And goes its way to heav'n, where it hath joy  
Entire, without a touch of wrath or pain.  
Now then what reason hath thy heart to sigh,  
That should be glad, as for desire fulfill'd,  
That God, our sovereign, will'd  
She, as He told His angel, should be giv'n  
To bless and perfect heav'n ?  
Each saint looks on her with admiring eye ;  
And she stands ever in salvation's sight ;  
And every virtue bends on her its light.

Conforto già conforto l'amor chiama,  
E pietà prega per Dio, fatti resto ;  
Or v' inchinate a sì dolce preghiera ;  
Spogliateri di questa vesta grama,  
Da che voi sete per ragion richiesto.  
Che l'uomo per dolor more e dispera.  
Con voi vedeste poi la bella ciera.  
Se v' accogliesse morte in disperanza,  
De sì grave pesanza  
Traete il vostro cor ormai per Dio,  
Che non sia così rio  
Ver l'alma vostra che ancora spiera  
Vederla in ciel e star nelle sue braccia,  
Dunque spene dà confortar vi piaccia.

*Ibid. p. 380.*

"Comfort thee, comfort thee," exclaimeth Love ;  
And Pity by thy God adjures thee "rest :"

Oh then incline thee to such gentle prayer ;  
 Nor Reason's plea should ineffectual prove,  
 Who bids thee lay aside this dismal vest :  
 For man meets death through sadness and despair.  
 Amongst you ye have seen a face so fair :  
 Be this in mortal mourning some relief.  
 And, for more balm of grief,  
 Rescue thy spirit from its heavy load,  
 Remembering thy God ;  
 And that in heav'n thou hop'st again to share  
 In sight of her, and with thine arms to fold :  
 Hope then ; nor of this comfort quit thy hold.

To these I will add a sonnet by the same writer, from the poems printed with the *Bella Mano* of *Giusto de' Conti*. Ediz. 1715, p. 167.

Io vo dal ver la mia donna laudare,  
 E rassembrarla alla rosa, ed al giglio,  
 Più che stella Diana splende, e pare,  
 Ciò che lassù è bello a lei somiglio.  
 Verdi rivere a lei rassembro, l'are,  
 Tutto color di porpora, e vermiglio,  
 Ore, ed argento, e ricche gioie preclare ;  
 Medesmo amor per lei raffina miglio.  
 Passa per via adorna, e sì gentile,  
 Cui bassa orgoglio, a cui dona salute,  
 E fal di nostra fe, se non la crede.  
 E non le può appressare, uom che sia vile,  
 Ancor ve ne dirò maggior vertute,  
 Nullo uom può mal pensar finchè la vede.

I would from truth my lady's praise supply,  
 Resembling her to lily and to rose ;  
 Brighter than morning's lucid star she shows,  
 And fair as that which fairest is on high.  
 To the blue wave, I liken her, and sky,  
 All colour that with pink and crimson glows,



Gold, silver, and rich stones: nay lovelier grows  
 E'en love himself, when she is standing by.  
 She passeth on so gracious and so mild,  
 One's pride is quench'd, and one of sick is well:  
 They fail in faith, who of such blessings err;  
 And none may near her come by harm defil'd.  
 A mightier virtue have I yet to tell;  
 No man may think of evil, seeing her.

The two following sonnets of Guido Cavalcanti may enable the reader to form some judgment whether Dante had sufficient reason for preferring him to his predecessor Guinicelli.

Io temo che la mia disavventura  
 Non faccia sì ch' io dico io mi dispero,  
 Però ch' io sento nel cor un pensiero,  
 Che fa tremar la mente di paura.  
 E dar ch' ei dica: Amor non t'assicura  
 In guisa che tu possa di leggiero  
 Alla tua donna sì contare il vero,  
 Che morte non ti ponga in sua figura.  
 Della gran doglia, che l'anima sente,  
 Si parte dallo core un tal sospiro  
 Che va dicendo: spiriti fuggite;  
 Allor null' uom, che sia pietoso, miro;  
 Che consolasse mia vita dolente,  
 Dicendo: spiriti non vi partite.

*Anecdota Literaria ex MSS. Codicibus eruta.*

Ediz. Roma. (no year) v. iii. p. 452.

I fear lest my mischance may so prevail,  
 That it may make me of myself despair.  
 For, my heart searching, I discover there  
 A thought that makes the mind with terror quail.  
 It says, meseemeth, "Love shall not avail  
 To strengthen thee so much, that thou shalt dare  
 Tell her, thou lov'st, thy passion or thy pray'r,  
 To save from pow'r of death thy visage pale."  
 Through the dread sorrow that o'erwhelms my soul,

There issues from my bosom such a sigh,  
 As passeth, crying; "Spirits, flee away."  
 And then, when I am fainting in my dole,  
 No man so merciful there standeth by,  
 To comfort me, and answer; "Spirits, stay."

Beltà di donna, e di saccente core,  
 E cavalieri armati, che sian genti,  
 Cantar d'augelli, e ragionar d'amore,  
 Adorni legni in mar, forti e correnti:

Aria serena, quando appar l'albore,  
 E bianca neve scender senza venti,  
 Rivera d'acqua, e prato d'ogni fiore,  
 Oro, e argento, azurro in ornamenti:

Ciò che può la beltate, e la valenza  
 Della mia donna in suo gentil coraggio,  
 Par che rassembra vile a chi cio guarda.

E tanto ha più d'ogni altra conoscenza,  
 Quanto lo Ciel di questa terra è maggio,  
 A simil di natura ben non tarda.

*La Bella Mano e Rime Antiche.* Ediz, Firenze  
 1715. p. 128.

Whatso is fair in lady's face or mind,  
 And gentle knights caparison'd and gay,  
 Singing of sweet birds unto love inclin'd,  
 And gallant barks that cut the watery way;  
 The white snow falling without any wind,  
 The cloudless sky at break of early day,  
 The crystal stream, with flowers the meadow lin'd,  
 Silver, and gold, and azure for array:  
 To him that sees the beauty and the worth  
 Whose pow'r doth meet and in my lady dwell,  
 All seem as vile, their price and lustre gone.  
 And, as the heav'n is higher than the earth,  
 So she in knowledge doth each one excel,  
 Not slow to good in nature like her own.

k) *He perhaps is born.*] Some imagine, with much probability, that Dante here augurs the greatness of his own poetical reputation. Others have fancied that he prophesies the glory of Petrarch. But Petrarch was not yet born. Lombardi doubts whether it is not spoken generally of human vicissitudes.

l) *A suitor.*] Provenzano Salvani humbled himself so far for the sake of one of his friends, who was detained in captivity by Charles I. of Sicily, as personally to supplicate the people of Sienna to contribute the sum required by the king for his ransom: and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition and pride. He fell in the battle of Vald'Elsa, wherein the Florentines discomfited the Siennese in June, 1269. G. Villani relates some curious particulars of his fate. "Messer Provenzano Salvani, the lord and conductor of the army, was taken, and his head cut off and carried through all the camp fixed upon a lance. And well was accomplished the prophecy and revelation made to him by the Devil by way of witchcraft, but he understood it not; for having compelled him to answer how he should succeed in the said engagement, he told him lyingly; 'Thou shalt go, fight, conquer not, die in the battle, and thy head shall be the highest in the camp.' And he thought to have the victory, and from these words thought to remain master of all, and noted not the fallacy, where he said "conquer not, die." And therefore it is great folly to trust such counsel as that of the Devil." Lib. vii. cap. 31.

m) *Thy neighbours soon.*] "Thou wilt know in the time of thy banishment, which is near at hand, what it is to solicit favours of others and 'tremble through every vein,' lest they should be refused thee."

## CANTO XII.

- a) *The Thymbræan god.*] Apollo.

Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbræus Apollo.

*Virg. Georg. iv. 323.*

- b) *Mars.*]

With such a grace,

The giants that attempted to scale heaven,

When they lay dead on the Phlegræan plain,

Mars did appear to Jove.

*Beaumont and Fletcher. The Prophetess, act ii. sc. 3.*

- c) *Sennaar's plain.*]

The builders such of Babel on the plain

Of Sennaar.

*Milton, P. L. b. iii. 467.*

- d) *O Rehoboam.*] 1 Kings, xii. 18.

- e) *Alcmæon.*] *Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 445,* and *Homer Od. xi. 325;*

- f) *Sennacherib.*] 2 Kings, xix. 37.

- g) *Tomyris.*] Caput Cyri amputatum in utrem humano sanguine repletum conjici Regina jubet cum hac exprobratione crudelitatis, Satia te, inquit, sanguine quem sitisti, cujusque insatiabilis semper fuisti. *Justin. lib. i. cap. 8.*

- h) *Holofernes.*] *Judith, cap. xv. 1, 2, 3.*

- i) *What master of the pencil or the style.*]

—inimitable on earth

By model, or by shading pencil drawn.

*Milton, P. L. b. iii. 509.*

- j) *The sixth handmaid.*] Compare Canto xxii. 116.

- k) *The chapel stands.*] The church of San Miniato in Florence, situated on a height that overlooks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge Rubaconte, so called from Messer Rubaconte da Mandella, of Milan, chief magistrate of Florence, by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. See G. Villani, lib. vi. cap. 27.

- l) *The well-guided city.*] This is said ironically of Florence.

- m) *The registry.*] In allusion to certain instances of fraud committed in Dante's time with respect to the public accounts and measures. See *Paradise, canto xvi. 103.*

n) *Blessed.*] Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. *Matth.* v. 3.

o) *Sin's broad characters.*] Of the seven P's, that denoted the same number of sins (*Peccata*) whereof he was to be cleansed (See Canto ix. 100), the first had now vanished in consequence of his having past the place where the sin of pride, the chief of them, was expiated.

## CANTO XIII.

a) *If.*] "Unless there be some urgent necessity for traveling by night, the day-light should be preferred for that purpose."

b) *They have no wine.*] John, ii. 3. These words of the Virgin are referred to as an instance of charity.

c) *Orestes.*] Alluding to his friendship with Pylades.

d) *Love ye those have wrong'd you.*] "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." *Matt.* v. 44.

e) *The scourge.*] "The chastisement of envy consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue, charity. As a curb and restraint on this vice, you will presently hear very different sounds, those of threatening and punishment."

f) *So may heaven's grace.*]

Si tosto grazia risolva le schiume

Di vostra coscienza, sì che chiaro

Per esso scenda della mente il fiume.

This is a fine moral, and finely expressed. Unless the conscience be cleared from its impurity, which it can only thoroughly be by an influence from above, the mind itself cannot act freely and clearly. "If ye will do his will, ye shall know of the doctrine."

g) ——— *Citizens*

*Of one true city.*] "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." *Heb.* xiii.

h) *Sapia.*] A lady of Sienna, who living in exile at Colle, was so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place, that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her die contented. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. says of this lady: "fuit uxor D. Cinii de Pigezo de Senis."

i) *And pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.*] That her countrymen should be defeated in battle.

j) *The merlin.*] The story of the merlin is, that having been induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, he was soon oppressed by the rigour of the season.

k) *The hermit Piero.*] Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

l) *The woe beneath.*] Dante felt that he was much more subject to the sin of pride, than to that of envy; and this is just what we should have concluded of a mind such as his.

m) *That vain multitude.*] The Siennese. See Hell, c. xxix. 117. "Their acquisition of Telamone, a seaport on the confines of the Maremma, has led them to conceive hopes of becoming a naval power; but this scheme will prove as chimerical as their former plan for the discovery of a subterraneous stream under their city." Why they gave the appellation of Diana to the imagined stream, Venturi says he leaves it to the antiquaries of Sienna to conjecture.

n) *They who lead.*] The Latin note to the Monte Casino MS. informs us, that those who were to command the fleets of the Siennese, in the event of their becoming a naval power, lost their lives during their employment at Telamone, through the pestilent air of the Maremma, which lies near that place.

## CANTO XIV.

a) *Say.*] The two spirits who thus speak to each other are, Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli of Romagna.

b) *Accost him.*] It is worthy of remark, that the Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. agrees with Landino in reading "a colo," instead of "accolo," and interprets it as he does: "Nil aliud vult auctor dicere de colo, nisi quod cum interroget ita dulciter ut respondeat (sic) eum ad colum, id est quod tantum respondeat auctor eis quod animus eorum remaneat in quiete et non in suspenso." "The author means to say, that the spirit should interrogate him courteously, that he may return such an answer as shall put a *period* to their suspense." Still I have retained my translation of the common reading generally supposed to be put by syncope for "accoglilo," "accost him."

c) *The one.*] Guido del Duca.

d) *A brooklet.*] The Arno, that rises in Falterona, a mountain in the Apennine. Its course is a hundred and twenty miles according to G. Villani, who traces it accurately.

e) *The other.*] Rinieri di Calboli.

f) *From the source.*] "From the rise of the Arno in that 'Alpine steep,' the Apennine, from whence Pelorus in Sicily was torn by a convulsion of the earth, even to the point where the same river unites its waters to the ocean, Virtue is persecuted by all."

g) *Maim'd of Pelorus.*] Virg. *Æn.* lib. iii. 414.

———— A hill

Torn from Pelorus.

*Milton, P. L. b. i. 232.*

h) *That doth scarcely pass.*] "Pelorus is in few places higher than Falterona, where the Arno springs." Lombardi explains this differently, and, I think, erroneously.

i) *'Midst brute swine.*] The people of Casentino.

j) *Curs.*] The Arno leaves Arezzo about four miles to the left.

k) *Foss.*] So in his anger he terms the Arno.

l) *Wolves.*] The Florentines.

- m) *Foxes.*] The Pisans.
- n) *My words are heard.*] It should be recollected that Guido still addresses himself to Rinieri.
- o) *For this man.*] "For Dante, who has told us that he comes from the banks of Arno."
- p) *Thy grandson.*] Fulcieri da Calboli, grandson of Rinieri da Calboli who is here spoken to. The atrocities predicted came to pass in 1302. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. 59.
- q) *What thou wilt not do.*] Dante having declined telling him his name. See v. 22.
- r) *Why place.*] This will be explained in the ensuing Canto.
- s) *'Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore.*] The boundaries of Romagna.
- t) *Fancy.*] "Trastullo." Quadrio, in the notes on the second of the Salmi Penitenziali of our author, understands this in a higher sense, as meaning that joy which results from an easy and constant practice of virtue. See Opere di Dante, Zatta ediz. tom. iv. part ii. p. 193. And he is followed by Lombardi.
- u) *Lizio.*] Lizio da Valbona introduced into Boccaccio's Decameron, G. V. N. 4.
- v) *Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna.*] Arrigo Manardi of Faenza, or, as some say, of Brettinoro; Pier Traversaro, lord of Ravenna; and Guido di Carpigna of Montefeltro.
- w) *In Bologna the low artisan.*] One who had been a mechanic, named Lambertaccio, arrived at almost supreme power in Bologna.

Quando in Bologna un Fabro si ralligna.

Quando in Faenza un Bernardin di Fosco.

The pointing and the marginal note of the Monte Casino MS. entirely change the sense of these two lines. There is a mark of interrogation added to each; and by way of answer to both there is written, "Quasi dicat numquam." Fabro is made a proper name, and it is said of him: "Iste fuit Dom. Faber de Lambertaciis de Bononia;" and Benvenuto da Imola calls him "Nobilis Miles." I have not ventured to alter the translation so as to make it accord with this interpretation, as it must have been done in the face, I believe, of nearly all the editions, and, as far as may be gathered



from the silence of Lombardi, of the MSS. also which that commentator had consulted.

x) *Yon Bernardin.*] Bernardin di Fosco, a man of low origin, but great talents, who governed at Faenza.

y) *Prata.*] A place between Faenza and Ravenna.

z) *Of Azzo him.*] Ugolino, of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany.

aa) *With us.*] Lombardi claims the reading "nosco," instead of "vosco," "with us," instead of "with you," for his favourite edition; but it is also in Landino's of 1488.

ab) *Tignoso.*] Federigo Tignoso of Rimini.

ac) *Traversaro's house and Anastagio's.*] Two noble families of Ravenna. See v. 100. She, to whom Dryden has given the name of Honoria, in the fable so admirably paraphrased from Boccaccio, was of the former: her lover and the spectre were of the Anastagi family. See Canto xxviii. 20.

ad) *The ladies, &c.*]

Le donne, e i cavalier, gli affami, e gli agi

Che ne 'nvogliava amore e cortesia.

These two lines express the true spirit of chivalry. "Agi" is understood, by the commentators whom I have consulted, to mean "the ease procured for others by the exertions of knight-errantry." But surely it signifies the alternation of ease with labour. Venturi is of opinion that the opening of the Orlando Furioso—

Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,

Le corttesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,

originates in this passage.

ae) *Courtesy.*] "Cortesia e onestade," &c. *Convito*, p. 65.

"Courtesy and honour are all one; and because anciently virtue and good manners were usual in courts, as the contrary now is, this term was derived from thence: courtesy was as much as to say, custom of courts; which word, if it were now taken from courts, especially those of Italy, would be no other than turpitude," "turpezza."

——— Courtesy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds

With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls

And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
And yet is most pretended. *Milton, Comus.*

Marino has exceeded his usual extravagance in his play on this word.

Ma come può vero diletto ? ò come  
Vera quiete altrui donar la Corte ?  
Le diè la Cortesia del proprio nome  
Solo il principio, il fine ha della Morte.

*Adone, c. ix. st. 77.*

af) *O Brettinoro.*] A beautifully situated castle in Romagna, the hospitable residence of Guido del Duca, who is here speaking. Landino relates, that there were several of this family, who, when a stranger arrived amongst them, contended with one another by whom he should be entertained; and that in order to end this dispute, they set up a pillar with as many rings as there were fathers of families among them, a ring being assigned to each, and that accordingly as a stranger on his arrival hung his horse's bridle on one or other of these, he became his guest to whom the ring belonged.

ag) *Bagnacavallo.*] A castle between Imola and Ravenna.

ah) ——— *Castracaro ill*

*And Conio worse.*] Both in Romagna.

ai) *Counties.*) I have used this word here for "Counts," as it is in Shakspeare.

aj) *Pagani.*) The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola. One of them, Machinardo, was named *the Demon*, from his treachery. See Hell, canto xxvii. 47, and note.

ak) *Not so howe'er.*] "Yet your offspring will be stained with some vice, and will not afford true proof of the worth of your ancestors."

al) *Hugolin.*] Ugolino Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous person in Faenza, who, on account of his age probably, was not likely to leave any offspring behind him. He is enumerated among the poets by Crescimbeni, and by Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's edit. vol. i. p. 143.

Perticari cites a beautiful little poem by him in the *Apologia di Dante*, Parte 2, c. 27.

am) *Such*.] Here again the Nidobeatina edition adopted by Lombardi, and the Monte Casino MS. differ from the common reading, and both have

Si m' ha nostra region la mente stretta.

Our country's sorrow hath so wrung my heart :

instead of

Si m' ha vostra region, &c.

an) — *Whosoever finds*

*Will slay me*.] The words of Cain, Gen. iv. 14.

ao) *Aglauros*.] Ovid Met. lib. ii. fab. 12.

ap) *There was the galling bit*.] Referring to what had been before said, Canto xiii. 35. The commentators remark the unusual word "*camo*," which occurs here in the original ; but they have not observed, I believe, that Dante himself uses it in the *De Monarchiâ*, lib. iii. p. 155.

aq) *Heav'n calls*.] Venturi refers to an imitation of this by Petrarch :

Or ti solleva a più beata speme,  
Mirando il ciel, che ti si volve intorno.

## CANTO XV.

a) *As much*.] It wanted three hours of sunset.

b) *As when the ray*.]

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen aënis  
Sole repperctum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,  
Omnia pervolat late loca, jamque sub auras  
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.

*Æn.* lib. viii. 25.

Compare Apoll. Rhodius, iii. 755.

c) *Ascending at a glance*.]

Quod simul ac primum sub divo splendor aquai  
Ponitur : extemplo, cœlo stellante, serena

Sidera respondent in aquâ radiantia mundi.

Jamne vides igitur, quam parvo tempore imago

Ætheris ex oris ad terrarum accidat oras.

*Lucret.* lib. iv. 215.

d) *And as much.*] Lombardi, I think justly, observes that this does not refer to the length of time which a stone is falling to the ground, but to the perpendicular line which it describes when falling, as contrasted with the angle of incidence formed by light reflected from water or from a mirror.

e) *Blessed the merciful.*] *Matt.* v. 7.

f) *Romagna's spirit.*] Guido del Duca, of Brettinoro, whom we have seen in the preceding canto.

g) *For there.*] Landino has here cited, in addition to Seneca and Boetius, the two following apposite passages from Augustine and Saint Gregory: "Nullo modo fit minor accedente consortio possessio bonitatis, quam tanto latius quanto concordius individua sociorum possidet caritas." *Augustin. de civitate Dei.* "Qui facibus invidiæ carere desiderat, illam possessionem appetat, quam numerus possidentium non angustat."

h) *Provide but thou.*] "Take heed that thou be healed of the five remaining sins, as thou already art of the two, namely, pride and envy."

i) *A dame.*] *Luke* ii. 48.

j) *Over this city.*] Athens, named after 'Αθήνη, Minerva, in consequence of her having produced a more valuable gift for it in the olive, than Neptune had done in the horse.

k) *How shall we those requite.*] The answer of Pisistratus the tyrant to his wife, when she urged him to inflict the punishment of death on a young man, who, inflamed with love for his daughter, had snatched a kiss from her in public. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib. v. 1.

l) *A stripling youth.*] The protomartyr Stephen.

## CANTO XVI.

a) *As thou.*] "As if thou wert still living."

b) *I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd.*] A Venetian gentleman. "Lombardo," both was his surname and denoted the country to which he belonged. G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. 120, terms him "a wise and worthy courtier."

Benvenuto da Imola, says Landino, relates of him, that being imprisoned and not able to pay the price of his ransom, he applied by letter to his friend Riccardo da Camino, lord of Trevigi, for relief. Riccardo set on foot a contribution among several nobles of Lombardy for the purpose; of which when Marco was informed, he wrote back with much indignation to Riccardo, that he had rather die than remain under obligations to so many benefactors. It is added that Riccardo then paid the whole out of his own purse. Of this generous man I have occasion to speak again in the notes to canto viii. 71, and to Par. canto ix. 48.

c) *Elsewhere.*] He refers to what Guido del Duca had said in the fourteenth canto, concerning the degeneracy of his countrymen.

d) *If this were so.*) Mr. Crowe, in his Lewesdon Hill, has expressed similar sentiments with much energy.

Of this be sure,

Where freedom is not, there no virtue is:

If there be none, this world is all a cheat,

And the divine stability of heav'n

(That assured seat for good men after death)

Is but a transient cloud, display'd so fair

To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need

Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,

Vanishing in a lie, &c.

So, also, Frezzi, in his *Quadriregio*:

Or sappi ben che Dio ha dato il freno

A voi di voi; e, se not fosse questo,

Libero arbitrio in voi sarebbe meno. Lib. ii. cap. 1.

There is much more on this subject at the conclusion of the

eighth Capitolo of this book. Compare also Origen. in Genesin. Patrum Græcor. vol. xi. p. 14. Werceburgi, 1783, 8vo. and Tertullian, Contra Marcionem, lib. ii. p. 458. Lutetiæ, 1641. fol.

A very noble passage on the freedom of the will occurs in the first book De Monarchiâ, beginning "Et humanum genus, potissimum liberum, optime se habet." "The human race, when most completely free, is in its highest state of excellence."

e) *To mightier force.*] "Though ye are subject to a higher power than that of the heavenly constellations, even to the power of the great Creator himself, yet ye are still left in the possession of liberty."

f) *Like a babe that wantons sportively.*] This reminds us of the Emperor Hadrian's verses to his departing soul.

Animula vagula blandula, &c.

g) *The fortress.*] Justice, the most necessary virtue in the chief magistrate, as the commentators for the most part explain it: and it appears manifest from all our Poet says in his first book De Monarchiâ, concerning the authority of the temporal Monarch and concerning Justice, that that they are right. Yet Lombardi understands the law here spoken of to be the law of God; *the sovereign*, a spiritual ruler; and *the true city*, the society of true believers; so that *the fortress*, according to him, denotes the principal parts of Christian duty.

h) *Who.*] He compares the Pope, on account of the union of the temporal with the spiritual power in his person, to an unclean beast in the levitical law. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you." *Levit.* xi. 4.

i) *Two suns.*] The Emperor and the Bishop of Rome. There is something similar to this in the De Monarchiâ, lib. iii. p. 138. "They say first, according to that text in Genesis, that God made two great lights, the greater light and the lesser, the one to rule the day and the other the night: then, that as the moon, which is the lesser light, has no brightness, except as she receives it from the sun, so neither has the temporal kingdom authority, except what it receives from the spiritual government." The fallacy of which reasoning (if such it can be called) he proceeds to prove.

j) *That land.*] Lombardy.

k) *Ere the day.*] Before the Emperor Frederick II. was defeated before Parma, in 1248. G. Villani, lib. vi. cap. 35.

l) *The old time.*] L'antica età.

It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 4.*

m) *The good Gherardo.*] Gherardo di Camino, of Trevigi. He is honourably mentioned in our Poet's Convito, p. 173. "Let us suppose that Gherardo da Camino had been the grandson of the meanest hind that ever drank of the Sile or the Cagnano, and that his grandfather was not yet forgotten; who will dare to say that Gherardo da Camino was a mean man, and who will not agree with me in calling him noble? Certainly no one, however presumptuous, will deny this; for such he was, and as such let him ever be remembered." Tiraboschi supposes him to have been the same Gherardo, with whom the Provençal poets were used to meet a hospitable reception. "This is probably that same Gherardo, who, together with his sons, so early as before the year 1254, gave a kind and hospitable reception to the Provençal Poets." Mr. Mathias's edition, tom. i. p. 137.

n) *Conrad.*] Currado da Palazzo, a gentleman of Brescia.

o) *Guido of Castello.*] Of Reggio. All the Italians were called Lombards by the French.

p) *Fall'n into the mire.*] There is a passage resembling this in the De Vulg. Eloq. lib. ii. cap. 4. "Ante omnia ergo dicimus unumquemque debere materiæ pondus propriis humeris excipere æquale, ne forte humerorum nimio gravatam virtutem in cænium cespitare necesse sit."

q) *His daughter Gaïa.*] A lady equally admired for her modesty, the beauty of her person, and the excellency of her talents. Gaïa, says Tiraboschi, may perhaps lay claim to the praise of having been the first among the Italian ladies, by whom the vernacular poetry was cultivated. This appears (although no one has yet named her as a poetess) from the MS. Commentary on the Commedia of Dante, by Giovanni da Serravalle, afterwards bishop of Fermo, where, commenting on Canto xvi. of the



Purgatory, he says: "De istâ Gajâ filiâ dicti boni Gerardi, possent dici multæ laudes, quia fuit prudens domina, literata, magni consilii, et magnæ prudentiæ, maximæ pulchritudinis, quæ scivit bene loqui rhytmatice in vulgari."

## CANTO XVII.

a) *On an alpine height.*] "Nell' alpe." Although the Alps, as Landino remarks, are properly those mountains which divide Italy from France, yet from them all high mountains are in the Tuscan language, though not in the Latin, termed Alps. Milton uses the word thus generally in the Samson Agonistes:

Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.

And this is a sufficient answer to the charge of impropriety which is brought by Dr. Johnson, on the introduction of it into that drama. See the Rambler, No. 140.

b) — *The bird that most*

*Delights itself in song.*] I cannot think with Vellutello, that the swallow is here meant. Dante probably alludes to the story of Philomela, as it is found in Homer's Odyssey, b. xix. 518, rather than as later poets have told it. "She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale." Cowper's note on this passage.

In speaking of the nightingale, let me observe, that while some have considered it's song as a melancholy, and others as a cheerful one, Chiabrera appears to have come nearest the truth, when he says, in the Alcippo, act i. sc. 1.

Non mai si stanca d'iterar le note,

O gioconde o dogliose,

Al sentir dilettose.



Unwearied still reiterates her lays,  
Jocund or sad, delightful to the ear.

See a very pleasing letter on this subject by a late illustrious statesman. *Address to the reader prefixed to Fox's History of James II. Edit. 1808.* p. xii; and a beautiful poem by Mr. Coleridge. I know not whether the following lines by a neglected poet have yet been noticed, as showing the diversity of opinions that have prevailed respecting the song of this bird.

The chearful birds

With sweetest notes to sing their Maker's praise.  
Among the which, the merrie nightingale  
With swete and swete, her breast against a thorn,  
Ringes out all night. *Vallans, Tale of Two Swannes.*

- c) *One crucified.*] Haman. See the book of Esther, c. vii.  
d) *Like a bubble.*]

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.

*Shakspeare, Macbeth, act i. sc. iii.*

e) *A damsel.*] Lavinia, mourning for her mother Amata, who, impelled by grief and indignation for the supposed death of Turnus, destroyed herself. *Æn.* lib. xii. 595.

f) *The broken slumber quivering ere it dies.*] Venturi suggests that this bold and unusual metaphor may have been formed on that in Virgil.

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris  
Incipit, et dono divûm gratissima serpit.

*Æn.* lib. ii. 268.

g) *The peace-makers.*] "Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God." *Matt.* v. 9.

h) *The love.*] "A defect in our love towards God, or lukewarmness in piety is here removed."

i) *Or natural.*] Lombardi refers to the Convito, Canz. i. Tratt. 2, cap. 3, where this subject is diffusely treated by our Poet.

j) *While e'er it seeks.*] So Frezzi:

E s'egli è ben, che d'altro ben dipende,  
Non s'ami quasi per se esistente,  
Se vuoi, che quando è tolto, non t'offenda.

*Il Quadriv.* lib. ii. cap. 14.

This Capitolo, which describes the punishment of those who give way to inordinate grief for the loss of their kindred, is marked by much power of imagination and a sublime morality.

k) *The primal blessings.*] Spiritual good.

l) *The inferior.*] Temporal good.

m) *Now.*] "It is impossible for any being, either to hate itself, or to hate the First Cause of all, by which it exists. We can therefore only rejoice in the evil which befalls others."

n) *There is.*] The proud.

o) *There is.*] The envious.

p) *There is he.*] The resentful.

q) *This threefold love is mourn'd.*] Frezzi alludes to this distinction.

Superbia puote essere in tre modi ;  
Si come si dimostra dalla Musa,  
La qual hai letta, e che tu tanto lodi.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. iii. cap. 2.

r) *Along three circles.*] According to the allegorical commentators, as Venturi has observed, Reason is represented under the person of Virgil, and Sense under that of Dante. The former leaves to the latter to discover for itself the three carnal sins, avarice, gluttony, and libidinousness ; having already declared the nature of the spiritual sins, pride, envy, anger, and indifference, or lukewarmness in piety, which the Italians call *accidia*, from the Greek word *ἀκηδία*, and which Chaucer vainly endeavoured to naturalize in our language. See the *Persone's Tale*. Lombardi refers to Thomas Aquinas, lib. i. Quæst. 72. Art. 2. for the division here made by our poet.

## CANTO XVIII.

a) *The teacher ended.*] Compare Plato. Protagoras, v. iii. p. 123. Bip. edit. *Πρωταγόρας μὲν τοσαῦτα, κ. τ. λ.* Apoll. Rhod. l. i. 513, and Milton, P. L. b. viii. 1.

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear

So charming left his voice, that he awhile

Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

b) *Your apprehension.*] It is literally, "Your apprehensive faculty derives intension from a thing really existing, and displays that intension within you, so that it makes the soul turn to it." The commentators labour in explaining this; but whatever sense they have elicited, may, I think, be resolved into the words of the translation in the text.

c) *Perhaps.*] "Our author," Venturi observes, "uses the language of the Peripatetics, which denominates the *kind* of things, as determinable by many differences, *matter*. Love then, in kind perhaps, appears good; and it is said *perhaps*, because, strictly speaking, *in kind* there is neither good nor bad, neither praiseworthy nor blameable." To this Lombardi adds, that what immediately follows, namely, that "every mark is not good although the wax be so," answers to this interpretation. For the wax is precisely as the determinable matter, and the mark or impression as the determining form; and even as the wax, which is either good, or at least not bad, may, by being imprinted by a bad figure, acquire the name of bad; so may love be said generally to be good or at least not bad, and acquire the name of bad by being determined to an unfit object.

d) *Spirit.*] The human soul, which differs from that of brutes, inasmuch as though united with the body it has a separate existence of its own.

e) *That virtue.*] Reason.

f) *Or severs.*] Lest the reader of the original should be misled, it is right to warn him that the word "vigliare" must not be confounded with "vagliare" to winnow, and strictly means "to separate from the straw what remains of the grain after the

threshing." The process is distinctly described in the notes on the Decameron, p. 77. Ediz. Giunti. 1573, where this passage is referred to.

g) *Those men.*] The great moral philosophers among the heathens.

h) *A crag.*] I have preferred the reading of Landino, *scheg-gion*, "crag," conceiving it to be more poetical than *secchion*, "bucket," which is the common reading. The same cause, the vapours, which the commentators say might give the appearance of increased magnitude to the moon, might also make her seem broken at her rise. Lombardi explains it differently. The moon being, as he says, in the fifth night of her wane, has exactly the figure of a brazen bucket, round at the bottom and open at top; and, if we suppose it to be all on fire, we shall have, besides the form of the moon, her colour also. There is a simile in one of Fielding's novels very like this, but so ludicrous that I am unwilling to disturb the reader's gravity by inserting it.

i) *Up the vault.*] The moon passed with a motion opposite to that of the heavens, through the constellation of the Scorpion, in which the sun is, when to those who are in Rome he appears to set between the isles of Corsica and Sardinia.

j) *Andes.*] Andes, now Pietola, made more famous than Mantua, near which it is situated, by having been the birth-place of Virgil.

k) *Ismenus and Asopus.*] Rivers near Thebes.

l) *Mary.*] "And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Judah; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth." *Luke* i. 39, 40.

m) *Cæsar.*] See Lucan, *Phars.* lib. iii. and iv. and Cæsar de *Bello Civili*, lib. i. Cæsar left Brutus to complete the siege of Marseilles, and hastened on to the attack of Afranius and Petreius, the generals of Pompey, at Ilerda (Lerida) in Spain.

n) *Abbot.*] Alberto, abbot of San Zeno in Verona, when Frederick I. was emperor, by whom Milan was besieged and reduced to ashes, in 1162.

o) *There is he.*] Alberto della Scala, lord of Verona, who had made his natural son abbot of San Zeno.

p) *First they died.*] The Israelites, who on account of their disobedience died before reaching the promised land.

q) *And they.*] Those Trojans, who, wearied with their voyage, chose rather to remain in Sicily with Acestes, than accompany Æneas to Italy. *Virg. Æn.* lib. v.

## CANTO XIX.

a) *The hour.*] Near the dawn.

b) *The geomancer.*] The geomancers, says Landino, when they divined, drew a figure consisting of sixteen marks, named from so many stars which constitute the end of Aquarius and the beginning of Pisces. One of these they called "the greater fortune." Chaucer has imitated this in a description of morning, (*Troilus and Creseide*, b. iii.) for he did not find it in his original, Boccaccio's *Filostrato* :—

But when the cocke, commune astrologer,  
 Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,  
 And Lucifer the dayis messenger  
 Gan for to rise, and out his bemis throwe,  
 And estward rose, to him that could it knowe,  
 Fortuna Major.

c) *A woman's shape.*] Worldly happiness. This allegory reminds us of the "Choice of Hercules."

d) *Love's own hue.*]

—A smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

*Milton, P. L.* b. viii. 619.

—*facies pulcherrima tunc est,*  
*Quum porphyriaco variatur candida rubro.*  
*Quid color hic roseus sibi vult? designat amorem:*

Quippe amor est igni similis; flammæque rubentes

Ignis habere solet. *Palingenii Zodiacus Vitæ*, lib. xii.

e) *Ulysses*.] It is not easy to determine why Ulysses, contrary to the authority of Homer, is said to have been drawn aside from his course by the song of the Syren. No improbable way of accounting for the contradiction is, to suppose that she is here represented as purposely deviating from the truth. Or Dante may have followed some legend of the middle ages, in which the wanderings of Ulysses were represented otherwise than in Homer.

f) *A dame*.] Philosophy, or perhaps Truth.

g) *Who mourn*.] "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." *Matt.* v. 4.

h) *Let thy heels spurn the earth*.] This is a metaphor from hawking, though less apparent than in the lines that follow.

i) *The falcon*.]

Poi come fa 'l falcon, quando si move,

Così Umiltà al cielo alzò la vista.

*Frezzi, Il Quadriv*, lib. iv. cap. v.

Io vidì poi color tutti levare

Inverso il cielo, come fa 'l falcone,

Quando la preda sua prende in su l'are.

*Ibid.* cap. xiii.

One of our periodical critics has remarked, that Dante must have loved hawking; and "that he paints his bird always to the life." *Edinburgh Review*, No. lviii. p. 472. In the same manner Mr. Blomfield supposes that Æschylus was addicted to fishing, because he often takes his metaphors from fishing nets. See that gentleman's notes to the *Perseus*. Glossar. v. 430.

j) *My soul*.] "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word." *Psalms* cxix. 25.

k) *I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them*.] They were ignorant, it appeared, whether Dante was come there to be purged of his sins.

l) *The successor of Peter*.] Ottobuono, of the family of Fieschi, Counts of Lavagno, died thirty-nine days after he became pope, with the title of Adrian V. in 1276.

m) *That stream.*] The river Lavagno, in the Genoese territory; to the east of which territory are situated Siestri and Chiaveri.

n) *Were lifted.*] Rosa Morando and Lombardi are very severe on Venturi's perplexity occasioned by the word "aderse." They have none of them noticed Landino's reading of "aperse." Ediz. 1484.

o) *Err not.*] "And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus." *Rev.* xix. 10.

p) *Nor shall be giv'n in marriage.*] "Since in this state we neither marry nor are given in marriage, I am no longer the spouse of the church, and therefore no longer retain my former dignity." See *Matt.* xxii. 30.

q) *That whereof thou spak'st.*] See v. 89.

r) *A kinswoman.*] Alagia is said to have been the wife of the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, one of the poet's protectors during his exile. See *Canto viii.* 133.

## CANTO XX.

a) *I drew the sponge.*] "I did not persevere in my inquiries from the spirit, though still anxious to learn more."

b) *Wolf.*] Avarice.

c) *Of his appearing.*] He is thought to allude to Can Grande della Scala. See *Hell*, canto i. 98.

d) *Fabricius.*] So our author in the second book of the *De Monarchiâ*, p. 121. "Nonne Fabricium," &c. "Has not Fabricius given us another example of resisting avarice, when, poor as was, he preserved his faith to the republic, and rejected with

scorn a great sum of gold that was offered him? Our Poet in the sixth book records this, when he says—

—Parvoque potentem

Fabricium.”

Compare Petrarch, Tr. della Fama, c. i.

Un Curio ed un Fabrizio assai più belli

Con la lor povertà, che Mida e Crasso

Con l'oro ond' a virtù furon rubelli.

e) *Nicholas.*] The story of Nicholas is, that an angel having revealed to him that the father of a family was so impoverished as to resolve on exposing the chastity of his three daughters to sale, he threw in at the window of their house three bags of money, containing a sufficient portion for each of them.

f) *Root.*] Hugh Capet, ancestor of Philip IV.

g) *Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power.*] These cities had lately been seized by Philip IV. The spirit is made to intimate the approaching defeat of the French army by the Flemings, in the battle of Courtrai, which happened in 1302.

h) *The slaughterer's trade.*] This reflection on the birth of his ancestor, induced Francis I. to forbid the reading of Dante in his dominions. Hugh Capet, who came to the throne of France in 987, was however the grandson of Robert, who was the brother of Eudes, King of France in 888; and it may, therefore, well be questioned, whether by Beccaiio di Parigi is meant literally one who carried on the trade of a butcher at Paris, and whether the sanguinary disposition of Hugh Capet's father is not stigmatized by this opprobrious appellation. See Cancellieri Osservazioni, &c. Roma, 1814, p. 6.

i) *All save one.*] The posterity of Charlemagne, the second race of French monarchs, had failed, with the exception of Charles of Lorraine, who is said, on account of the melancholy temper of his mind, to have always clothed himself in black. Venturi suggests that Dante may have confounded him with Childeric III. the last of the Merovingian, or first race, who was deposed and made a monk in 751.



j) *My son.*] Hugh Capet caused his son Robert to be crowned at Orleans.

k) *The great dower of Provence.*] Louis IX. and his brother Charles of Anjou, married two of the four daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. See Par. c. vi. 135.

l) *The stains.*] Lombardi understands this differently from all the other commentators with whom I am acquainted. The word "vergogna" he takes in the sense of "a praiseworthy shame of doing ill;" and according to him the translation should run thus:

The shame that yet restrain'd my race from ill.

By "Provenza" he understands the estates of Toulouse, the dowry of the only daughter of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, married to a brother of Louis IX.

m) *For amends.*] This is ironical.

n) *Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony.*] I venture to read—

Pottì e Navarra prese e Guascogna,  
instead of

Ponti e Normandia prese e Guascogna.

Seiz'd Ponthieu, Normandy and Gascony.

Landino has "Pottì," and he is probably right: for Poitou was annexed to the French crown by Philip IV. See Henault, *Abregè Chron. A. D. 1283, &c.* Normandy had been united to it long before by Philip Augustus, a circumstance of which it is difficult to imagine that Dante should have been ignorant; but Philip IV. says Henault, *ibid.* took the title of King of Navarre: and the subjugation of Navarre is also alluded to in the *Paradise*, canto xix. 140. In 1293, Philip IV. summoned Edward I. to do him homage for the duchy of Gascony, which he had conceived the design of seizing. See G. Villani, lib. viii. cap. iv.

o) *Young Conradine.*] Charles of Anjou put Conradino to death in 1268, and became King of Naples. See Hell, canto xxviii. 16, and note.

p) *Th' angelic teacher.*] Thomas Aquinas. He was reported to have been poisoned by a physician, who wished to ingratiate himself with Charles of Anjou. "In the year 1323, at the

end of July, by the said Pope John and by his cardinals, was canonized at Avignon Thomas Aquinas, of the order of Saint Dominic, a master in divinity and philosophy, a man most excellent in all science, and who expounded the sense of Scripture better than any one since the time of Augustin. He lived in the time of Charles I. King of Sicily; and going to the council at Lyons, it is said that he was killed by a physician of the said king, who put poison for him into some sweet-meats, thinking to ingratiate himself with King Charles, because he was of the lineage of the lords of Aquino, who had rebelled against the king, and doubting lest he should be made cardinal: whence the church of God received great damage. He died at the abbey of Fossanova, in Campagna." *G. Villani*, l. ix. c. 218. We shall find him in the Paradise, canto x.

q) *Another Charles.*] Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV. was sent by Pope Boniface VIII. to settle the disturbed state of Florence. In consequence of the measures he adopted for that purpose, our poet and his friends were condemned to exile and death. See *G. Villani*, lib. viii. c. xlvi.

r) ——— *with that lance,*

*Which the arch-traitor tilted with.*]

—— con la lancia

Con la qual giostrò Giuda.

If I remember right, in one of the old romances, Judas is represented tilting with our Saviour.

s) *The other.*] Charles, King of Naples, the eldest son of Charles of Anjou, having, contrary to the directions of his father, engaged with Ruggier de Lauria, the admiral of Peter of Arragon, was made prisoner, and carried into Sicily, June, 1284. He afterwards, in consideration of a large sum of money, married his daughter to Azzo VIII. Marquis of Ferrara.

t) *The flower-de-luce.*] Boniface VIII. was seized at Alagna in Campania, by the order of Philip IV. in the year 1303, and soon after died of grief. *G. Villani*, lib. viii. cap. 63. "As it pleased God, the heart of Boniface being petrified with grief, through the injury he had sustained, when he came to Rome, he fell into a strange malady, for he gnawed himself as one frantic.

and in this state expired." His character is strongly drawn by the annalist in the next chapter. Thus, says Landino, was verified the prophecy of Celestine respecting him, that he should enter on the popedom like a fox, reign like a lion, and die like a dog.

u) *Into the temple.*] It is uncertain whether our Poet alludes still to the event mentioned in the preceding note, or to the destruction of the order of the Templars in 1310, but the latter appears more probable.

v) *O sovran Master.*] Lombardi, who rightly corrects Venturi's explanation of this passage, with which I will not trouble the reader, should have acknowledged, if he was conscious of it, that his own interpretation of it was the same as that before given by Vellutello: "When, O Lord, shall I behold that vengeance accomplished, which being already determined in thy secret judgment, thy retributive justice even now contemplates with delight?"

w) *What thou didst hear.*] See v. 21.

x) *Pygmalion.*]

—— Ille Sychæum

Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,

Clam ferro incautum superat. *Virg. Æn.* l. 1. 350.

y) *Achan.*] Joshua, vii.

z) *Heliodorus.*] "For there appeared unto them an horse, with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet." 2 *Maccabees*, iii. 25.

aa) *Thracia's king.*] Polymnestor, the murderer of Polydorus. Hell, canto xxx. 19.

ab) *Crassus.*] Marcus Crassus, who fell miserably in the Parthian war. See Appian. Parthica.

E vidi Ciro più di sangue avaro,

Che Crasso d'oro, e l'uno e l'altro n'ebbe

Tanto, che parve a ciascheduno amaro.

*Petrarca.*

## CANTO XXI.

a) *The well.*] "The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not." *John* iv. 15.

b) *Luke.*] Chapter xxiv. 13.

c) —nor from his speed meanwhile

*Desisting.*] The unintelligible reading of almost all the editions here (but not of all, as Lombardi would lead us to suppose, except his favourite Nidobeatina), is

E perchè andate forte?

Vellutello has also that which is no doubt the right:

E parte andava forte.

d) *The tokens.*] The letter P for Peccata, sins, inscribed upon his forehead by the angel, in order to his being cleared of them in his passage through Purgatory to Paradise.

e) *She.*] Lachesis, one of the three fates.

f) —that, which heaven in itself

*Doth of itself receive.*] Venturi, I think rightly, interprets this to be light.

g) *Thaumantian.*] Figlia di Taumante.

Θαυμαντος θυγάτηρ.

*Hesiod Theog.* 780.

Compare Plato. *Theæt.* v. ii. p. 76. Bip. edit. *Virg. Æn.* ix. 5, and Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. iii. st. 25.

Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown. *Drummond.*

h) *To that wish.*] Lombardi here alters the sense by reading with the Nidobeatina, "con tal voglia," instead of "contra voglia," and explains it: "With the same ineffectual will, with which man was contrary to sin, while he resolved on sinning, even with the same, would he wish to rise from his torment in Purgatory, at the same time that through inclination to satisfy the divine justice he yet remains there."

i) *I see the net.*] "I perceive that ye are detained here by your wish to satisfy the divine justice."

j) *When the good Titus.*] When it was so ordered by the

divine Providence that Titus, by the destruction of Jerusalem, should avenge the death of our Saviour on the Jews.

k) *The name.*] The name of Poet.

l) *From Tolosa.*] Dante, as many others have done, confounds Statius the poet, who was a Neapolitan, with a rhetorician of the same name, who was of Tolosa, or Thoulouse. Thus Chaucer, Temple of Fame, b. iii.

The Tholason, that height Stace.

And Boccaccio, as cited by Lombardi :

E Stazio di Tolosa ancora caro.

*Amoros, Vis. Cant. 5.*

m) *A myrtle garland.*]

• Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte.

*Virg. Ecl. ii.*

Qual vaghezza di lauro ? o qual di mirto ?

*Petrarca.*

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more

Ye myrtles brown.

*Milton, Lycidas.*

n) *Fell.*] Statius lived to write only a small part of the Achilleid.

o) *I did but smile.*] "I smiled no more than one would do who wished by a smile to intimate his consciousness of anything to another person."

## CANTO XXII.

a) *Blessed.*] "Blessed be they which do hungèr and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." *Matt. v. 6.*

b) *Aquinum's bard.*] Juvenal had celebrated his contemporary, Statius, Sat. vii. 82; though some critics imagine that there is a secret derision couched under his praise.

c) *Why.*] Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,

Auri sacra fames ?

*Virg. Æn. lib. iii. 57.*

Venturi supposes, that Dante might have mistaken the meaning of the word *sacra*, and construed it "holy," instead of "cursed." But I see no necessity for having recourse to so improbable a conjecture.

d) *The fierce encounter.*] See Hell, canto vii. 26.

e) *With shorn locks.*] Ibid. 58.

f) *The twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb.*] Eteocles and Polyneices.

g) *With Clio.*]

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ  
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?

*Stat. Thebaid. i. 42.*

h) *A renovated world.*]

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.  
Jam redit et Virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna;  
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

*Virg. Ecl. iv. 5.*

For the application of Virgil's prophecy to the incarnation, see Natalis Alexander Hist. Eccl. Sæc. i. Dissert. 1. Paris. 1679. v. i. p. 166.

i) *Before.*] Before I had composed the Thebaid.

j) *Our old Terence.*] "Antico" which is found in many of the old editions, seems preferable to "amico."

k) *Varro.*] "Quam multa pene omnia tradidit Varro." *Quintilian Instit. Orat. lib. xii.* "Vix aperto ad philosophiam aditu, primus M. Varro veterum omnium doctissimus." *Sadolet. de liberis recte instit.* Edit. Lugd. 1533. p. 137.

l) *That Greek.*] Homer.

m) *In the first ward.*] In Limbo.

n) ——— *The Bard*

*Of Pella.*] Euripides.

o) *The Teian.*] Euripide v' è nosco e Anacreonte.

The Monte Casino MS. reads "Antifonte" "Antipho," instead of "Anacreonte." Dante probably knew little more of these Greek writers than the names.

p) *Agatho*.] Chaucer, speaking of the Daisy as a representation of Alcestit, refers to Agaton :

No wonder is though Jove her stellifie,  
As tellith Agaton for her goodnesse.

- *Legende of Good Women.*

And Mr. Tyrwhitt tells us that " he has nothing to say of this writer except that one of the same name is quoted in the Prol. to the tragedie of Cambises by Thomas Preston. There is no reason," he adds, " for supposing with Gloss. Ur. that a philosopher of Samos is meant, or any of the Agathoes of antiquity." I am inclined, however, to believe that Chaucer must have meant Agatho, the dramatic writer, whose name, at least, appears to have been familiar in the middle ages, for, besides the mention of him in the text, he is quoted by Dante in the *Treatise de Monarchiâ*, lib. iii. " Deus per nuncium facere non potest, genita non esse, genita, juxta sententiam Agathonis." The original is to be found in Aristotle, *Ethic. Nicom.* lib. vi. c. 2.

*Μόνου γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεὸς στερίσκεται*

*Αγένητα ποιεῖν ἄσος' ἂν ἢ πεπραγμένα.*

Agatho is mentioned by Xenophon in his *Symposium*, by Plato in the *Protagoras*, and in the *Banquet*, a favourite book with our author, and by Aristotle in his *Art of Poetry*, where the following remarkable passage occurs respecting him, from which I will leave it to the reader to decide whether it is possible that the allusion in Chaucer might have arisen: *ἐν ἐνίαις μὲν ἐν ἡ δύο τῶν γνωρίμων ἐστὶν ὀνομάτων, τὰ δὲ ἄλλα πεποιημένα· ἐν ἐνίαις δὲ οὐθέν· οἷον ἐν τῷ Ἀγάθωνος ἔνθει. ὁμοίως γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ τὰ τε πράγματα καὶ τὰ ὀνόματα πεποιήται.* " There are, however, some tragedies, in which one or two of the names are historical, and the rest feigned; there are even some, in which none of the names are historical; such is Agatho's tragedy called *the Flower*; for in that all is invention, both incidents and names; and yet it pleases." *Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry*, by Thomas Twining, 8vo. Edit. 1812. vol. i. p. 128.

q) *Of thy train.*] "Of those celebrated in thy Poem."  
 r) *Who show'd Langia's wave.*] Hypsipile. See note to Canto xxvi. v. 87.

s) *Tiresias' daughter.*] Dante, as some have thought, had forgotten that he had placed Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, among the sorcerers. See Hell, canto xx. Vellutello endeavours, rather awkwardly, to reconcile the apparent inconsistency, by observing, that although she was placed there as a sinner, yet, as one of famous memory, she had also a place among the worthies in Limbo.

Lombardi, or rather the Della Crusca academicians, excuse our author better, by observing that Tiresias had a daughter named Daphne. See Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. § 66.

t) — *The bride.*

*Sea-born of Peleus.*] Thetis.

u) *Four handmaids.*] Compare Canto xii. v. 74.

v) *That worthy shade.*] Statius.

w) *Downward this less ample spread.*] The early commentators understand that this tree had its root upward and the boughs downward; and this opinion, however derided by their successors, is not a little countenanced by the imitation of Frezzi, who lived so near the time of our Poet:

Su dentro al cielo avea la sua radice,  
 E giù inverso terra i rami spande.

*Il Quadrir.* lib. iv. cap. I.

— It had in heav'n

It's root above, and downward to the earth  
 Stretch'd forth the branches.

x) *Mary took more thought.*] "The blessed virgin, who answers for you now in heaven, when she said to Jesus, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, 'they have no wine,' regarded not the gratification of her own taste, but the honour of the nuptial banquet."

y) *The women of old Rome.*] See Valerius Maximus, lib. ii. c. 1.

z) *Daniel.*] "Then said Daniel to Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over Daniel, Hananiah, Michael, and



Azariah, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink." *Daniel* i. 11, 12.

"Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse. As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams." *Ibid.* 16, 17.

## CANTO XXIII.

a) *My lips.*] "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise." *Psalms* li. 15.

b) *The eyes.*] Compare Ovid, *Metam.* lib. viii. 801.

Hirtus erat crinis; cava lumina, pallor in ore:

Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent:

Ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis.

c) *When Mary.*] Josephus, *De Bello Jud.* lib. vii. c. xxi. p. 954. Ed. Genev. fol. 1611. The shocking story is well told.

d) *Rings.*]

O ring of which the rubie is outfall.

*Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide*, b. v.

— In this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost.

*Shakspeare, Lear*, act v. scene 3.

e) *Who reads the name.*] "He, who pretends to distinguish the letters which form OMO in the features of the human face, might easily have traced out the M on their emaciated countenances." The temples, nose, and forehead are supposed to represent this letter; and the eyes the two O's placed within each side of it.

f) *Forese.*] One of the brothers of Piccarda, she who is again spoken of in the next canto, and introduced in the Paradise, canto iii. Cionacci, in his *Storia della Beata Umiliana*, Parte iv. cap. i. is referred to by Lombardi, in order to show that Forese was also the brother of Corso Donati, our author's political enemy. See next Canto, v. 81. Tiraboschi, after Crescimbeni, enumerates him among the Tuscan poets. *Stor. della Poes. It.* v. i. p. 139.

g) *If the power.*] "If thou didst delay thy repentance to the last, when thou hadst lost the power of sinning, how happens it thou art arrived here so early?"

h) *Lower.*) In the Ante-Purgatory. See Canto ii.

i) *My Nella.*] The wife of Forese.

j) *The tract, most barb'rous of Sardinia's isle.*] The *Barbagia* is a part of Sardinia, to which that name was given, on account of the uncivilized state of it's inhabitants, who are said to have gone nearly naked.

k) *What wouldst thou have me say.*) The interrogative, which Lombardi would dismiss from this place, as unmeaning and superfluous, appears to me to be the natural result of a deep feeling, and to prepare us for the invective that follows.

l) *The' unblushing dames of Florence.*] Landino's note exhibits a curious instance of the changeableness of his countrywomen. He even goes beyond the acrimony of the original. "In those days," says that commentator, "no less than in our's, the Florentine ladies exposed the neck and bosom, a dress, no doubt more suitable to a harlot than a matron. But, as they changed soon after, insomuch that they wore collars up to the chin, covering the whole of the neck and throat, so have I hopes they will change again; not indeed so much from motives of decency, as through that fickleness, which pervades every action of their lives."

m) *Saracens.*] "This word, during the middle ages, was indiscriminately applied to Pagans and Mahometans; in short, to all nations (except the Jews) who did not profess christianity." *Mr. Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, vol. i. p. 196 (a note). Lond. 8vo. 1805.

n) *With lullaby.*]

Colui che mo si consola con nanna.

"Nanna" is said to have been the sound with which the Florentine women hushed their children to sleep.

o) *Thou seest.*] Thou seest how we wonder that thou art here in a living body.

## CANTO XXIV.

a) *He journeys.*] The soul of Statius perhaps proceeds more slowly, in order that he may enjoy as long as possible the company of Virgil.

b) *Piccarda.*] See Paradise, canto iii.

c) *Diet.*] Dieta.

And dieted with fasting every day.

*Spenser, F. Q. b. i. c. i. st. 26.*

Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet.

*Milton, Il Penseroso.*

d) *Buonaggiunta.*] Buonaggiunta Urbicani, of Lucca. "There is a canzone by this poet, printed in the collection made by the Giunti, (p. 209,) and a sonnet to Guido Guinicelli in that made by Corbinelli, (p. 169,) from which we collect that he lived not about 1230, as Quadrio supposes, (t. ii. p. 159,) but towards the end of the thirteenth century. Concerning other poems by Buonaggiunta, that are preserved in MS. in some libraries, Crescimbeni may be consulted." *Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's ed.* v. i. p. 115. Three of these, a canzone, a sonnet, and a ballata, have been published in the *Anecdota Literaria ex MSS. Codicibus eruta*, 8vo. Roma. (no year,) v. iii. p. 453. He is thus mentioned by our author in his *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. xiii.* "Next let us come to the Tuscans, who, made senseless by their folly, arrogantly assume to themselves the title of a vernacular diction, more excellent than the rest; nor are the vulgar alone

misled by this wild opinion, but many famous men have maintained it, as Guittone d'Arezzo, who never addicted himself to the polished style of the court, Buonaggiunta of Lucca, Gallo of Pisa, Mino Mocato of Sienna, and Brunetto of Florence, whose compositions, if there shall be leisure for examining them, will be found not to be in the diction of the court, but in that of their respective cities."

As a specimen of Buonaggiunta's manner, the reader will take the following Sonnet from Corbinelli's Collection added to the *Bella Mano*:—

Qual uomo è in su la rota per Ventura,  
 Non si rallegrì, perchè sia innalzato;  
 Che quando più si mostra chiara, e pura,  
 Allor si gira, ed hallo disbassato.  
 E nullo prato ha sì fresca verdura,  
 Che li suoi fiori non cangino stato;  
 E questo saccio, che avvien per natura;  
 Più grave cade, chi più è montato.  
 Non si dee uomo troppo rallegrare  
 Di gran grandezza, nè tenere spene;  
 Che egli è gran doglia, allegrezza fallire:  
 Anzi si debbe molto umiliare;  
 Non far soperchio, perchè aggia gran bene;  
 Che ogni monte a valle dee venire.

*La Bella Mano e Rime Antiche, ediz. Firenze, 1715, p. 170.*

What man is rais'd on Fortune's wheel aloft,  
 Let him not triumph in his bliss elate;  
 For when she smiles with visage fair and soft,  
 Then whirls she round, reversing his estate.  
 Fresh was the verdure in the sunny croft,  
 Yet soon the wither'd flow'rets met their fate;  
 And things exalted most, as chanceth oft,  
 Fall from on high to earth with ruin great.  
 Therefore ought none too greatly to rejoice  
 In greatness, nor too fast his hope to hold:  
 For one, that triumphs, great pain is to fail.

But lowly meekness is the wiser choice;

And he must down, that is too proud and bold:

For every mountain stoopeth to the vale.

e) *He was of Tours.*] Simon of Tours became Pope with the title of Martin IV. in 1281, and died in 1285.

f) *Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadet.*] The Nidobeatina edition and the Monte Casino MS. agree in reading

*L'anguille di Bolsena in la vernaccia;*

from which it would seem, that Martin the Fourth refined so much on epicurism as to have his eels killed by being put into the wine called *vernaccia*, in order to heighten their flavour. The Latin annotator on the MS. relates, that the following epitaph was inscribed on the sepulchre of the pope:—

*Gaudent anguillæ, quod mortuus hic jacet ille,*

*Qui quasi morte reas excoriabat eas.*

g) *Ubalдино.*] Ubalдино degli Ubalдини, of Pila, in the Florentine territory.

h) *Boniface.*] Archbishop of Ravenna. By Venturi he is called Bonifazio de' Fieschi, a Genoese; by Vellutello, the son of the above-mentioned Ubalдини; and by Landino, Francioso, a Frenchman.

i) *Crozier.*] It is uncertain whether the word "*rocco*," in the original, means a "*crozier*" or a bishop's rochet, that is, his episcopal gown. In support of the latter interpretation Lombardi cites Du Fresno's Glossary, article *Roccus*. "*Rocchetum hodie vocant vestem linteam episcoporum . . . quasi parvum roccum;*" and explains the verse,

*Che pasturò col rocco molte genti:*

"who, from the revenues of his bishoprick, supported in luxury a large train of dependents."

j) *The Marquis.*] The Marchese de' Rigogliosi, of Forl. When his butler told him it was commonly reported in the city that he did nothing but drink, he is said to have answered: "And do you tell them that I am always thirsty."

k) *Gentucca.*] Of this lady it is thought that our Poet became enamoured during his exile. See note to canto xxxi. 56.

l) *There.*] In the throat, the part in which they felt the torment inflicted by the divine justice.

m) *Whose brow no wimple shades yet.*] "Who has not yet assumed the dress of a woman."

n) *Blame it as they may.*] See Hell, canto xxi. 39.

o) *Ladies, ye that con the lore of love.*]

Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore.

The first verse of a canzone in our author's Vita Nuova.

p) *The notary.*] Jacopo da Lentino, called the Notary, a poet of these times. He was probably an Apulian: for Dante, (*De Vulg. Eloq.* lib. i. cap. 12,) quoting a verse which belongs to a canzone of his, published by the Giunti, without mentioning the writer's name, terms him one of "the illustrious Apulians," *præfulgentes Apuli*. See Tiraboschi. Mr. Mathias's edit. vol. i. p. 137. Crescimbeni (lib. i. *Della Volg. Poes.* p. 72, 4to. ed. 1698) gives an extract from one of his poems, printed in Allacci's Collection, to show that the whimsical compositions called "*Ariette*," are not of modern invention.

q) *Guittone.*] Fra Guittone, of Arezzo, holds a distinguished place in Italian literature, as, besides his poems printed in the Collection of the Giunti, he has left a collection of letters, forty in number, which afford the earliest specimen of that kind of writing in the language. They were published at Rome in 1743, with learned illustrations by Giovanni Bottari. He was also the first who gave to the sonnet its regular and legitimate form, a species of composition in which not only his own countrymen, but many of the best poets in all the cultivated languages of modern Europe, have since so much delighted.

Guittone, a native of Arezzo, was the son of Viva di Michele. He was of the order of the "*Frati Godenti*," of which an account may be seen in the notes to Hell, canto xxiii. In the year 1293 he founded a monastery of the order of Camaldoli; in Florence, and died in the following year. Tiraboschi, *ibid.* p. 119. Dante, in the Treatise *de Vulg. Eloq.* lib. i. cap. 13, (see note to v. 20, above) and lib. ii. cap. 6, blames him for preferring the plebeian to the more courtly style; and Petrarch twice places him in the

company of our poet. Triumph of Love, cap. iv. and Son. Par. Sec. "Sennuccio mio." The eighth book in the collection of the old poets published by the Giunti in 1527, consists of sonnets and canzoni by Guittone. They are marked by a peculiar solemnity of manner, of which the ensuing sonnet will afford a proof and an example.

Gran piacer Signor mio, e gran desire  
 Harei d'essere avanti al divin trono,  
 Dove si prenderà pace e perdono  
 Di suo ben fatto e d'ogni suo fallire;  
 E gran piacer harei hor di sentire  
 Quella sonante tromba e quel gran suono,  
 E d'udir dire: hora venuti sono,  
 A chi dar pace, a chi crudel martire.  
 Questo tutto vorrei caro signore;  
 Perchè fia scritto a ciaschedun nel volto  
 Quel chè già tenne ascoso dentro al core:  
 Allhor vedrete a la mia fronte avvolto  
 Un brieve, che dirà; che' l crudo amore  
 Per voi mi prese, e mai non m' ha disciolto.

Great joy to me it were to join the throng;  
 That thy celestial throne, O Lord, surround,  
 Where perfect peace and pardon shall be found,  
 Peace for good doings, pardon for the wrong:  
 Great joy to hear the vault of heav'n prolong  
 That everlasting trumpet's mighty sound,  
 That shall to each award their final bound,  
 Wailing to these, to those the blissful song.  
 All this, dear Lord, were welcome to my soul.  
 For on his brow then every one shall bear  
 Inscib'd, what late was hidden in the heart;  
 And round my forehead wreath'd a letter'd scroll  
 Shall in this tenor my sad fate declare:  
 "Love's bondman I from him might never part."

r) *That new and sweeter style.*] He means the style introduced in our Poet's time.

s) *The birds.*] Hell, canto v. 46, Euripides, Helena, 1495, and Statius, Theb. lib. v. 12.

t) *Tir'd with the motion of a trotting steed.*] I have followed Venturi's explanation of this passage. Others understand  
di trottare è lasso,

of the fatigue produced by running.

u) *The place.*] Florence.

v) *He.*] Corso Donati was suspected of aiming at the sovereignty of Florence. To escape the fury of his fellow citizens, he fled away on horseback, but falling, was overtaken and slain, A.D. 1308. The contemporary annalist, after relating at length the circumstances of his fate, adds, "that he was one of the wisest and most valorous knights, the best speaker, the most expert statesman, the most renowned and enterprising man of his age in Italy, a comely knight and of graceful carriage, but very worldly, and in his time had formed many conspiracies in Florence, and entered into many scandalous practices for the sake of attaining state and lordship." G. Villani, lib. viii. cap. 96. The character of Corso is forcibly drawn by another of his contemporaries. Dino Compagni. lib. iii. Muratori Rer. Ital. Script. tom. ix. p. 523.

w) *Creatures of the clouds.*] The Centaurs. Ovid Met. lib. xii. fab. 4.

x) *The Hebrews.*] Judges, vii.

y) *To Madian.*]

The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings.

*Milton, Samson Agonistes.*



## CANTO XXV.

a) *The sun.*] The sun had passed the meridian two hours, and that meridian was now occupied by the constellation of Taurus, to which, as the Scorpion is opposite, the latter constellation was consequently at the meridian of night.

b) *So entered we.*]

Davanti a me andava la mia guida :

E poi io dietro per una via stretta

Seguendo lei come mia scorta fida.

*Frezzi, Il Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. 3.

The good prelate of Foligno has followed our Poet so closely throughout this Capitolo, that it would be necessary to transcribe almost the whole of it in order to show how much he has copied. These verses of his own may well be applied to him on the occasion.

c) *Fear not to speed the shaft.*] "Fear not to utter the words that are already at the tip of thy tongue."

d) *How there can leanness come.*] "How can spirits, that need not corporeal nourishment, be subject to leanness?" This question gives rise to the following explanation of Statius respecting the formation of the human body from the first, it's junction with the soul, and the passage of the latter to another world.

e) *Meleager.*] Virgil reminds Dante that, as Meleager was wasted away by the decree of the fates, and not through want of blood; so, by the divine appointment, there may be leanness where there is no need of nourishment.

f) *In the mirror.*] As the reflexion of a form in a mirror is modified in agreement with the modification of the form itself; so the soul, separated from the earthly body, impresses the image or ghost of that body with it's own affections.

g) *From whence it came.*] "From the heart," as Lombardi rightly interprets it.

h) *As sea-sponge.*] The foetus is in this stage a zoöphyte.

i) *Babe.*] By "fante," which is here rendered "babe," is

meant "the human creature." "The creature that is distinguished from others by its faculty of speech," just as Homer calls men,

γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

j) — *More wise,*

*Than thou, has erred.*] Averroes is said to be here meant. Venturi refers to his commentary on Aristotle, *De Anim.* lib. iii. cap. 5, for the opinion that there is only one universal intellect or mind pervading every individual of the human race. Much of the knowledge, displayed by our Poet in the present Canto, appears to have been derived from the medical work of Averroes called the *Colliget*, lib. ii. f. 10. Ven. 1490. fol.

k) *Mark the sun's heat.*] Redi and Tiraboschi (Mr. Mathias's ed. v. ii. p. 36,) have considered this as an anticipation of a profound discovery of Galileo's in natural philosophy; but it is in reality taken from a passage in Cicero "*de Senectute*," where speaking of the grape, he says, "*quæ, et succo terra et calore solis augescens, primo est peracerba gustatu, deinde maturata dulcescit.*"

l) *When Lachesis hath spun the thread.*] When a man's life on earth is at an end.

m) "*O God of mercy.*" ] "*Summæ Deus clementiæ.*"

The beginning of the hymn sung on the Sabbath at matins, as it stands in the ancient breviaries; for in the modern it is "*summæ parens clementiæ.*" *Lombardi.*

n) *I do not know a man.*] Luke i. 34.

o) *Callisto.*] See Ovid. *Mét.* lib. ii. fab. 5.

p) *The wound, that healeth last.*] The marginal note in the Monte Casino MS. on this passage is: "*idest ultima litera quæ denotat ultimum peccatum mortale;*" and the editor remarks, that Dante in these last two verses admonishes himself, and in himself all those guilty of carnal sin, in what manner the wound inflicted by it, and expressed by the last P. on his forehead, may be healed.

## CANTO XXVI.

a) *Their first song, weeping, and their several shout.*] See the last Canto, v. 118, and v. 123.

b) — *Amaze,*  
(*Not long the inmate of a noble heart.*)  
— stupore

Lo qual negli alti cor tosto s'attuta.

Thus Speroni :

— lo stupore

Lo qual dagli alti cor tosto si parte.

*Canace.*

He does not say that wonder is not natural to a lofty mind, for it is the very principle of knowledge. *μάλα γὰρ φιλοσόφου τοῦτο τὸ πάθος, τὸ θαυμάζειν, οὐ γὰρ ἄλλη ἀρχὴ φιλοσοφίας ἢ αὐτῇ.* *Plato Theæt.* Edit. Bipont. tom. ii. p. 76, but that it is not of long continuance in such a mind. On this subject it is well said by Doctor Horsley : " Wonder, connected with a principle of rational curiosity, is the source of all knowledge and discovery, and it is a principle even of piety : but wonder, which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot." *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 227. Compare Aristotle *Metaph.* lib. i. p. 335. Edit. Sylb. The above passage from Plato is adduced by Clemens Alexand. *Strom.* lib. ii. sect. 9.

c) *Cæsar.*] For the opprobrium cast on Cæsar's effeminacy, see Suetonius, *Julius Cæsar.* c. 49.

d) *Guinicelli.*] See Note to Canto xi. 96.

e) *Lycurgus.*] Statius, *Theb.* lib. iv. and v. Hypsipile had left her infant charge, the son of Lycurgus, on a bank, where it was destroyed by a serpent, when she went to show the Argive army the river of Langia : and, on her escaping the effects of Lycurgus's resentment, the joy her own children felt at the sight of her was such, as our Poet felt on beholding his predecessor Guinicelli.

The incidents are beautifully described by Statius, and seem

to have made an impression on Dante, for he before (Canto xxii. 110,) characterizes Hypsipile as her—

Who show'd Langia's wave.

f) *He.*] The united testimony of Dante, and of Petrarch, places Arnault Daniel at the head of the Provençal poets.

poi v'era un drappello

Di portamenti e di volgari strani :

Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello

Gran maestro d'amor ch' a la sua terra

Ancor fa onor col suo dir nuovo e bello.

*Petrarca, Trionfo d' Amore, c. iv.*

That he was born of poor but noble parents, at the castle of Ribeyrac in Périgord, and that he was at the English court, is the amount of Millot's information concerning him (tom. ii. p. 479). The account there given of his writings is not much more satisfactory, and the criticism on them must go for little better than nothing. It is to be regretted that we have not an opportunity of judging for ourselves of his "love ditties and his tales of prose."

Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi.

Our Poet frequently cites him in the work *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*. In the second chapter of the second book, he is instanced as one "who had treated of love;" and in the tenth chapter, he is said to have used in almost all his canzoni a particular kind of stanza, the sestina, which Dante had followed in one of his own canzoni beginning,

Al poco giorno ed al gran cerchio d'ombra.

This stanza is termed by Gray, "both in sense and sound, a very mean composition." *Gray's Works*, 4to. Lond. 1814. vol. ii. p. 23. According to Crescimbeni, (*Della Volg. Poes. lib. i. p. 7*, ed. 1698,) he died in 1189. Arnault Daniel was not soon forgotten; for Ausias March, a Catalanian, who was himself distinguished as a Provençal poet in the middle of the fifteenth century, makes honourable mention of him in some verses, which are quoted by Bastero in his *Crusca Provenzale*. Ediz. Roma. 1724. p. 75.

Envers alguns aço miracle par,

Mas sin's membram d'en Arnau Daniel

E de aquels que la terra los es vel,  
 Sabrem Amor vers nos que pot donar.  
 To some this seems a miracle to be ;  
 But if we Arnault Daniel call to mind,  
 And those beside, whom earthly veil doth bind,  
 We then the mighty power of love shall see.

g) *The songster of Limoges.*] Giraud de Borneil, of Sideuil, a castle of Limoges. He was a Troubadour, much admired and caressed in his day, and appears to have been in favour with the monarchs of Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Arragon. Giraud is mentioned by Dante in a remarkable passage of the *De Vulg. Eloq.* lib. ii. cap. 2. "As man is endowed with a triple soul, vegetable, animal, and rational, so he walks in a triple path. Inasmuch as he is vegetable, he seeks utility, in which he has a common nature with plants ; inasmuch as he is animal, he seeks for pleasure, in which he participates with brutes ; inasmuch as he is rational, he seeks for honour, in which he is either alone, or is associated with the angels. Whatever we do, appears to be done through these three principles," &c.—"With respect to utility, we shall find on a minute enquiry that the primary object with all who seek it, is safety ; with regard to pleasure, love is entitled to the first place ; and as to honour, no one will hesitate in assigning the same pre-eminence to virtue. These three then, safety, love, virtue, appear to be three great subjects, which ought to be treated with most grandeur ; that is, those things which chiefly pertain to these, as courage in arms, ardency of love, and the direction of the will : concerning which alone we shall find on enquiry that illustrious men have composed their poems in the vernacular tongues ; Bertrand de Born, of arms ; Arnault Daniel, of love ; Giraud de Borneil, of rectitude ; Cino da Pistoia, of love ; his friend," (by whom he means himself) "of rectitude ; but I find no Italian as yet who has treated of arms." Giraud is again quoted in the sixth chapter of this book. The following notice respecting him is found in Gray's posthumous Works, 4to. Lond. 1814, vol. ii. p. 23. "The canzone is of very ancient date, the invention of it being ascribed to Girard de Borneil of the school of Provence, who died in 1178. He

was of Limoges, and was called *Il Maestro de' Trovatori*." That he was distinguished by this title (a circumstance that, perhaps, induced Dante to vindicate the superior claims of Arnaut Daniel) is mentioned by Bastero in his *Crusca Provenzale*, Ediz. Roma, p. 84, where we find the following list of his MSS. poems preserved in the Vatican, and in the library of S. Lorenzo at Florence. "Una tenzone col Re d'Aragona; e un Serventese contra Cardaillac, e diverse Canzoni massimamente tre pel ricuperamento del S. Sepolcro, o di Terra Santa, ed alcune col titolo di Canterete, cioè picciole cantari, ovvero canzonette." The light which these and similar writings might cast, not only on the events, but still more on the manners of a most interesting period of history, would surely, without taking into the account any merit they may possess as poetical compositions, render them objects well deserving of more curiosity than they appear to have hitherto excited in the public mind. Many of his poems are still remaining in MS. According to Nostradamus he died in 1278. Millot, *Hist. Litt. des Troub.* tom. ii. p. 1, and 23. But I suspect that there is some error in this date, and that he did not live to so late a period.

h) *Guittone*.] See Canto xxiv. 56.

i) *Far as needs*.] See Canto xi. 23.

j) *Thy courtesy*.] Arnaut is here made to speak in his own tongue, the Provençal. According to Dante, (*De Vulg. Eloq.* lib. i. cap. 8,) the Provençal was one language with the Spanish. What he says on this subject is so curious, that the reader will perhaps not be displeased if I give an abstract of it.

He first makes three great divisions of the European languages. "One of these extends from the mouths of the Danube, or the lake of Mæotis, to the western limits of England, and is bounded by the limits of the French and Italians, and by the ocean. One idiom obtained over the whole of this space: but was afterwards subdivided into the Sclavonian, Hungarian, Teutonic, Saxon, English, and the vernacular tongues of several other people, one sign remaining to all, that they use the affirmative *io*, (our English *ay*.) The whole of Europe, beginning from the Hungarian limits and stretching towards the east, has a

second idiom, which reaches still further than the end of Europe, into Asia. This is the Greek. In all that remains of Europe, there is a third idiom, subdivided into three dialects, which may be severally distinguished by the use of the affirmatives, *oc*, *oil*, and *si*; the first spoken by the Spaniards, the next by the French, the third by the Latins (or Italians). The first occupy the western part of southern Europe, beginning from the limits of the Genoese. The third occupy the eastern part from the said limits, as far, that is, as to the promontory of Italy, where the Adriatic sea begins, and to Sicily. The second are in a manner northern, with respect to these, for they have the Germans to the east and north, on the west they are bounded by the English sea and the mountains of Arragon, and on the south by the people of Provence and the declivity of the Apennine."

Ibid. c. x. "Each of these three," he observes, "has it's own claims to distinction. The excellency of the French language consists in it's being best adapted, on account of it's facility and agreeableness, to prose narration, (*quicquid redactum, sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est*;) and he instances the books compiled on the gests of the Trojans and Romans, and the delightful Adventures of King Arthur, with many other histories and works of instruction. The Spanish (or Provençal) may boast of it's having produced such as first cultivated in this, as in a more perfect and sweet language, the vernacular poetry: among whom are Pierre d'Auvergne, and others more ancient. The privileges of the Latin or Italian are two; first, that it may reckon for it's own writers who have adopted a more sweet and subtile style of poetry, in the number of whom are Cino da Pistoia and his friend; and the next, that it's writers seem to adhere to certain general rules of grammar, and in so doing give it, in the opinion of the intelligent, a very weighty pretension to preference." Since the last edition of this book, it has appeared that Mr. Gray understood by the words "*Grammaticæ, quæ communis est*;" "the Latin or mother-tongue," and not, as I have rendered them, "general rules of grammar." In this latter sense, however, the word "*Grammatica*," has been used twice before in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. though it is certainly afterwards applied in the

sense in which Gray took it. See the edition of Gray's Works, for which we are so much indebted to Mr. Mathias, 4to. London, 1814. vol. ii. p. 35. We learn from our author's *Vita Nuova*, p. 258, that there were no poetic compositions in the Provençal or Italian, more than one hundred and fifty years before the *Vita Nuova* was written; and that the first who wrote in the vernacular languages, wrote to make himself understood by a lady.

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## CANTO XXVII.

a) *The sun.*] At Jerusalem it was dawn, in Spain midnight, and in India noonday, while it was sunset in Purgatory.

b) *Blessed.*] Matt. v. 8.

c) ——— *As one*

*Laid in the grave.*]

Quale è colui che nella fossa è mosso.

Lombardi understands this of a man who is taken to execution in the manner described in Hell, c. xix. 52. "Colui," he thinks, cannot be properly applied to a corse. Yet Boccaccio's imitation confirms the opinion of the other commentators:—

Essa era tale, a guardarla nel viso,

Qual donna morta alla fossa portata.

*Il Filostrato*, p. v. st. 83.

which Chaucer has thus translated:—

She was right soche to sene in her visage,

As is that wight that men on bere ybinde.

*Troilus and Creseide* b. iv.

d) *While vermeil dyed the mulberry.*] Ovid, *Metam.* lib. iv. 125.

e) *Come.*] Matt. xxv. 34.

f) *I am Leah.*] By Leah is understood the active life, as Rachel figures the contemplative. Michel Angelo has made these allegorical personages the subject of two statues on the



monument of Julius II. in the church of S. Petro in Vincolo. See Mr. Duppa's *Life of Michel Angelo*, Sculpture viii. and x. and p. 247.

g) *To please me.*] "For the sake of that enjoyment which I shall have in beholding my God face to face, I thus exercise myself in good works."

h) *She.*] "Her delight is in admiring in her mirror, that is, in the Supreme Being, the light, or knowledge, that He vouchsafes her."

i) *Lo! the herb!*] "In alium campum transit amœnissimum.—Ipse vero campus splendidus, suavis ac decorus quantæ magnitudinis, quantæ gloriæ, quantæque sit pulchritudinis, nulla lingua, nullusque sermo, potest enarrare: plenus est enim omni jucunditate, et gaudio, et lætitia. Ibi liliorum, et rosarum odor, ibi odoramentorum omnium redolet fragrantia, ibi mannæ, omniumque eternarum deliciarum redundat abundantia. In hujus campi medio paradisus est." *Alberici Visio*, § 20.

j) *Those bright eyes.*] The eyes of Beatrice.

## CANTO XXVIII.

a) *A pleasant air.*]

Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi,  
Azzurri, e bianchi, e verdi, e rossi, e gialli;  
Mormoranti ruscelli, e cheti laghi  
Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.  
Una dolc' aura, che ti par che vaghi  
A un modo sempre, e dal suo stil non falli,  
Facea sì l'aria, tremolar d'intorno,  
Che non potea nojar calor del giorno.

*Ariosto, Orf. Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 50.*

Therewith a winde, unneth it might be less,  
Made in the levis grene a noise soft,  
Accordant to the foulis song on loft.

*Chaucer, The Asseble of Fowles.*

b) *To that part.*] The west.

c) *The feather'd quiristers.*] Imitated by Boccaccio, *Fiammetta*, lib. iv. "Odi i queruli uccelli," &c.—"Hear the querulous birds plaining with sweet songs, and the boughs trembling, and, moved by a gentle wind, as it were keeping tenor to their notes."

d) *Chiassi.*] This is the wood, where the scene of Boccaccio's sublimest story (taken entirely from Elinaud, as I learn in the notes to the *Decameron*, Ediz. Giunti, 1573, p. 62,) is laid. See Dec. G. 5, N. 8. and Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*. Our poet perhaps wandered in it during his abode with Guido Novello da Polenta.

e) *A lady.*] Most of the commentators suppose, that by this lady, who in the last Canto is called Matilda, is to be understood the Countess Matilda, who endowed the holy see with the estates called the Patrimony of St. Peter, and died in 1115. See G. Villani, lib. iv. cap. xx. But it seems more probable that she should be intended for an allegorical personage. Venturi accordingly supposes that she represents the active life. But as Lombardi justly observes, we have had that already shadowed forth in the character of Leah; and he therefore suggests, that by Matilda may be understood that affection which we ought to bear towards the holy church, and for which the lady above mentioned was so remarkable.

f) *A curb for ever to the pride of man.*] Because Xerxes had been so humbled, when he was compelled to repass the Hellespont in one small bark, after having a little before crossed with a prodigious army, in the hopes of subduing Greece.

g) *Thou, Lord! hast made me glad.*] Psalm xcii. 4.

h) *I know not how.*] See Canto xxi. 45.

i) *The' other land.*] The continent, inhabited by the living, and separated from Purgatory by the ocean, is affected (and that diversely, according to the nature of the soil, or the climate) by a virtue, or efficacy, conveyed to it by the winds from plants growing in the terrestrial Paradise, which is situated on the summit of Purgatory; and this is the cause why some plants are found on earth without any apparent seed to produce them.

j) *On the Parnassian mountain.*]

In bicipiti somniasse Parnasso.

*Percius, Prod.*k) *Perpetual spring.*]

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris  
 Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores.

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.

*Ovid, Metam. lib. i. v. 111.*

## CANTO XXIX.

a) *Urania.*] Landino observes, that intending to sing of heavenly things, he rightly invokes Urania. Thus Milton:

Descend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name

If rightly thou art call'd.

*P. L. b. vii. 1.*

b) *Tapers of gold.*] See Rev. i. 12. The commentators are not agreed whether the seven sacraments of the Church, or the seven gifts of the Spirit are intended. In his Convito, our author says: "Because these gifts proceed from ineffable charity, and divine charity is appropriated to the Holy Spirit, hence, also, it is that they are called gifts of the Holy Spirit, the which, as Isaiah distinguishes them, are seven." p. 189.

c) *The bride.*]

E come va per via sposa novella

A passi rari, e porta gli occhi bassi

Con faccia vergognosa, e non favella.

*Frezzi, Il Quadrir. lib. i. cap. 16.*d) *Leaving.*]

Lasciando dietro a se l'aer dipinto.

Che lascia dietro a se l'aria dipinta.

*Mr. Mathias's Ode to Mr. Nichols, Gray's Works, vol. i. p. 532.*e) *Listed colours.*]

Di sette liste tutte in quei colori, &amp;c.

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— a bow

Conspicuous with three listed colours gay.

*Milton, P. L. b. xi. 865.*

f) *Ten paces.*] For an explanation of the allegorical meaning of this mysterious procession, Venturi refers those "who would see in the dark," to the commentaries of Landino, Vellutello, and others: and adds, that it is evident the Poet has accommodated to his own fancy many sacred images in the Apocalypse. In Vasari's Life of Giotto, we learn that Dante recommended that book to his friend, as affording fit subjects for his pencil.

g) *Four and twenty elders.*] "Upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting." *Rev. iv. 4.*

h) *Blessed be thou.*] "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." *Luke i. 42.*

i) *Four.*] The four evangelists.

j) *Ezekiel.*] "And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire.

"Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

"And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings." *Ezekiel, i. 4, 5, 6.*

k) *John.*] "And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him." *Rev. iv. 8.* "Aliter senas alas propter senarii numeri perfectionem positum arbitror; quia in sexta ætate, id est adveniente plenitudine temporum, hæc Apostolus peracta commemorat; in novissimo enim animali conclusit omnia." *Primasii, Augustini discipuli, Episcopi Comment. lib. quinque in Apocal. Ed. Basil, 1544.* "With this interpretation it is very consonant that Ezekiel discovered in these animals only four wings, because his prophecy does not extend beyond the fourth age, beyond that is the end of the synagogue and the calling of the Gentiles; whereas Dante beholding them in the sixth age, saw them with six wings, as did Saint John. *Lombardi.*

l) *A car triumphal.*] Either the Christian church, or perhaps the Papal chair.

m) *Gryphon.*] Under the gryphon, an imaginary creature, the forepart of which is an eagle, and the hinder a lion, is shadowed forth the union of the divine and human nature in Jesus Christ.

n) *So beautiful.*] Thus in the *Quadriregio*, lib. i. cap. 5.

Mai vide Roma carro trionfante

Quanto era questo bel, ne vedrà unquanco.

o) *Tellus' prayer.*] Ovid, *Met.* lib. ii. v. 279.

p) *Three nymphs.*] The three evangelical virtues: the first Charity, the next Hope, and the third Faith. Faith may be produced by charity, or charity by faith, but the inducements to hope must arise either from one or other of these.

q) *A band quaternion.*] The four moral or cardinal virtues, of whom Prudence directs the others.

r) ——— one

*The rest conducted.*] Prudence, described with three eyes, because she regards the past, the present, and the future.

s) *Two old men.*] Saint Luke, the physician, characterized as the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, and Saint Paul, represented with a sword, on account, as it should seem, of the power of his style.

t) *Of the great Coan.*] Hippocrates, "whom nature made for the benefit of her favourite creature, man."

u) *Four others.*] "The commentators," says Venturi, "suppose these four to be the four evangelists; but I should rather take them to be four principal doctors of the church." Yet both Landino and Vellutello expressly call them the authors of the epistles, James, Peter, John, and Jude.

v) *One single old man.*] As some say, St. John, under his character of the author of the Apocalypse. But, in the poem attributed to Giacompo, the son of our Poet, which in some MSS. and in one of the earliest editions, accompanies the original of this work, and is descriptive of its plan, this old man is said to be Moses.

E'l vecchio, ch' era dietro a tutti loro,

Fu Moyse.

And the old man, who was behind them all,-  
Was Moses.

See No. 3459 of the Harl. MSS. in the British Museum.

w) *All on fire.*] So Giles Fletcher.

The wood's late wintry head  
With flaming primroses set all on fire.

*Christ's Triumph after Death.*

### CANTO XXX.

a) *The polar light.*] The seven candlesticks of gold, which he calls the polar light of heaven itself, because they perform the same office for Christians that the polar star does for mariners, in guiding them to their port.

b) *Come.*] "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me, from Lebanon." *Song of Solomon*, iv. 8.

c) *Blessed.*] "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." *Matt.* xxi. 9.

d) *From full hands.*] *Manibus date lilia plenis.*

*Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 884.

e) ——— *In a cloud*

*Of flowers.*] Dentro una nuvola di fiori.

Thus Milton :

———— Eve separate he spies,

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood.

*P. L.* b. ix. v. 425.

And Thomson, in his Invocation to Spring :

———— veil'd in a shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

f) *And.*] In the former edition it stood thus ;

And o'er my spirit, that in former days

Within her presence had abode so long,

No shudd'ring terror crept. Mine eyes no more

Had knowledge of her; yet there mov'd from her

A hidden virtue, at whose touch awak'd, &c.

and this was a translation of the common reading, which has "con la sua presenza," instead of "che alla sua presenza," and a full stop instead of a comma after "infranto." As I have little doubt but that the reading of the Nidobeatina edition and that of many MSS. is right in this instance, I have altered the version as it now stands in the text, which still perhaps needs some explanation. His spirit, which had been so long unawed by the presence of Beatrice (for she had been ten years dead), now felt, through a secret influence proceeding from her, it's ancient love revived, though his sight had not yet distinguished her.

g) *The power of ancient love.*]

D'antico amor sentì la gran potenza.

Io sento sì d'amor la gran possanza.

*Dante, Canzone vi.*

Sveglia d'antico amor la gran possanza.

*Mr. Mathias's Ode to Mr. Nichols, Gray's Works.*

4to. 1814, vol. i. p. 532.

h) *The old flame.*]

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

*Virg. Æn. lib. iv. 23.*

Conosco i segni dell' antico fuoco.

*Giusto de' Conti. La Bella Mano.*

i) *Nor.*] "Not all the beauties of the terrestrial Paradise, in which I was, were sufficient to allay my grief."

j) *But.*] They sang the thirty-first Psalm, to the end of the eighth verse. What follows in that psalm would not have suited the place or the occasion.

k) *The living rafters.*] "Vive travi." The leafless woods on the Apennine.

Fraxineæque trabes.

*Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 181.*

and

Trabibusque obscurus acernis.

*Ibid. lib. ix. 87.*

l) *The land whereon no shadow falls.*] "When the wind

blows from off Africa, where, at the time of the equinox, bodies, being under the equator, cast little or no shadow; or, in other words, when the wind is south."

m) *The ice.*] Milton has transferred this conceit, though scarcely worth the pains of removing, into one of his Italian poems, Son. v.

n) *Same edge.*] The Nidobeatina edition, and many MSS. here read "*detta coscia*," instead of "*destra*," or "*dritta coscia*;" and it is probable from what has gone before, that the former is the right reading. See v. 60.

o) *In the freshness of his being.*]

Nella sua vita nuova.

Some suppose our poet alludes to the work so called, written in his youth.

p) *The threshold of my second age.*] In the Convito, our Poet makes a division of human life into four ages, the first of which lasts till the twenty-fifth year. Beatrice, therefore, passed from this life to a better, about that period. See the Life of Dante prefixed.

q) *Such food.*] The oblivion of sins.

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## CANTO XXXI.

a) *With lateral edge.*] The words of Beatrice, when not addressed directly to himself, but spoken to the angel of him, Dante had thought sufficiently harsh.

b) *Counter to the edge.*] "The weapons of divine justice are blunted by the confession and sorrow of the offender."

c) *For a slight girl.*] "Daniello and Venturi say that this alludes to Gentucca of Lucca, mentioned in the twenty-fourth Canto. They did not, however, observe that Buonaggiunta there gives us to understand that Dante knew not if Gentucca were then in the world, and that Beatrice is now reprehending him for



past and not for future errors." Thus Lombardi. Pelli (Memor. p. 57) acquaints us that Corbinelli, in the Life of Dante, added to the edition of the *De Vulg. Eloq.* says the name of this lady was "Pargoletta." But the intimation, as Pelli justly remarks, can scarcely be deemed authentic. The annotator on the Monte Casino MS. gives a very different turn to the allusion. "*Quæ proca fuit*," &c. "This was either a mistress; or else it is put for the poetic art, as when he says in a certain song:

Io mi son pargoletta bella e nuova  
E son venuta:

which rebuke of Beatrice's may be delivered in the person of many theologians dissuading from poetry and other worldly sciences; a rebuke that should be directed against those who read the poets to gratify their own inclination, and not for the sake of instruction, that they may defeat the errors of the Gentiles." It remains to be considered whether our Poet's marriage with Gemma de' Donati, and the difficulties in which that engagement involved him, may not be the object of Beatrice's displeasure.

d) *Bird.*] "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." *Prov.* i. 17.

e) *From Iarbas' land.*] The south.

f) *The beard.*] "I perceived, that when she desired me to raise my beard, instead of telling me to lift up my head, a severe reflection was implied on my want of that wisdom which should accompany the age of manhood."

g) *Than I perceiv'd.*] I had before translated this differently, and in agreement with those editions, which read,

Posarsi quelle belle creature  
Da loro apparition:

instead of

Posarsi quelle prime creature  
Da loro aspersion:

for which reading I am indebted to Lombardi, who derives it from the Nidobeatina edition. By the "primal creatures" are meant the angels, who were scattering the flowers on Beatrice.

h) *The lady.*] Matilda.

i) *Tu asperges me.*] "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." *Ps.* li. 7. Sung by the choir, while the priest is sprinkling the people with holy water.

j) *And in the heav'n are stars.*] See Canto i. 24.

k) *Those yonder three.*] Faith, hope, and charity.

l) *The emeralds.*] The eyes of Beatrice. The author of Illustrations of Shakspeare, 8vo. 1807, vol. ii. p. 193, has referred to old writers, by whom the epithet green is given to eyes, as by the early French poets, and by Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

— an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

Mr. Douce's conjecture, that eyes of this colour are much less common now than formerly, is not so probable as that writers, and especially poets, should at times be somewhat loose and general in applying terms expressive of colour, whereof an instance may be seen in some ingenious remarks by Mr. Blomfield on the word *κράneos*. *Æschyli Persæ*. Edit. 1814. Glossar. p. 107.

## CANTO XXXII.

a) *Their ten years' thirst.*] Beatrice had been dead ten years.

b) *Too fix'd a gaze.*] The allegorical interpretation of Velutello, whether it be considered as justly inferrible from the text or not, conveys so useful a lesson, that it deserves our notice. "The understanding is sometimes so intently engaged in contemplating the light of divine truth in the scriptures, that it becomes dazzled, and is made less capable of attaining such knowledge, than if it had sought after it with greater moderation."

c) *But soon.*] As soon as his sight was recovered, so as to

bear the view of that glorious procession, which, splendid as it was, was yet less so than Beatrice, by whom his vision had been overpowered, &c.

d) *A plant.*] Lombardi has conjectured, with much probability, that this tree is not (as preceding commentators had supposed) merely intended to represent the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but that the Roman empire is figured by it. Amongst the maxims maintained by our poet, as the same commentator observes, were these: that one monarchy had been willed by Providence, and was necessary for universal peace; and that this monarchy, by right of justice and by the divine ordinance, belonged to the Roman people only. His *Treatise de Monarchiâ* was written indeed to inculcate these maxims, and to prove that the temporal monarchy depends immediately on God, and should be kept as distinct as possible from the authority of the pope.

e) *It's tresses.*] "I saw, and behold, a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great." *Daniel* iv. 10.

f) *The Indians.*]

—Quos oceano proprior gerit India lucos.

*Virg. Georg.* lib. ii. 122.

—Such as at this day to Indians known.

*Milton, P. L.* b. ix. 1102.

g) ——— *Blessed thou,*

*Gryphon* !] Our Saviour's submission to the Roman empire appears to be intended, and particularly his injunction, "to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

h) *There, left unto the stock.*] Dante here seems, I think, to intimate what he has attempted to prove at the conclusion of the second book de *Monarchiâ*; namely, that our Saviour, by his suffering under the sentence, not of Herod, but of Pilate who was the delegate of the Roman emperor, acknowledged and confirmed the supremacy of that emperor over the whole world; for if, as he argues, all mankind were become sinners through the sin of Adam, no punishment, that was inflicted by one who had a right of jurisdiction over less than the whole human race, could

have been sufficient to satisfy for the sins of all men. See note to Paradise, c. vi. 89.

i) *When large floods of radiance.*] When the sun enters into Aries, the constellation next to that of the Fish.

j) *The unpitying eyes.*] See Ovid, Met. lib. i. 689.

k) *The blossoming of that fair tree.*] Our Saviour's transfiguration. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." *Solomon's Song*, ii. 3.

l) *Deeper sleeps.*] The sleep of death, in the instance of the ruler of the Synagogue's daughter and of Lazarus.

m) *The piteous one.*] Matilda.

n) *Those lights.*] The tapers of gold.

o) *Of that true Rome.*] Of heaven.

p) *To that place.*] To the earth.

q) *The bird of Jove.*] This, which is imitated from Ezekiel, xvii. 3, 4, is typical of the persecutions which the church sustained from the Roman emperors.

r) *A fox.*] By the fox probably is represented the treachery of the heretics.

s) *With his feathers lin'd.*] In allusion to the donations made by Constantine to the church.

t) *A dragon.*] Probably Mahomet; for what Lombardi offers to the contrary is far from satisfactory.

u) *With plumes.*] The increase of wealth and temporal dominion, which followed the supposed gift of Constantine.

v) *Heads.*] By the seven heads, it is supposed with sufficient probability, are meant the seven capital sins: by the three with two horns, pride, anger, and avarice, injurious both to man himself and to his neighbour: by the four with one horn, gluttony, gloominess, concupiscence, and envy, hurtful, at least in their primary effects, chiefly to him who is guilty of them. Vellutello refers to Rev. xvii. Landino, who is followed by Lombardi, understands the seven heads to signify the seven sacraments, and the ten horns the ten commandments. Compare Hell, c. xix. 112.

w) *O'er it.*] The Harlot is thought to represent the state of

the church under Boniface VIII. and the giant to figure Philip IV. of France.

x) *Dragg'd on.*] The removal of the Pope's residence from Rome to Avignon is pointed at.

### CANTO XXXIII.

a) *The heathen.*] "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance." *Psalm lxxix.* 1.

b) *Yet a little while.*] "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." *John xvi.* 16.

c) *That remaining sage.*] Statius.

d) *Was, and is not.*] "The beast that was, and is not." *Rev. xvii.* 11.

e) *Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.*] "Let not him who hath occasioned the destruction of the church, that vessel which the serpent brake, hope to appease the anger of the Deity by any outward acts of religion, or rather superstitious ceremony; such as was that, in our Poet's time, performed by a murderer at Florence, who imagined himself secure from vengeance, if he ate a sop of bread in wine upon the grave of the person murdered, within the space of nine days."

f) *That eagle.*] He prognosticates that the Emperor of Germany will not always continue to submit to the usurpations of the Pope, and foretels the coming of Henry VII. Duke of Luxemburgh, signified by the numerical figures DVX; or, as Lombardi supposes, of Can Grande della Scala, appointed the leader of the Ghibelline forces. It is unnecessary to point out the imitation of the Apocalypse in the manner of this prophecy.

g) *The Naiads.*] Dante, it is observed, has been led into a mistake by a corruption in the text of Ovid's *Metam.* l. vii. 757, where he found—

Carmina Naiades non intellecta priorum  
Solvunt :

instead of

Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum  
Solverat :

as it has been since corrected by Heinsius.

Lombardi, after Rosa Morando, questions the propriety of this emendation, and refers to Pausanias, where "the Nymphs" are spoken of as expounders of oracles, for a vindication of the poet's accuracy.

Should the reader blame me for not departing from the error of the original, (if error it be) he may substitute

Events shall be the Œdipus will solve, &c.

h) *No damage light.*]

Protinus Aoniis immissa est bellua Thebis,  
Cessit et exitio multis; pecorique sibique  
Ruricolæ pavere feram.

*Ovid. ibid.*

i) *Twice.*] First by the eagle and next by the giant. See the last Canto, v. 110, and v. 154.

j) *Five thousand years.*] That such was the opinion of the church, Lombardi shows by a reference to Baronius. Martyr. Rom. Dec. 25. Anno a creatione mundi, quando a principio creavit Deus cælum et terram, quinquies millesimo centesimo nonagesimo—Jesus Christus—conceptus. Edit. Col. Agripp. 4to. 1610. p. 858.

k) *Inverted.*] The branches, unlike those of other trees, spreading more widely the higher they rose. See the last Canto, v. 39.

l) *Elsa's numbing waters.*] The Elsa, a little stream, which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality.

m) *Thou hadst seen.*] This is obscure. But it would seem as if he meant to inculcate his favourite doctrine of the inviolability of the empire, and of the care taken by Providence to protect it.

n) *That one brings home his staff inwreath'd with palm.*]  
" For the same cause that the palmer, returning from Palestine,

brings home his staff, or bourdon, bound with palm," that is, to show where he has been.

Che si reca 'l bordon di palma cinto.

"It is to be understood," says our Poet in the Vita Nuova, "that people, who go on the service of the Most High, are probably named in three ways. They are named *palmers*, inasmuch as they go beyond sea, from whence they often bring back the palm. Inasmuch as they go to the house of Galicia, they are called pilgrims; because the sepulchre of St. James was further from his country than that of any other Apostle. They are called Romei," (for which I know of no other word we have in English except *Roamers*,) "inasmuch as they go to Rome." p. 275.

"In regard to the word *bourdon*, why it has been applied to a pilgrim's staff, it is not easy to guess. I believe, however, that this name has been given to such sort of staves, because pilgrims usually travel and perform their pilgrimages on foot, their staves serving them instead of horses or mules, then called *bourdons* and *burdones*, by writers in the middle ages." *Mr. Johnes's Translation of Joinville's Memoirs*, Dissertation xv. by M. du Cange, p. 152, 4to. edit.

The word is thrice used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose.

o) *Mayst behold your art.*] The second persons, singular and plural, are here used intentionally by our author, the one referring to himself alone, the second to mankind in general. Compare Hell, xi. 107. But I will follow the example of Brunck, who in a note on a passage in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, v. 369, where a similar distinction requires to be made, says that it would be ridiculous to multiply instances in a matter so well known.

p) *So paus'd.*] Lombardi imagines that the seven nymphs, who represent the four cardinal and the three evangelical virtues, are made to stop at the verge of the shade, because retirement is the friend of every virtuous quality and spiritual gift.

q) *I, Tigris and Euphrates.*]

Tigris et Euphrates uno se fonte resolvunt.

*Boetius de Consol. Philosoph.* lib. v. Metr. 1.

r) *Renew'd.*]

—— come piante novelle

Rinnovellate da novella fronda.

So new this new-borne knight to battle new did rise.

*Spenser, Faery Queene*, b. i. c. xi. st. 34.

"Rinnovellate" is another of those words which Chaucer in vain endeavoured to introduce into our language from the Italian, unless it be supposed that he rather borrowed it from the French.

"Certes ones a yere at the lest way it is lawful to be houseled, for sothely ones a yere all things in the erthe renovenen." *The Person's Tale*.

END OF VOL. II.









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